

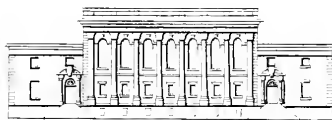
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THE

Brambler

FALL, 1945

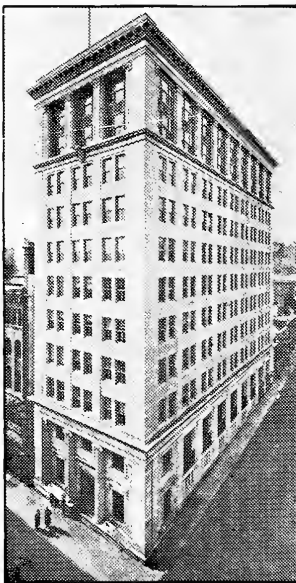


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The Gardener

BRANTLEY CARTER LAMBERD, '49

*I see the lawn stretching far beneath my window.
 There is a stooped and ageless, drab old man raking leaves.
 How small he seems down there,
 Mere twig among great trees.
 How could his soul be vast enough to hold a sorrow as
 great as mine?
 Could he have ever felt a grief which stretched and tore at
 the walls of his mind and beat upon them like a thou-
 sand hammers?
 But yes, he must. He lives and breathes and rakes.
 Why live if one does not feel a little?*

*I walk out to the lawn beside the man.
 My head reaches to his shoulder.
 I look up into his eyes of clear deep gray
 And see, reflected, countless years of suffering.
 Mine is just today.*

V-E Day

ELIZABETH ABBOT, '47

Derek wiped his perspiring forehead and noticed absently that blood came off on his shirt sleeve. Moving his strong, brown hands swiftly and surely, he reloaded his rifle and fired. A savage cry escaped his lips as his enemy fell to the ground. The way he was killing Germans reminded him of the way he used to shoot clay pigeons at fairs. He did not linger on that thought, however, but ran forward in search of another German to kill. He heard a strangled cry beside him. Turning, he saw a boy drop his rifle and fall to the ground. Derek ran to him, but it was too late. Looking at the dead body, Derek remembered Tobruk, Tripoli, Bengasi and El Alamein; the blood-spotted desert, the blowing scratching sand, which was sometimes their worst enemy; the ungodly, suffocating heat; and "Monty's" soft voice as he spoke before the white crosses of those who died for the "Desert Victory." At Tobruk, Derek's dearest friend, Shelby, (had been shot and) had died in his arms. In retrospect, the whole desert campaign became associated in Derek's mind with death in its most cruel and horrible form.

Derek laid the boy gently on the ground and began to fight again. He found a strange exhilaration in battles—a sort of primitive delight in ferocity. It would have worried him, but after a battle he was too exhausted to think about it. Derek's hate and his love of killing ended with the finish of the shooting; he was sapped of all emotion. Except, there were

some times when he felt an aching sorrow—an infinite pity—not only for people like himself who did not want to fight, but also for people who actually wanted to. He didn't know which was worse.

A bullet grazed his arm. "Judas!" he cried. His face was twisted with pain. There was a deep scar on the lower part of his arm. "That," he always explained shyly, "I picked up in France. I was in a bit of a brawl over there—once." He saw no necessity to add that that "brawl" had been Dunkerque; that he had been one of the last to leave that battered beach; and that he had been decorated for his valour there. When he thought back to that tragic fight, when he remembered his newness to that kind of warfare, he could only smile wryly and exclaim, "How naive I must have been. . . ."

He didn't take time to fix his arm—it wasn't bleeding much, anyhow. After the first pain was over he resumed his fighting. He ran forward, always forward. He thought he must have run miles. His breath came in gasps. His eyes glowed with a wild, evil light as he added more numbers to the list of Germans he had killed. He fell to the ground as a shell struck his leg. He wanted to scream with agony as his blood soaked his breeches. He closed his eyes and relaxed, letting the pain take his whole body. He didn't try to think. When his thoughts did come clearly, he prayed—for the second time in his life.

The first time had been late in the sum-

mer of 1940, when he had come to London on leave. He had been distressed to see the royal city so battered and wrecked. Because London to him was England epitomized, he was frightened when he saw the shambles which had replaced the pre-war splendour of the city. Derek crept into St. Paul's during an air raid. He was afraid—afraid of the incessant bombings; afraid of defeat. He prayed that God would save England. There had been a simple, unpracticed eloquence in his words. . . .

Now he was afraid again. He disliked to think that he prayed only when he was afraid. "God, I don't want to die," he muttered, "I've come this far—I want to see it through. Please, won't You let me live?"

Derek tried to get up, but he couldn't. "I'll lie here a bit longer," he thought. "Maybe I'll get up enough strength to go on." He had never known a day of such bitter and concentrated fighting. Not even on D-Day, when the Allied troops had invaded France had it been like this. "What does it all mean, anyhow?" he asked himself. War to young Derek, studying at Oxford, had been glorious death and heroic victory. When he had taken his basic training, he had thought dimly of the brave letters he was going to write from the battlefields. "If I should die, remember I gave my life for your freedom. . . ." Yet, when he had actually begun to fight, those words seemed a fragile fabric woven of a sentimental thread. He didn't have time to think about freedom or why he was fighting. Those fine-sounding words were only banalities to please an ignorant people. When Shelby had died at Tobruk, it was no comfort to Derek to think that he had given his life for freedom. The only com-

fort lay in the knowledge that Shelby would be spared further suffering. Derek had a deep pride in England, an abiding love for her. It pleased him to think that if he were killed there would be "some corner of a foreign field that was forever England." Yet even while he thought of it, he knew that that was not reality.

Derek struggled to his feet. Now he could hardly see. Dusk was mingling with the heavy smoke of battle. Derek could hear the sound of running feet; the dull thuds of human bodies, falling limply to the ground; and, above all, the never-ending roar of the guns and rifles. The dust on his face was thick and burning; his forehead ached where it had been cut earlier in the day; his right arm was throbbing dully; his eyes smarted from the strain of staring ahead, trying to distinguish forms in the shadow that covered the battlefields; his leg was a living agony, spasmodically tearing his body with pain, drawing the colour from his browned cheeks, making white lines about his firm mouth, giving a glassy expression to his keen blue eyes and deepening his premature wrinkles. He had never known a day so long! As he fired his rifle, Derek thought crazily that he heard a bugle sound. He shook his head as if to rid his ears of that foolish noise. In the background of his brain was the thought that perhaps he was going mad. The sound grew louder. In amazement, Derek straightened up. "Jove! It's 'Cease Fire!'" he exclaimed. The shooting stopped almost immediately. The echoes of the last shots reverberated across the broken and blood-soaked terrain and then died out in the distance; a terrible silence came over the field—silence, which was violated only by the muted groans of the wounded sounding in mournful chorus.

A bedraggled soldier came running up to Derek. "D'y'e knaow w'ot thet means, sir?" he cried in a tiredly cheery voice. "It's over — finished — the 'ole bloody thing!" Derek stared at him dumbly. The Cockney voice continued. "Don't ye knaow w'ot I mean? The European War! The Germans 'ave all surrendered. The war's over, sir!"

Derek lowered his head without speaking.

The soldier's eyes went to Derek's leg. "Blimey! You're 'urt, sir—bad. 'Ere, let me 'elp you back."

"No. No, Clive. You go tell the others. I'm going to sit here and rest a bit. Come get me on your way back."

"Yes, Sir." He ran off, shouting the news.

Derek bent down cautiously and sat heavily on the ground. His thoughts chased madly through his head. So the war was over. . . . Yet the fighting went on in other parts of the world . . . and it always would. Derek felt that that was inevitable. After six years of war, all he knew was that the experience was too large for him to comprehend. He couldn't absorb its meaning. He didn't know why he had fought; he didn't think he had gained a set of ideals or principles. There was too much death, hate and bitterness for him to react to—he thought he'd probably go crazy if he did. And now it was ended. People would cry, "Peace!" Perhaps they would have their peace—for a while. But in the end there would be war again. For just as war was too large for their comprehension, so also was peace beyond their grasp. The world was nothing but an endless succession of creation out of chaos. Derek had fought for six years, had known defeat and victory, had

lived intimately with Death, had never questioned the *rightness* of what he was doing. But now the futility of it faced him. Why had he fought? Why had so many millions died? What was the real and ultimate good of it? Only when people knew the answers to those questions could they build a peace. And how could they who sat around the Peace Table know what war meant when even those who fought couldn't really know?

Derek looked about him at the crumbling ruins which had once been a famous German city. He wished he could tell somebody about it — how he felt inside when he looked at it. But he knew that his words would be inadequate, would hold no meaning. Why couldn't he tell? Why wouldn't anyone understand? "Ignorance! Ignorance!" he wanted to scream. And then, "Why? Why?"

Derek stretched out on the ground. The men had begun to shout with joy. Nearby, one group was solemnly singing "God Save the King." Derek frowned; the sound grated on his shattered nerves. Perhaps he could shout and sing tomorrow. But now he could only say the words over and over again—to assure himself of their veracity. "The war is over!" He rolled over onto his stomach; he buried his face in the German soil and wept.

Tomorrow

MARGARET ELLEN WHITE, '47

*A small bird shall waken the sun
Which sleeps on a cloud in the sky:
And, punctual forever, the sun shall rise
To waken a world so foolishly wise.*

Forest Fire

DOROTHY CORCORAN, '46

Twisting, turning
Crackling, burning
Higher, higher
Leaps the fire.
Scarlet-slashing
Golden-gashing
Dire gyre
Forest fire!



Sweet Briar

ANONYMOUS

Tears
Rain
P. O.

Post Office
Tears
H₂O

Post Office
Rain
NaCl H₂O

H₂O
P. O.
NaCl H₂O

O hell!



Right Around Sweet Briar

GHOSTS

KATHERINE MUNTER, '47

Worried about squeaky doors or sounds outside your window at night? You ought to be, for Sweet Briar has two ghosts of her own, and more than one person on campus will tell you how real they are, for several claim to have seen Daisy William's white horse or to have heard the "thin sister."

Often when the night is dark and the clover sweet, a white horse can be seen grazing among the boxwoods, his reins caught up over the pommel of the saddle as if his rider had just descended. This horse is the one Daisy Williams used to ride around Sweet Briar plantation, over the same paths and ridges we follow today. Whenever the white horse is lonely, he steps out from the mists of the past and roams among the boxwoods, looking for his sweet mistress, trodding lightly over green grass to the very steps of Sweet

Briar House, muzzling eagerly the foundations and the ground in hopes of finding some trace of his Daisy.

In one of the wings of Sweet Briar House is a long narrow staircase leading to the tower; this stairway is said to have been built by an irascible old maid, the thinner of two sisters, so her fat sister couldn't follow her to the tower. Whenever the thin sister wished to be alone, she would climb these narrow stairs to her room above, knowing full well that her fat sister could never squeeze up the case to follow her. When Daisy was bad, the thin sister was said to have been so annoyed as to smash teacups on the floor; even now when things go wrong the thin sister can be heard smashing teacups on the floor of the tower.

Did you say you don't believe in ghosts? Perhaps after you've seen ours, you will.

Little Boys with Old Men's Faces

JESSIE STRICKLAND, '46

*Little boys with old men's faces,
Young eyes shining somber—
Care, a happy smile erases.
Thought, a childish word replaces,
Born the slaves of stricken races.
Little boys with old men's faces.*

Better Never Late

BILLEE JENKINS, '47

I was racing quite futilely down the last flight of stairs from my apartment, when a dive bomber made a tailspin right into my stomach. I sat down hard on the bottom step and watched the bus rumble off, half a block away. I swallowed and looked around. The dive bomber was a rather grimy little girl who now peered at me from around the banister. Evidently satisfied that I was not lethal, she came and sat beside me.

"Why do you have brown eyes?" she asked gravely.

I ignored my irritation and contemplated this question. I had missed the bus. I might as well think of scientific matters, now, and plan to fill my life with science, cats, and good works. But all my hard-learned knowledge of the laws of heredity seemed inadequate.

"Why, —er, I don't know," I answered truthfully.

"Silly, isn't it?" she chortled.

It *was* silly. In complete agreement we rose and went out into the warmth of the day.

"I've missed my bus," I grumbled. Mentally I could see Keith looking at his watch like last week, I could hear his voice.

"*Twenty-five minutes late.*"

"*I'm sorry, Keith, darling.*"

"*Next time you're more than ten minutes late, I'm leaving.*"

That was only seven days ago, and he meant it. Keith is very strong-minded. Week before last, I received an anonym-

ous clipping in the morning mail, addressed in his bold hand—an article entitled, "There's No Excuse for Lateness." He knows I read *Good Housekeeping*. Last night he called with a final warning—ten minutes, no more. He was going to be firm. He was going to improve me. And I had failed to be improved.

A voice broke through. "Isn't it a lovely day?" it said.

"It's a beastly day," I snapped, then I realized that the voice belonged to the little girl—the dive bomber. She looked at me hopefully.

"I'm having a party," she told me.

"How nice," I said falsely. "What kind of party?"

"A birthday party." This time with more assurance.

"Wonderful!" I said. "Birthday parties are so much fun."

She gave a little skip and now almost shouted, "I'm having a birthday party!"

Suddenly the air seemed cold. She shrank against me. Three little boys were standing in front of us. They laughed cruelly.

"She's nuts, she's nuts, she's nuts!" they chanted.

"I'm having a birthday party." She looked appealingly at me. It was almost a question this time.

"She always says that," one of the biggest boys told me importantly. "She's always having a party, but she never does. Yah! Yah! I bet it isn't even your birthday."

"It is!" But her voice was without authority.

"Of course it's her birthday, and she's having a lovely party," I said firmly. I might as well begin my good works now. "With children to sing 'Happy Birthday,' and presents, and ice cream, and cake with pink icing. Candles, too." I looked at her.

"Seven," she whispered.

"Seven," I said firmly. The little boys looked at us with jaws hung open.

"Ice cream and cake?" said one.

My protégée swaggered triumphantly.

"Yes, I'm having a birthday party." It rang out loud and clear. She gave them a look of disdain and turned on her heel. She slipped her little hand in mine, and we walked down the street together.

There would be no other bus for twenty minutes. It was useless to go to meet Keith now. It would be just ten minutes too late. Keith is definitely the stubborn type. If he said he'd go after ten minutes, he'd go. If only I could teach *him* a lesson, I thought desperately, but he never does anything wrong. Men!

We walked on. I said unnecessarily, "We're going to the party." She nodded.

We came to the confectionary store. The woman inside looked at us expectantly and mopped up an infinitesimal section of the counter. I looked at the little girl. Her eyes were hopeful.

"We'd like a table," I said largely, "and two sundaes with marshmallow, whipped cream, fudge sauce, and a cherry on top. O, yes! Cake, too."

"With pink icing!" She was perched on the edge of her chair, shivering with anticipation.

"Pink icing," I said, "and seven candles."

"Got no candles." The woman continued to mop the counter.

My little girl's face fell, but she whispered, "that's O. K."

"Candles," I said firmly, "this is a birthday party!"

"All right, candles." The woman shrugged her shoulders.

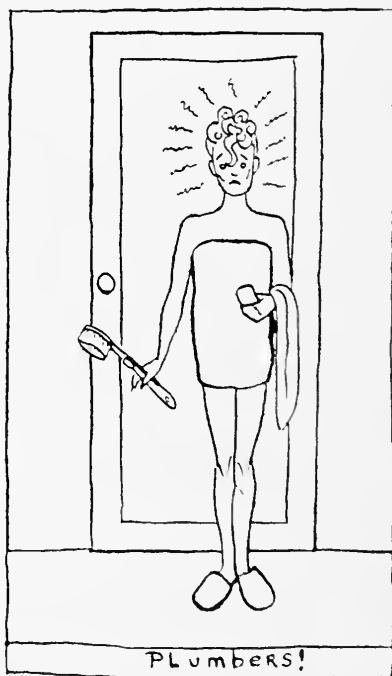
The old-fashioned bell on the door rang. Two small children walked in. They looked with bulging eyes at our arriving sundaes. They could not take their eyes off them, but one said enviously, still staring, "Two vanilla cones."

They unclenched their hot little fists and counted out six pennies each. My little girl looked at them thoughtfully.

"I wonder," she said, "if they can sing."

I beckoned.

(Continued on Page 21)



Are You Socially-Minded

DOTTY SUE CALDWELL AND
ALICE EUBANK, '46

Directions:

Answer these questions by indicating what your usual attitude or conduct would be in the situation described. There are no "right" or "wrong" answers. Give the most truthful statement that you can. Answer all the questions.

1. Are you inspired to try harder by observing smart people in your classes?Yes No
2. Can you understand a problem better by having a bull session about it than by studying it alone?....Yes No
3. Would you take a chance alone in a perilous situation?.....Yes No
4. When you are "down in the dumps" do you usually seek the company of a friend to cheer you up?....Yes No
5. Do you like to have company when you are ill?.....Yes No
6. Do you enjoy spending evenings at home?Yes No
7. Do you prefer to make your plans alone than with a group?.....Yes No
8. Do you prefer to have a friend around when you are distressed?Yes No
9. Do you prefer to have others help share your responsibilities than to bear them alone?.....Yes No
10. If you were out driving and saw an accident by the side of the road, would you stop and help?....Yes No
11. Do you like being with people a great deal?Yes No
12. Are you able to make the majority of your decisions for yourself?Yes No
13. Can you stick to a tiresome job without supervision, encouragement or flattery?Yes No
14. Are you a conservative in regard to your social and political beliefs?Yes No
15. Do you usually look for help from some one when you are in trouble?Yes No
16. Do you prefer to work with other people?Yes No
17. Do you need the opinions of several people before making a decision?Yes No
18. Do you find that you show up best by being in a group of people?Yes No
19. Do books interest you more than games and outdoor sports?....Yes No
20. Do you ever become so absorbed in work that you fail to notice if your roommate walks in?.....Yes No
21. Would you ever ask questions of the speaker in Commons after a lecture?Yes No

22. When traveling, do you prefer to pass all responsibility for the tickets and the bags to your companion?.....Yes No
23. Would you like to work for a few years in an isolated place, such as the A. A. Cabin?.....Yes No
24. Are you able to benefit more from discussion than from reading?Yes No
25. Do you find books or the movies more entertaining than a group party?Yes No
- (For your score, see page 23.)

Desert Sun

LEILA FELLNER, '46

*The trembling thread of a spider web
Dappled with dew in the pale green dawn—
Sleep, silver dream, in the breathless still.
No breeze may shake your clear tear-beads,
No breeze to lift you away from your weeds.
The wind has passed with the tumbled dark,
Gone with the stars.
The light will come, and the heat.
Be still.*

Poem

BETTY ANN BASS, '46

*I have watched my love
fall drowsily,
petal by petal
and the blossom is no more.
A spoon of golden dust.*

*I shall uncap
the Chinese rose-jar
carefully
and dip my white fingers
into its depths
making a pattern from the fragrance.*



Do you rhumba?

Periwinkle Wreath

KATHERINE MUNTER, '47

Out by the shore he stood, listening to the winds—and he had stood there before. When these same waters had run fire-red against his feet and swirled to green as the dawn seeped vaguely away beyond a dune, he had stood there. The sea had been still then, and the lines of his poetry had formed easily within him—the story of a girl with a periwinkle wreath standing crushed between the sun behind her and the winds before, gazing out into the sea. Annette! She was the only calm thing in that whole land, it seemed, for the peoples of France were at war. There was war in her heart, on her tongue; she was human; but the blood and the guillotine and the smells and the shouts stifled her, and she longed for the sea. He had found her like that, standing before the sea like a soft, gray dove, a wreath of blue flowers in the darkness of her hair.

"Why do you wear periwinkles in your hair? Only children play with those, and you are grown! What? A stranger? Yes, I know I'm forward, but I'm a poet, and you *are* lovely. Do you mind if I talk to you? You are the only quiet thing I have found, besides the sea, and I am tired of fighting." She had sat down beside him on the great rock, and the wind had tossed her hair up for the sun to play in. It was shining, clean hair; he bent down suddenly to stroke it, and she was not surprised. With deft fingers he twisted a single flower from the wreath about her head; it was blue, and her eyes were blue; it was tiny

and fresh and smelled of the woods. "Annette!" The word choked him. She looked up, pulled his hand quickly down onto her cheek. They sat there silent, watching the sea.

Over their silence the towing waters plunged strong; the wind blew cold. Annette shivered, shrugged her shoulders, taunting the wind to chill her. It was her country, and so her winds, her waters, her birds, her flowers—and she loved them all even as he loved the mist-hung heights of England. "Annette, someday you will come with me to see those moors. They are high and dank and golden in the sunshine. But when night comes, the fogs rise, silver and warm; you can't breathe; you can't even see the stars of heaven. It's thick and it wraps around you and it scares you. A lot of people hate the moors, Annette. Perhaps you will, too." He slipped his coat over her thin blouse and pulled her head down to his shoulder.

"You love Nature, don't you?" He rubbed his cheek and lips against the softness of her hair in answer. "It's all over you. When I found you here watching my sea, I knew you did. I want to show you my country, poet, and *then* I'll see yours. It isn't always like this; my people aren't the same; we're a proud race. Someday you will write about my country, about this place here—that cottage over the dune with the children sliding in the sand." She looked out at the sea a long time before she turned to him. "Poet, are there children in your England?"

"Yes, of course there are." He drew her very close to him, buried his face in her sweet-smelling hair. "Perhaps someday, Annette, there will be our children."

"Perhaps."

Summer passed, and autumn. There was silence on the shore and turmoil in England; the poet had to go. "I'll come back, Annette. Watch over the sea and the sun and the winds for me. I love you." He raised her chin up with a steady hand, slipped the wreath from her head, and was gone.

* * *

Out by the shores he stood, listening to the winds, and he had stood there before. "Someday you will write about my country, poet." The words swirled about in the foam of the breakers; the writhing, twisting wisps seemed to form a face like hers across the glittering sand and to snatch it away before his startled eyes. From the rock the moody sea spurted up toward the cottage Annette had shown him that day. Seventeen years and a periwinkle wreath! It was long, and God had willed the winds to carry Annette's soul from the sea up to Him—and had spared a cottage flat against the sea. It's life, poet. Those are the things you sing, wind and the seas. Don't you honor them now? You sang of her and were happy; sing of them and be sad! It's life, poet. He scuffed the sand into tiny yellow mounds as he walked; the grasping sea pulled down his tracks behind him to its depths, piling new sand where the old had been. Up there on the hill, children were playing, tiny, happy, blond children. They didn't notice him; many walked this beach. The poet clambered up the slippery side of the dune and opened the cottage gate. "Hello," he said. His British accent puzzled the children;

they were afraid. "Come here. It's all right. I just want to visit your garden." A seven-year-old shook his tousled head and came near where the poet stood. "Hello. May I go sit beside your house and look at the blue flowers?" The boy took his hand and led him shyly to the side of the house and ran away again, shouting to his comrades. The stranger was soon forgotten.

Periwinkle wreath—and here were periwinkles! He did not notice the young girl who approached him, smiled, curtsied. Startled, the poet looked up; she wore blue flowers in the darkness of her hair. For a long, long minute he regarded her, every feature of her face, her carriage. "Why do you wear periwinkles in your hair? Only children play with those, and you are grown!" It was a foolish, vain hope asking it again; but after seventeen years he remembered.

"M'sieu, I don't know you. I probably shouldn't tell you why I wear them. You are foreign, aren't you?" He nodded, and she watched him carefully for a while. "My mother wore periwinkles in her hair and kept a flower from one old wreath in her locket."

"Who is your father, child?" The sea lapped up on the sand beyond the dune before she answered. "I—never knew. Why am I talking to you? Why do you ask me these things? Who are you?"

"I am a poet, child. You remind me of a woman I once knew—who wore a periwinkle wreath in her hair." He stared out into the sea; his heart grew suddenly as cold as the greenest water that hinterland shelters. "This is *my* child! God! Oh God, don't let her love Nature. God—oh,

Annette! Annette! What have I done to you?"

The girl wondered at his musings—then lightly, "You said you are a poet. Of what do you write?"

He was old then. "I shall write of God

and people, of great, flaming things. I shall teach the world."

"But what did you use to write?" She opened the gate for him, and the poet stumbled down the dune.

"Of Nature, child. Of Nature."

Poem

ELLEN ROBBINS, '46

*Wisteria, dogwood,
Flaming fantasies of color on a warm spring morn;
Fading as the summer comes,
Dying in the first cold blast.
Can gentle love as ours survive the violet changes of the seasons
When even giant redwoods lose their leaves?*

*But as I wonder,
Time eternal gives the answer which I seek.
Spring always comes again;
And violets and daffodils rise merrily to greet the sun.*

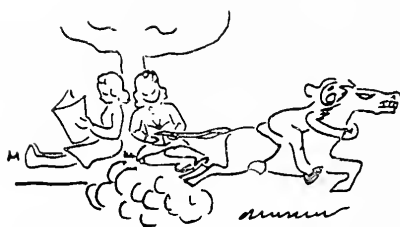


*p-p-please - - c-can't I h-help
you or s-something?*

Modern Poetry

1. *I took one step
It beckoned me
_____fool*
2. *Green blob on brown stem
Bony rain-drops on my brim*
3. *Grey ring on white porcelain
Stopper in the tub
And I in the hole.*

—Anonymi



SHE

IS THE

KIND

OF A

GIRL

THIS

AT LIKE

LOOK

YOU

To Stand Alone

BARBARA WARNER, '46

I remember well the day my sister first went to the school. We were all too excited to eat breakfast. I remember Mother saying over and over, "But you, little Tita, must eat, for it will be so new, and the day will be long gone before you will come back."

Tita could hardly speak now for her excitement, but for days it was all we had talked of—like a festival day in the old country. We knew just how it would be. First of all the great yellow bus filled with the children would stop. How many times we had watched it go by and had waved from the gate. That made us feel closer to America than anything—the children waving. Now that the winter was coming once more, we would see the school bus again, and this time it would stop for our Tita.

Even Mother, always so quiet and assured, felt the current of excitement that ran through Tita and the two of us "little ones."

"Today is the most important one," she said, "for today you will begin to learn about the ways of America, you will do just as the American boys and girls do, and you will learn many things."

I thought we would never get through breakfast, for we had to wait until Mother put down her coffee cup before we two could run out to the gate to wait for the yellow bus. Everytime a car would roar down the gravel road spurting the dust out at us in the morning sunshine we would rush back into the house to see if Tita were

ready. She would be standing in the center of the little room in her white communion dress while Mother plaited her thick dark hair into two long pig-tails "as the American children did." When at last she was ready and stood with her new lunch pail under her arm, we urged her out into the yard to await the magnificent yellow bus. We were stunned when Mother rebuked us.

"Marguerita will go out alone," she said. "When one goes to school it is time to learn to stand alone."

But Tita was too excited to be timid—she looked confidently at Mother and smiled and walked, very straight, to the gate. We watched her standing there but she would not turn around even though many minutes dragged by before the bus arrived, and she climbed on.

The morning never seemed to pass. Tita had always been the leader in our games, and now we could only follow Mother around helplessly, thinking about our sister and what she was doing in the strange world of the school. Mother understood our feelings, for she talked and laughed with us, telling us about all they would teach Tita at the school: how to speak the language better and how to say the allegiance to the flag, and all about the ways of the country.

We saw the roll of dust and the big yellow bus while it was still far down the road, and ran out to the gate to wait for our sister, our heroine, back from the wonderful school. We started to run to

meet her as she stepped from the bus, but we were struck still. Her new white dress was smudged with mud and Tita was crying—not the loud outward wails of a child who has just been punished, but the tight inner sobs of a woman. She ran past us into the house, breaking suddenly into hysterical weeping.

"I hate it, I hate it," she gasped between sobs. "The school is not as you said—it is *bad!* They laughed at me, and—I won't go back—ever!"

Suddenly Mother was beside us, but

she did not put out her hands to Tita, who stopped crying and looked up at her with resentment.

"It is what must be," said Mother, and her voice was low but firm. "Tomorrow you must go back to the school and learn what they will teach you, and learn to stand alone. It will be hard, and it will seem wrong, but it is what must be."

She turned quickly then, and went back to her work. I was the only one who saw the tears in her tired, dark eyes.

Doubt

LEILA FELLNER, '46

*The mole creeps out
And hesitates.
Then, blinded by the sun,
Slips back into the damp, familiar dark,
Wondering about the soft green things
He dreamed he saw,
And the blue sky.*

Yes, or No?

DOROTHY CORCORAN, '46

*Herman the ermine
Had plenty of vermine,
Of what kind he could not determine—
But he thought they were German!*

The Sportsman

CRUTCHER FIELD, '46

I dined with Sir Percy one evening last week and he told me the strangest tale I ever hope to hear.

I have never yet come to feel completely at home in that great hall of his—full of hawk's perches, choice hounds and litters of cats; the corners crammed with the best hunting and hawking poles; the large window sills stacked with arrows, crossbows and stone bows; and the upper walls covered by fox skins of this and last year's skinning.

We had had a rather silent meal, when Sir Percy tossed back his reddish flaxen hair and said, "Alicia was more god-like than an angel itself. Where did it get her?"

I dropped the spaniel's ear I had been fondling and almost unconsciously reached for the Saint Christopher around my neck underneath the folds of my black priest's robe.

Percy's remark about Alicia was the first reference I had heard to his wife in all the years we had known one another.

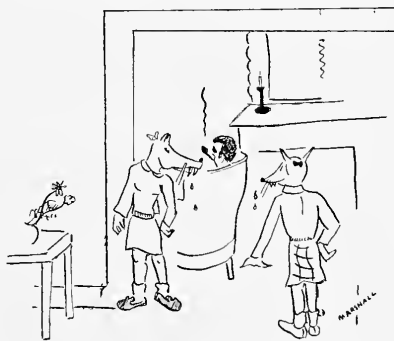
More than half afraid to raise my eyes to his, I stared at a half-chewed marrow bone lying on the floor as he went on with his story in a slow, musing tone.

"She and I had been planning for about a week to go riding . . . Alicia never cared much for horses, but I begged her to go, and she wanted to please me always. I can remember yet how blue her eyes were that morning—that light, clear blue that reminded me how much a child my wife actually was.

"We were laughing at some triviality as we started out the great door, and Alicia's laugh did not falter when the groom came up leading our mounts. I do not to this day know for certain whether or not she was afraid of the horse."

Percy paused and then went on, "We trotted for a way; the horses were in perfect shape, not too frisky, but alert to the slightest signal for an increase in pace. I cannot say exactly what happened—it was all so quick—some small animal must have startled Alicia's mare because the only thing I remember is the swishing sound Alicia's blue riding gown made as her tiny body swung up in an arc from the saddle and then settled in a heap on the ground. She did not cry out—not to me; not even to that God she loved and trusted so completely."

With the mention of God, Percy suddenly seemed to remember that I was sit-



Yeh, he is a d-roop !!

ting at his table. He turned to me and asked, "What could I do but live hard; hunt, and fish, and trap, and shoot until I was ready to sleep from exhaustion at night? How could I help but question what was put before us as faith in God? How could I believe just because I was told to believe? Reverence this chapel where she spent so many hours in prayer to a God

who separated us—no, I laugh at it; and rather than let it waste, I use it as a storeroom for the delicacies of my table."

Somehow I sensed we would never speak of this again. Sir Percy threw back his head and bellowed that laugh of his I had heretofore always thought was deep with mirth, but now I knew the undertones were those of a man lost.

Relativity

BARBARA WARNER, '46

*A thousand years away
There is a moon,
Caught in the blackness that is time
Frozen in the coldness that is space.
I raise my eyes to you
And worship you,
O Diana.
You are all that is perfection—
Indestructible, unreachable, unchanging. . . .*

*But wait—
A hundred years away
There comes a cloud,
Sliding slowly past the face of the moon.
There is a shadow on the ground—
The moon is split!*

*I doubt!
Where is the perfection that I thought I saw?
Fool, they say, there are no absolutes,
Everything is relative.
What is the good
 the true
 the perfect?
You can not find them!*

*And so I doubt—
Because of a cloud.*



Volunteer Waitress

BETTER NEVER LATE

(Continued from Page 10)

"Would you like ice cream sundaes just like these, and cake with pink icing?"

They backed away in terror.

"This is a birthday party," I said more formally. "Would you like to come?"

They looked from me to the sundaes to the little girl.

"Aw, don't be a bunch o' sissies," she said.

They gave the sundaes a lingering look; then they came over and sat down, speechless. I tried to chat lightly. They squirmed. I gave it up and thought of Keith. "Oh, yes!" I'd be able to say someday, "I was in love with him once."

"Sing," I said when the cake arrived with lighted candles. They looked alarmed but sang "Happy Birthday to You" in wavering voices and dissimilar keys. My little girl blew out the candles. Suddenly one of our guests got up.

"Can't stay," he mumbled unhappily. "Didn't bring no present."

I'd forgotten about the presents.

"You're right," I said. "What's a birthday without gifts? The emergency must be met."

We went to the back of the store. A battered table displayed a stuffed teddy bear, a little dog about three inches long covered with rabbit fur, two dusty cards of "jacks," a little red automobile, and a miniature chair with one leg gone. The little girl picked up the fur dog and looked at it raptly. She turned it over and over saying small things to herself.

"We'll take that, and what else would you like?" I asked.

"*No* presents?" she said incredulously.

"Yes," I said grandly. With Keith out

of my life I could save on permanents, make-up, and other beauty aids.

"But this costs *twenty-five cents*." She said the words with awe.

"That's all right," I said with fine indifference. "What else would you like?"

She carefully selected one of the cards of "Jacks." She consented to have it wrapped, but took the dog back to our table.

"You should say, 'Happy Birthday' when you give birthday presents," I told our two little guests.

"Happy Birthday."

"Happy Birthday, we gotta go now."

They gravely pushed back their chairs and moved toward the door. There one turned. "Good-bye," he said, "Hada-goodtime."

"Good-bye," their hostess said demurely. She crooned to the toy dog, "Nice doggie."

"Let this be a lesson to you," I said, "of what women will do for men. This party, for instance, wouldn't have happened if it were not for those boys. We women always have to show them. And we have to stick together, too. Men are ridiculous!" I explained calmly. "They want you to be punctual, and stupid things like that. Don't listen to them. They needn't make you jump through hoops—but they probably will. If you want to be late, you be late!"

I stopped suddenly. The little girl nodded knowingly. I patted her head. We were bound together by our common enemy. We rose from our table and went out.

The boys were waiting when we got back. She scarcely glanced at them.

"Ja have ya' party?" one asked.

"I am just returning from it" she answered primly. Then she deserted me.

She swaggered before the small boys and described the party in minute detail. She showed them the dog and "Jacks" and tantalized them with descriptions of the refreshments. I watched them for a moment.

Suddenly I was hot and tired. Even the leaves seemed to droop from the heat. I went wearily up the stairs to my apartment. I had just put the key in the lock when the phone began to ring. My heart jumped, then fell with a dull thud. Of course it was Keith, but only to gloat over the lesson he had taught me. All right, so I didn't show up on time? Ha, ha, I didn't show up at all!

Only it wasn't funny. I could truthfully say that I had stood him up, but he wouldn't believe me. A mere woman stand the great Keith Marlowe up? On the other hand, it was bad enough that I be late. Oh, well, I might as well face the music. Thinking, "Wouldn't it be anticlimactic if it were the laundry, or a wrong number for the fish market," I picked up the receiver.

No, it was Keith. But not the Keith I knew.

"My darling, can you ever forgive me?" he babbled frantically. "I know I was twenty minutes late, and the awful thing is I have no excuse to offer! I was just late! And after all I've said to you. Of course you didn't wait, I deserved it. There I was so smug, saying I wouldn't wait the next time. Can you, will you forgive me? If you're ever late again, I'll wait hours, I'll wait the rest of my life."

I gulped. Then I said rightously; indignantly; "You, of all people! After I rushed so on this beastly day just to be on time! And what do you mean, 'If I'm

Gypsy Dance

CECI HERR, '47

*Dance on, my gypsy love, dance on,
For though I watch the pale moon rise,
And know tomorrow you'll be gone,
Tonight I'm lost within your eyes—
So dance, my gypsy love, 'till dawn.*

*And what is life with you to me
But snatches of a vagrant dream,
Or music's moonlight fantasy
That changes with each fleeting beam—
An idol to inconstancy.*

*You are to me the shifting tide,
As mobile as the veering breeze.
Your laughing eyes do ever hide
A truthful answer to my pleas—
Still I continue at your side.*

*And, as I watch you dance, I know
The savage call of rhythmic beat.
Unconsciously, I join the show
Of whirling skirts and stamping feet,
That seem to tap, "I love you so."*

*So, as you race into the night,
I'll follow you into the fire
Of unspent passion, burning bright,
Rekindling now an old desire—
Tonight you're mine, my throbbing light.*

*Then dance, my gypsy love, 'till dawn,
For though I watch the pale moon rise,
And know tomorrow you'll be gone,
Tonight I'm lost within your eyes—
Dance on, my gypsy love, dance on.*

ever late again'? You talk as if I make a habit of being late."

"I'll try to make it up to you."

"Huh!"

"Please come in now. Please! I know it's a lot to ask, but I must see you!"

"You weren't going to wait for me!" I said sorrowfully.

"When is the next bus?" he asked desperately.

"Ten minutes."

"Be on it?"

"—Perhaps," I said after due hesitation.

"Same place?"

"Same place."

"Bye, darling!"

I dashed madly out to wait for the bus. And I would wait. Ten minutes.

A little voice called, "Wasn't it a lovely party?"

I beamed at her. "Yes," I agreed, "You'll never know how lovely!"

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Over 10.....Could Teach Dale Carnegie
a Few Things
25.....Must Be a Liar

NO

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Over 10.....Should Be a Hermit or a
Lighthouse Keeper
25.....Must Be Nuts

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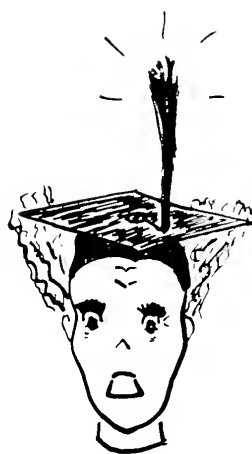
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Old Mike

a message of faith and of goodwill

KATHERINE MUNTER, '47

The noon bell rang in the tiny factory outside Kilkenny; as suddenly as the hum of the machines died down, the hum of tired voices rose to replace it. Old Mike Donevan, one of the examiners in the factory, gave a last glance down the rapidly emptying aisle, then hurried on with the others to the row of steel lockers standing against the south wall of the room. As he moved past a straggling worker, he gave him an affectionate pat; "Come along now! T'is not long ye have fer lunch. Hustle and eat, or yer missus will be saying we work ye too hard."

"Yes, and if I scurried home to eat with the Missus, I'd be gettin' as fat as you are!"

"Come along now, and no more of that impertinence, or I'll be running ye in to the manager," he called across his shoulder. T'is a fine day when a young'un will speak to an old man about puttin' on a little weight!" Mike hastily opened his locker, rolled down his shirt sleeves, and struggled into his coat, which, indeed, was becoming a trifle snug across the shoulders. He put his hat carelessly on the back of his head and hustled, whistling, out of the factory, his hands in his pockets, his coat not yet buttoned. The other workers, sitting in the yard, joked with him about going home each noon. Mike waved to them good-humoredly and hurried out the gate.

But Mike didn't go home to have lunch with the Missus. He only went as far as

the church, and there he turned in and made the Sign of the Cross before entering. Inside it was cool and dark; Mike knelt for a few moments in the soft gloom, then moved quietly to the side of the church, where a big wooden crucifix hung on the bare wall. "Hello, Jesus. This is Mike." He reached out and touched the foot of the crucifix gently, then knelt again and left the church.

Father Lynn was waiting outside for him. The wiry little priest approached Mike as soon as he stepped out of the cool depths of the church. "Now Mike, I'd like to ask you something—if ye don't mind!" The priest rocked back and forth on his heels, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes holding Mike's levelly. "I been sitting over yonder in the rectory every day about this time doin' a bit of reading; and every day I see you come into this church. Ye run in and ye run back out again; now what is it ye do Mike?"

"Father, I just go into the church to say hello to Jesus."

"To say hello!? Now why couldn't ye be takin' a little time to make a proper visit?"

"I don't have much time from the factory, Father, so I come during the lunch hour. I've just time to kneel down and bless myself and say 'Jesus, this is Mike.' Then I have to get back to the factory for the afternoon shift. The foreman is from

Dublin, and there would be a terrible to-do if one of us punched-in late." And off he hurried down the street, still chuckling, his head high, his hands making brisk little cuts in the air. Father Lynn shoved his hat back and scratched his head confusedly, then strolled back across the street to the rectory, turning Mike's words over again and again in his mind.

It wasn't long after that Mike passed away. Just before he died, Father Lynn was called to give him his last communion.

The priest came quickly to the house, for Mike was very sick. He stood a long time over the old man's bed, speaking softly the prayers of consolation. Then he took the crucifix from the wall by Mike's bed and placed it in his hands. He made the sign of the Cross and prepared Mike for the Communion. As he gave the old man the sacred Host, Father Lynn looked steadily, gently into his eyes. He did not say the Latin words of thanksgiving, but only, "Mike, this is Jesus."

Surrealistic Bill

GRACE SCHOENHEIT, '46

*Heavy
smother-pressing
intervalic
unrelenting
steps
push tracks,
the same progressless tracks
circle chanted
in my mind.*

*Some somber scrap of god
comes on occasions
gouging payments
for stolen love.*

*I will not pay!
The love is given!*

*Yet when as now he falls
into his deepening tracks
around my mind.
I almost pay.
The sore awakens
doubt.*

Reunion

BETTY ANN BASS, '46

The train advanced across the state of Maryland not with great speed. I could see through the plate glass windows the crisp fields and the sharp, clear air of an October morning. "How lovely the country is in Autumn," I thought, and then one reflection led to another and another until an endless chain of little images flashed across my mind like various scenarios spliced into an incoherent cinema film. This thinking process was encouraged, or rather bred, by the atmosphere of the train where solitude exists all the more sharply focused by the presence of countless strangers.

Piece by piece my old days and hours and minutes of college life fitted themselves into a pattern until I could see the whole. There was the first day of school and a handsome, out-doorsy girl was saying, "Well it looks like I'm your roommate. My name is Joan. Put down your things and come and meet the others."

There were faces and faces and lots of talk and laughter. We got to know each other, Joan and I, quickly and superficially at first, then more slowly, finding little traits which kept appearing over a period of four years. We both liked poetry and horses and slapstick humor, but we differed violently on politics, authors and the general state of culture. We had fun together arguing, laughing, studying, being philosophers, being critics, being friends. It was too bad we hadn't seen each other since college. I had gone with my family to the West Coast, and although we had

planned visits, they had never materialized. There had been letters, but these had become fewer as the months went by.

I got out a cigarette and lit it. A tiny spider suspended upon a slender strand of its own making caught my attention. It was in the act of climbing up the strand to a little web constructed in the corner of the window. I stretched out my hand and severed the strand. The spider dropped from sight. "How fragile the spider's bridge," I thought.

The morning passed to afternoon. Alternately I read and stared out of the window. About four o'clock we passed under the river into New York.

I caught sight of Joan as the train slowed down beside the platform. She waved frantically and started running along beside the train. I got off as soon as I could and we, typically schoolgirl, rushed into each others arms.

"Darling, it's been so long," Joan fairly screamed. We were laughing and talking excitedly, I about red caps and luggage, Joan about cabs and Gate E, and neither of us made any sense.

We chatted gaily all the way up the stairs. There were questions asked before others could be answered. We picked our way across that great expanse of station which always rather frightened me and got into a taxi.

Joan settled back. "Now let me get a good look at you. Hmmm. You haven't changed."

"Nor you."

"Cigarette?" I took one and she lit it. "Now tell me," she said, "what have you been doing all this time stuck 'way out in California? Really you never wrote."

"I know, Joan, but you know how things are. For that matter you weren't so good about it yourself."

She laughed. "I hate to write letters. But now we're together so start talking. I want to hear everything you've been doing."

"Nothing really," I said. "My life's been anything but exciting. Nothing happened out in California. Just those thousands of minutes that go to make up a day or a year. Things you can never describe to people because they're too numerous and insignificant."

There was a silence.

"What do you hear from the girls?" I asked.

"Well," said Joan, "you know about Polly's baby, and Sue has a job in Chicago she's wild about . . . Mary's working on the paper at home. Oh, and have you heard Martha's engaged to that boy she always swore she loathed?"

"Yes, I know. That's quite funny isn't it?"

We were both silent Joan turned to me. "Penny for your thoughts," she said.

"Nothing special," I replied. "Just thinking how long two years can be and how little we know about each other now."

"Don't worry," said Joan with a smile, patting my arm, "it takes a little time to pick up just where you leave off."

"I guess that's it," I said. But I was thinking of the spider's bridge.

The Shadow

BARBARA WARNER, '46

*A white cross stands in the meadow gleaming
As the sun inches across the heaven,
As the seasons crawl across the earth.*

*It is white—
Even in the rain that fills the day with grayness;
White for the quick agony of the boy who died,
White for the long agony of those he loved.*

*A white cross stands in the meadow
Casting a shadow—
As the sun inches across the heaven,
As the seasons crawl across the earth,
Casting a shadow—
Across the meadow at evening,
Across the world forever.*

Labor and Strikes

ALBERTA PEW, '49

It is an easy thing for people not formerly employed in war production to read and listen to the news about the numerous strikes, and throw up their hands in horror at the attitude taken by the workers. While sitting at home in comfort, smoking cigars and sipping scotch and sodas, they ask how people could be so uncooperative in these crucial times of readjustment, and heartily condemn the demands for higher wages. Perhaps there is justification in our complaints, but is there not more justification in the strikers' attitude? Therefore before we draw conclusions derogatory to the workers we must attempt to understand the labor situation and the conditions from which the strikes have evolved.

Living expenses during World War II went up 30%. Our fighting abroad produced a great demand for planes, guns, ammunition, etc., and factories were exerted to the utmost in order to fill these needs of modern warfare. Millions of people formerly unemployed worked eight hours a day and received exorbitant wages plus bonuses for overtime. The government controlling the wages, allowed them to skyrocket, and though the price of living was higher, the employees had sufficient incomes to live more elegantly than they had ever done. Money was often squandered by those who did not know how to use it, and we see in the war years, a surplus of wealth.

The end of the war, however, brought about a radical change in the lives of the working classes. Workers in many fields of industry were laid off, and salaries were cut in half, but still the living standards re-

mained high, and general chaos is now resulting. These people, accustomed for the most part to wages that allowed them security and comfort, have had their feet knocked from under them. With jobs comparatively scarce and the prices continually rising, they find themselves on unsubstantial ground, and fearing a depression such as the latest one, they strike, demanding sufficient pay to guard against such a catastrophe. To refuse their demands presuming they are reasonable, may be paralleled to offering a dog a juicy bone, letting him smell and lick it, and then putting it on a shelf in clear sight but out of reach. The war worker has had a taste of security and comfort, found it to his liking, and is now being asked to give it up and revert to his earlier status, perhaps to fall below it. Strikes seem to be the natural outcome of this fear of degradation and insecurity, and as the means of protection from these threats, a fair one.

It is now up to us to try to understand and help the workers as much as possible. A new adjustment of thought must be made with the realization that as prices are high, wages must also be so. We should not condemn the workers for striking, meanwhile refusing or ignoring their demands, for a deadlock is neither productive nor profitable. In adjusting ourselves once again to peace we must primarily have unity and by helping the workers, even should it necessitate a compromise, this unity can be achieved. Striking is the right of the people to present their grievances, and this right we must observe and preserve if we are to be democratic.

Mother Maria

SARA VETTE ROYSTER, '47

The convent grounds were still. The white-robed nuns, weary after a long day of work and prayer, had retired to their cells for a few hours of rest. No sound could be heard in the dark hallways but those intangible creaks and shudderings that echo so clearly in the night.

Mother Maria Dominica, sitting alone in her office, felt the silence surrounding her, but she was not afraid; on the contrary, she loved this moment above all others. For during these hours, when she was the only living creature that moved and thought, she felt everywhere the peace and trust that prevailed there. The stillness lent her an overwhelming sensation of power, of her life being the one central force upon which the whole world depended. She sat behind her desk in her large chair, and surveyed the material spread out before her, the papers stacked in an orderly fashion upon the desk: records of the noble works done by the nuns in the charity hospitals; requests for fund appropriations for various functions and organizations; personal records of men, women, and children who, for one reason or another, had come under the supervision of the convent. All these lay under her control, awaiting her approval or denial; she reached out her hand and touched them gently.

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in."

The door opened and a nun entered, small and frail against the background of blackness.

"Sister Therese" said Mother Maria. "What brings you here at such a late hour?"

"I came here to ask you to come to bed," said Sister Therese. "It's very late, and you do so need rest."

"I'm not tired, Sister," Mother Maria smiled. "And I like to work at night—when I won't be disturbed."

Sister Therese accepted the rebuke.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"I meant nothing. Truly Sister, I will come to bed shortly, but not until I have finished. Good night, and thank you so much for thinking about me."

Sister Therese hesitated, then walked over to the Mother and laid a hand upon her shoulder.

"I will go," she said. "But first, I am going to take advantage of my age, and speak to you."

"Yes?"

"It is about Mrs. Kransky." She saw the other woman stiffen, her hand clench against the curtain. "I ask you not to carry out your orders concerning this girl and her child, Mother."

"We have given her money and food, we have cared for her for weeks," said Mother Maria coldly. "I now feel that there are others who need our support rather than she."

"You were so fond of them when they first came. Mother. It's not so much her leaving that I disapprove of, but the way in which you have treated her in the last few days."

"If she stays any longer, she would remain until her husband returns, if indeed he does. She is healthy and strong, and should be supporting herself, not depending upon the church for maintenance."

"This is very unlike you, Mother. She

is young, helpless, and very unhappy. Your friendship would mean very much to her. If you must send her away, at least go to her with some word of kindness. A bit of sympathy can mean so much when one is alone; and you can be very gentle when it pleases you."

"I am sure your Mrs. Kransky has had more than her share of both sympathy and love," replied Mother Maria, and added, "Much more than is good for her. However, I will see her tomorrow before she leaves, if you want."

"Thank you very much, Mother," said Sister Therese.

The next day after lunch, Franz, the workman, came to tell her that Mrs. Kransky was ready to leave. Mother Maria went to the cell in which the girl had been living.

When she entered, Mrs. Kransky was sitting in the chair, buttoning the coat of her little boy, a child of three or four.

"You are going now?" asked Mother Maria.

The girl stood up when she saw the Prioress, and offered her the chair. Her slight figure, her oval face framed by black curls, made her seem soft and young, quite defenseless against the nun's large frame, bold square face.

"Yes, I'm going," she said. "I want to thank you for having kept Jonny and me for so long, and taken such care of us; it was very kind. Jonny is ever so much stronger now."

"Nothing more than right," replied the Mother. "We were happy to do it. I'm sorry you have to leave so soon; I hope you understand?"

"Oh yes," said the girl quickly. "Its time that we should go. I wouldn't have come at all, but Jonny was sick, and we had no money. But my husband will be

coming back soon, and everything will be all right."

"I think you are taking a very big chance, my dear. Your husband left you without any notice; you don't even know where he is. I wouldn't count on his coming back." The nun drew herself up in her chair. "What will you do if he doesn't come?"

"I don't know," said the girl, and her voice trembled slightly. "But he'll come back! He's got to! He's just got to!"

"Man can trust no one but himself, child. You depended on another to keep you happy and secure, and now that he has left you, you are lost. Only you can give yourself success. The instant you give in to other people and their desires, everything is gone."

The girl pulled her child upon her lap.

"But I don't care about success," she murmured. She looked at the older woman's unmoving features. "Can't you understand? Being with people you love is the only thing that keeps you alive."

"Nonsense!" retorted the Mother, jerking out her handkerchief and twisting it in her hands. "The only thing that keeps you alive is working and accomplishing things that will give you food and warmth and a roof over your head. You, I'm afraid, are going to be hungry and cold, even if that Jon of yours does come home."

The girl began to stroke her child's hair. He laughed and put his hand against his mother's throat; she took it and held it tightly. Mother Maria pressed her lips together and looked away.

"We won't mind," Mrs. Kransky said quietly.

The nun got up and turned toward the door. The girl stood up and followed her.

"I'm sorry if I was rude," she said. "But I don't want you to misunderstand."

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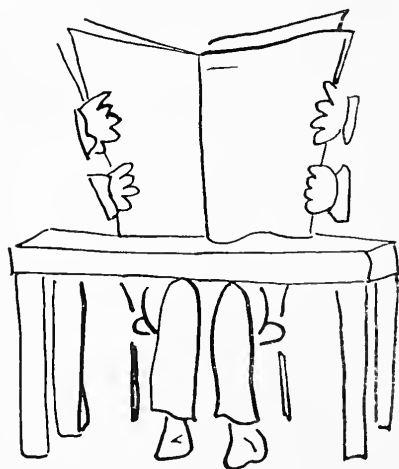
Soap

GRACE SCHOENHEIT, '46

In the thirteenth century, Italy and Germany led the world into a cleaner age by establishing the first soap factories. Soap, a chemical compound of fatty oils and the salts of fatty acids, is definite improvement over other cleansers; for instance, in washing the face, compare the feeling of a good hard scrubbing with wet sand (a dirt remover of primitive people) and a warm bubbly bathing with soap suds. Soap, the murderer of microbes, the saver of sand-bags, the livelihood of laundries, has become so popularized that almost anyone who washes at all puts off the bath until he has soap, whether it be soap that floats, preserves "that school-girl complexion," or "costs only one cent a day."

Soap appears in many forms. There are powders, flakes, cakes. There are bottles of shampoo which look as though their contents would be as delicious as wine. There are large white bars of soap designed it would seem, for streaking windows and automobiles on Hallowe'en nights.

Soap, besides helping to keep this a shiny world by lubricating and by forming colloidal compounds with dirt, serves a number of other purposes. Soap carvers make toys and ornaments from it. (Politicians often dispose of the soap itself and retain the boxes.) And, of course, some people are "forever blowing bubbles."



X

ANON.

Sundays

Mondays

..... another set of

Undies!

—and

no

soap

flakes!

Ferris Wheel

BARBARA WARNER, '46

As soon as she escaped into the cool dampness of the dark street she felt better. Inside the house the polite company babble went on, unchanged by her absence. She could see her Uncle Ned standing with his back to the window move his arm in one of his sweeping, hearty gestures, boom his hearty, thoughtless laugh. For the first time in her life she could look at him and not be afraid. Never again could he catch hold of her arm and demand that she "sing a little song," and laugh at the shy duck of her head. Her mother would never have to sigh disappointedly and explain to the people that "she is just a little backward, you know." She threw her head back and ran down the street laughing at them, laughing at their dismay on finding her gone, laughing at all they thought they knew, with their assuming adult wisdom. The night swelled clean and clear after the rain, and from down the street came noise and life and light.

She stood at the edge of the whirling carnival and held her breath. The red shrieked to her, the gold, looped in spark-

ling garlands, beckoned, and the brightness drew her magnetically toward the careening madness of the mob. At once her emptiness was gone, she could make herself part of the great booming organism. All the thousand agonizing doubts of the child were crowded out of her head by the throbbing noise of the carnival.

Eagerly she wormed from booth to booth, listening to the barkers out-shouting each other, seeing the pinkness and spangled gaudiness of the prizes, feeling the movement of the crowd around her.

In the center of it all rose the Ferris Wheel, aloof, revolving slowly. For minutes she stood beneath it, fascinated by its perfect movement. At last she paid the thin stooped man the dime and slid into the seat. The ride was the most thrilling thing she had ever known—she went back and up, and her stomach felt tight, and she rolled right over the top of the world where it was cool and dark, and then down fast into the light and noise of the carnival, so fast her stomach couldn't catch up. When the man unfastened the

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City of the World

MARGARET ELLEN WHITE, '47

*In the bright soot-dusted daylight
New York rears proud granite shoulders toward the sky,
In the evening, her pulses still fast beating,
She looks upon the world from a hundred-thousand
 windows lit with a hundred-thousand lights,
Looks out and sees and beckons.*

FERRIS WHEEL

(Continued from Page 11)

bar and let her off she felt dizzy, but she didn't go away. Instead she stood outside the dirty little fence and watched the breath-taking movement of the giant machine.

On her fourth ride she was almost alone on the Ferris Wheel. Only a boy and a girl stayed on and every time they got to the top he would kiss her. The man was leaning up against the fence smoking cigarettes—she counted four in a row—so for a long time the machine kept going. Finally he stopped it and the couple got off and it started again, going up and down and around till she began to feel sick.

"Let me off," she said as she passed him once. He grinned at her but made no movement to slow the machine. A smothering wave of panic swept over her.

"Lemme off, lemme off!" she wailed.

Nobody did anything.

"Lissen, kid," he said, "I'm only giving you a ride free."

She looked for the crowds, but they were gone. The carnival barker across the way looked up at her and then at the pale man below and went on unscrewing light bulbs from the side of his wagon.

The girl began to cry, silently at first, and then in high wails.

At last the man stopped the Ferris Wheel, unfastened the bar, and took hold of her shoulder. His breath smelled sharply of tobacco, and felt hot in her face.

"You ain't afraid of me, kid?" he said softly.

She twisted out of his grasp and ran. She ran through the mud and stumbled and scrambled up and ran into the cool grass. The stones bruised her feet but she ran on anyway, sobbing. All the fears and doubts and questions of the child flooded back over her. She was going to run forever in the coolness of the night.

Flower Fairies

DOROTHY CORCORAN, '46

*Pray come with me for just an hour
So I can have you meet my flower
Fairies—sh! They sometimes cower
and hide away—*

*But we'll see them—it's no strange power—
As some people say!*

*Look! There's one now! Can't you see
Her stepping highly as can be
From out that tulip? She knows that we
Believe in them.*

*There's another swaying highly
On that stem.*

*Now aren't you very glad you stayed?
Just see this little fairy maid
Sitting shyly in the shade
Of violet leaves.*

*See the webs whose glints ne'er fade
That she weaves.*

*Do you hear the strains of an elfins band?
Why there it is, right beside your hand!
We have whole kingdoms at our command!
But it's not strange to me.*

*For any place is a fairy land
To those who see.*

Popular Song

ALBERTA PEW, '49

*If I loved you—
But I don't!*

Memo of A Thwarted Scientist

BILLEE JENKINS, '47

PROBLEM: To provide suitable lunch for one husband.

EXPERIMENTER: Mrs. D.

OBSERVER: Mr. D.

APPARATUS: One can-opener; one can peas (good brand); one can carrots; 1/4 lb. sliced ham; one cake (from recommended bakery); coffee grains; water; coffee-pot; stove; pans; dishes.

METHOD: Holding can-opener firmly in right hand, open cans of peas and carrots and put each in a pot. Put on stove at medium heat. Put standard amount of ham on each plate. Put coffee grains in top of perculator and water in bottom and put on stove. Leave until all water has gone up and come down. Cut cake and put on plates (small type). When peas and carrots are hot put in dishes beside ham. Pour coffee in cups. When experiment has been completed, put dishes and cups on table.

RESULTS: Very irregular:

Peas—hot, slightly dry, taste does not conform to regular results.

Carrots—cool, browner than customary, taste ditto.

Ham—delicious.

Cake—Good, icing slightly off.

Coffee—Bitter with a slightly acidic quality.

SOURCE OF ERROR:

1. Cut finger—caused cake slices to be imperfect.
2. Stove too hot or too cold.
3. Forgot salt and pepper.
4. Coffee—too little and too late.

CONCLUSION:

Must eat out more often.

White Christmas

ANON.

The wind, it blew!

The snow, it snow!

Pew!

*(your
pardon
please!)*



"The Uninvited"

Little Angel

GRACE SCHOENHEIT, '46

On cold days I would sit beside the great iron stove and watch Champ while he cooked dinner. He was a big black man and he always crinkled around the eyes when I chattered to him.

"Champ, what are you putting flour all over the dough for? Huh? Can I stick my hands in it?"

"Chile, get yourself back over by the stove and listen at all those devils breathing inside the tea kettle."

"Champ, what if one of them gets out? Huh? What if one gets out?"

"Well, little angel, we might could sic Blacky on him. But that won't save you none if you don't quit poking my biscuits."

I understood perfectly why Champ always sneaked Blacky into the kitchen while Mother was upstairs. She wouldn't allow dogs in the kitchen, and sometimes I was real scared for Champ. There would be a step coming toward the kitchen. Champ and I would scramble madly trying to get Blacky out the back door, and Blacky would scramble madly to stay inside. He even went so far as to yelp as we closed the door to him. Mother would appear at the other door and Champ and I would be standing perfectly still, trying to look unconcerned. Sometimes Mother would wait until she was ready to leave again, and say, "Oh, by the way, if I ever catch Blacky in here—"

Champ would look astonished and say, "Oh no Mame, no Mame; Blacky's not a kitchen dog. He likes it out in the yard."

"That's fine . . . and don't you all try to change his mind."

"Oh, no Mame."

Mother would go on out, and Blacky would soon be asleep under the sink.

An hour or so later I would be sitting at the dinner table. Bud, my brother, would erroneously make some remark about not being able to find Blacky all afternoon. I would gnash my teeth because my legs were not long enough to kick him under the table.

"Eat, Marion; you must eat those vegetables so we can all have dessert." Mother would say.

"I'm already full . . . and I don't want anything else to eat . . . except dessert, Mother."

"Eat everything on your plate because we're sitting here waiting for you."

I would just begin to stick my chin up and be firm, in spite of the switch that I knew always leaned behind the hall door, when Champ would come in to crumb the doilies.

"'Scuse me Mame, but did you know little angel cooked the vegetables this afternoon while I was making the biscuits?"

This brand new idea would appeal to me. "So I did! Bud, you didn't even know Champ hadn't cooked them himself!" And I would begin to eat my vegetables with great relish.

* * *

Several years unrolled. I was standing by the stove one afternoon warming my-

self. Champ was sifting flour over his bread board. I lifted up the lid of a double boiler and looked inside.

"Beans and bubbly water. Champ, why did you used to tell me devils were in the pots? You knew there weren't any."

"No, little ang—, 'scuse me, Miss Marion, there might be some there now."

"Oh, Champ, you just always told me tales. I don't believe in devils."

He went on working, slapping the dough a little too hard, and I went out in the yard to play with Blacky. On my way in to study I said to Champ, "Blacky is a good old dog, isn't he?"

"Yes, Miss, he is good."

"Does he come into the kitchen when I am not there?"

"Oh, no, Miss Marion." I saw on his face the same innocent look he used to give my Mother when she mentioned Blacky in the kitchen.

"Things have changed, haven't they, Champ?"

"Yes, Miss Marion. You've grewed up. You've grewed up to be a fine white lady like you Ma, your Mother. . . . When you was 'little angel' you didn't see no differences. You didn't see no difference between you and Blacky and me."

Holy War

BETTY ANN BASS, '46

Jehad!¹

From the minaret the cry.

Take arms against the infidel and die!

For it is written in the holy book:

That thou must leave thy wife and cleave unto thy sword.

Not thine, thy life.

First eyes run through, needle-pierced by sun on steel.

Then the fatal puncture; sticky desert sand

is the last he has to feel.

Shifting desert sands erase the place—

Singing winds, the cry.

Infidels are welcomed with their coin.

Not all the holy die.

¹Islamic (Mohammedan) for holy war.

Just One Yellow Flower

BARBARA WARNER, '46

*It didn't have much chance to live,
That yellow flower,
With the cinders around it
And the gray of a railroad.*

*It didn't have much time
Counted in days or hours or glances,
All too few.*

*It was awfully lonely
With the cinders around it
And the gray of a railroad—
Not even grass.*

*But it had a lot to do—
So many people:
In the trains, staring through gray-spattered
 windows
On the handcars, in worn overalls, with shovels,
 sweating,
On the platform in thin-soled shoes and brief-
 cases; thin, pale,
Stepping out of station wagons in sport
 coats, laughing, careless.
Standing with hard, cheap suitcases, with
 babies tight in their arms.*

*There was so much to do,
And such a short time,
And just one yellow flower.
Why?*

Stream of Consciousness

ERNESTINE BANKER, '47

New England days are bright days, especially in the fall. Vitality radiates from everyplace where the sun falls—the earth, the trees, the air itself. Even the people, usually aloof and cold, look as if they were warmed by some bright color of autumn.

Virginia sat on the bench, waiting and just gazing around her. A few people passed by on the walk and on the street that circled the park, cars kept going on by.

'You could sit here all day and people would just keep going by . . . going by. All different people. Just the way they kick the leaves, they look happy today.' A lady with two children passed. One was skipping and the other walked by its mother and smiled at Virginia. A taxi went by with two people in the back seat.

'Is it the spirit or the action that they say keeps going on? It's inspiring but depressing. One among so many. So much nicer to be two or more.' A boy went whistling by on a bike with a bag of papers strapped on his back. A man with two books under his arm went on scowling into the sun.

'A whole week end and no books or classes. And Dick coming soon. Real soon. And three nights in my own bed and lots of good meals and a big dance. My, aren't children brats at the age of four.'

A naval lieutenant came striding along. 'What could be nicer than a naval officer's uniform. I sure am going to miss them with the war over . . . Hello Dick.'

* * * *

Telegrams arrive at most any time but usually at unexpected times. So when Virginia came in at one she sat down on the bed with the telegram in her hand and cried.

'Lucky I can cry now my date is over. Imagine Steve home. After three years.' She smiled at a picture on her dresser.

'Three years. From next door to Africa and Italy and France. The war is really over.' Virginia stretched out on her bed and kicked off a shoe.

'Imagine! Just as if those years had never been. Football games, dances. Being engaged.' Yipee!

"Virginia, I'm as happy as can be but don't you think it's a bit too late to celebrate? Your father is asleep" . . . "Must you really go to Washington?" . . . "Can't I go with you?" . . . "Yes I think it's wonderful" . . . "Well I don't see why you can't go, do you Harold?" . . .

'Clean sheets are the best part of being home. Imagine the war over. It really wasn't too bad for me. No one killed. And such nice uniforms . . . Oh Dick. And he was so cute. But oh Steve. I guess I'm like lots of people, the war isn't bad if it gives you back the people you gave. It's so cozy being like lots of people. Ho Hum.'

* * * *

Walter Reed Hospital looked large and homey with its four white pillars and a stretch of green lawn before it.

'Still smells like a hospital though. Ask at the desk they said.'

Virginia sat down on the couch to wait as they told her.

'I remember Walter Reed in prep school biology. Didn't think I'd ever meet him again like this. Oh I just can't stand this another minute. Where is he?' People passed back and forth in and out the front door.

'Always different people to know and if I weren't here I'd be somewhere else to see more people. Look at that poor boy with only one leg . . . Steve!!

Fall in Washington pays more tribute to summer than fall in New England which tends to herald the coming winter. Virginia and Steve sat on the lawn by the hospital, and the air was quite warm.

'How can I keep looking at his face? But I can't look at his missing leg. It's impossible. Yes it is. What shall I do. It can't be true.'

"You look just the same Ginny, just as I remembered."

'It won't make any difference.'

"I wish you'd waited till I came home but I'm glad you know. I'm going to have a wooden leg you know."

'Oh it can't be Steve, not with crutches, not Steve. No.'

"We won't have to just joke about my wooden leg now . . . I guess it would be better if we didn't."

'How can he expect me to take it so casually? . . . What'll I do? Why didn't mother come?'

"If it makes any difference, I want you to tell me. I want to know."

'But how can I know? . . . I'll have to wait till I get home . . . This couldn't happen to Steve. He was all together when . . .'

* * * *

A nightclub in the day time is just a room with so many tables and chairs. But at night the festive atmosphere of the guests becomes so much a part of it, that those

(Continued on Page 24)

Lily

DOROTHY CORCORAN, '46

*Golden chalice
Lifted forever heavenward
Waiting
For the wine of rain.*

Illusion

JANE ARTHUR ETHREDGE, '47

*Apple blossoms fall,
Like the pink downy feathers
Of a flamingo.*

Comfort

ELIZABETH ABBOTT, '47

*Rain,
Let your weeping be quiet.
Slide down from the slate sky,
And soften the
Passing of time.*

'Possum Hunting

ELIZABETH ABBOTT, '47

As far as some people are concerned, 'Possum Hunting outranks baseball as the "Great American Sport." Surely, it is different. It is the perfect sport to satisfy the pioneer spirit, which is the heritage of every true American. It is the answer to every humourist's prayer, giving him wide range for his talents. It is a rich subject for a student's theme—'Possum Hunting in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

The Opossum is a small, marsupial animal. He stays in his nest in a tree during the day, venturing forth into the forest only at night, when he is supposedly safe from being preyed upon. He has very sharp gleaming, white teeth, a coat of rather nondescript fur, and a long hairless tail. In the South, the Negroes consider 'Possum meat a great delicacy; otherwise that animal serves little purpose to humanity. The best know fact about him is that he "plays dead" when shaken out of a tree. However, as Uncle Remus relates, the 'Possum is a "pow'ful ticklish" animal and, when the hounds begin to sniff around his ribs, he gives himself away by smiling.

This, then, is the object of the band of people who call themselves "'Possum Hunters."

The procedure they follow is this:

They first assemble all of their old clothes, then attire themselves in as many of them as possible, for 'Possum Hunting often lasts into the very early morning, when it gets quite cold. Each garment will stand them in good stead. The more

disreputable one looks, the better the atmosphere. 'Possum Hunting is a most rustic sport; thus dirty, old, torn clothes give the impression that one is an "old hand" at the game!

Inevitably, the dogs are late in coming, so the crowd has a chance to warm its toes and fingers before a blazing fire. The longer they stay in front of the fire, the more enticing it becomes and the more forbidding the adumbrative woods become. Just at the height of the merriment the dogs arrive, led by picturesque, woolly-headed, tobacco-chewing negroes. The dogs must look half-starved and mangy, if the hunt is to have its natural savour. The outlook is rather unencouraging, but everybody forces himself to leave the circle of warmth about the fire and start off on the nocturnal adventure. The more seasoned members of the party have usually secludded a bottle of "spirits" beneath their coats. No 'Possum Hunt would be complete



".... and I'll never forget your
utter femininity."

without one or two slightly inebriated gentlemen!

Chattering gaily, the 'Possum Hunters start off into the woods. The path is well-worn, so they have little difficulty maneuvering themselves through the grove. Several people carry kerosene lanterns to light the way, other more timid souls carry flashlights; there is no moon, for a starlit night is the ideal one for 'Possum Hunting.

Usually the first difficulty encountered is a creek to be crossed. Always there is someone in the crowd who is frightened of crossing footlogs. The person provides a good excuse for everybody to laugh heartily. Then, the person who is laughing the hardest strides pompously across the makeshift bridge, never failing to fall in the icy creek when he gets to the middle of the log. This joker, being in the spirit of things, shakes himself, and declares that he will brave the threat of pneumonia by continuing on the hunt. This so gains for him the admiration of all the lovely young ladies in the party that he soon looks like a sultan out walking with his harem.

In choosing the party, one is always sure to include several men who are known to sing well. As the gallant band of hunters starts up the ridge, these select lead the others in song. "Show me the Way to go Home" brings a ripple of laughter, and "Stout Hearted Men" fills each heart with manly pride. Then, succumbing to the romantic air, they begin to sing the old, everlasting "heart songs." The more sentimental members of the party find tears in their eyes as the sweet voices ring out in the clear night air and resound from the mountainside. Too quickly, the smooth, flowing rhythm of the melodies is destroyed by a staccato beat, for the climb is steep and wind is short. The hounds have long ago disappeared into the depths of the forest. On the summit of the ridge, they pause to listen for the hounds. Not a whisper is allowed—only the negroes and the man who is directing the hunt are permitted to conjecture as to the whereabouts of the erring canines.

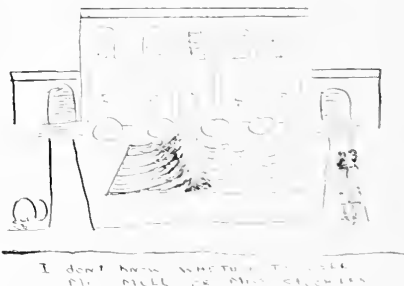
In a few minutes, from what seems a long distance away, a mournful bay echoes

(Continued on Page 25)

Modern Poetry

ANON.

Who knows?
Out of a pea green mist
Whistling down the wind
Thought—
Deeper than mountains
Higher than eternity
Twisting on a wheel of infinity
Around
Always . . . but never
Hm-m. You don't say!



The Poets

CRUTCHER FIELDS, '46

He was a big man, so tall that his daughter often thought his shaggy white head would bump the door of the farm house as he went in and out. Today he wore faded blue work pants tucked into an old pair of jodphur-boots and a white shirt fastened at the neck with his inevitable black string tie.

Early that morning, he and Stan, his young grandson, had been in the barn together, forking musty hay into the feed-boxes. "See you brought a new book out from town." And Grandfather checked the rhythm of pitch and throw, to cross his calloused old hands on the handle of his fork and look at Stan.

The boy kept busily at work, trying to avoid his Grandfather's eyes. But the old man's gaze compelled him to stop abruptly, plant both feet firmly as if to withstand a storm, and say, "Yes, I did."

Grandfather's blue eyes held the boy's rebellious grey ones. The old man ran a bony forefinger under his nose, drawing in his breath at the same time. "And the wood has been chopped?" he asked in a quiet voice.

The boy's eyes dropped.

"Stan, you've been told time and again what is expected of you now your father has gone. There's no time for foolishness, boy; no time for dreaming with all the work to be done." And not waiting for a reply, he had turned back to the pile of hay.

Stan felt the anger rising in him, choking his throat and bringing tears to his eyes. "How could anyone be as unfeeling as Grandfather," the boy thought to himself. "Duty! Work! Why, if Grandfather had his way, I'd turn into a mule and do nothing but plod from one job to another." He stole a look up at the old man. "He isn't even thinking about me anymore," Stan's thoughts ran on. "All he cares about is this old hay and getting the horses fed." He pitched the next three forksful of hay almost viciously.

"Stan, Dad, Dinner," Mother's voice called.

Stan choked back the "Golly, and am I hungry!" which almost involuntarily slipped out and followed his Grandfather from the big barn in silence.

The two trudged along up the hill to the pump in back of the house and then Stan began to wonder. His thoughts ran from the tone in his mother's voice as she had called Grandfather. "There must be something kind about Grandfather; Mother loves him so. But maybe that's just because he is her father and she has to love him whether he is *gruff* and *hard* or not."

They were going under the old oak tree, and suddenly Stan forgot everything. A robin was singing—somewhere up there he was sitting, head thrown back, singing because he had to sing.

"Stan!" snapped Grandfather; and his voice was like a whip across the boy's

mind; "Come on and wash up. Your mother's waiting."

* * * *

It was now late afternoon. Stan was up in the hay mow, stretched on his stomach with his chin in his cupped hands. He had just raised his eyes from a book between his elbows; a couplet he had read there had made him want to stop and think a minute.

"Sturdy, earthy, this farmer was
Roots clinging deep, deep in the
soil."

He could see his Grandfather almost as plainly as though the old man were actually in front of him. How often the furrows in his wrinkled forehead had deepened at his grandson. How often the strident old voice had boomed out and lashed him back to work. Stan remembered him as he looked in the fields, his black string tie blowing in the wind, his big rough hands hanging at his sides, his heavy, mud-caked boots planted firmly on the ground.

The boy turned back to his poems and read. About half an hour later, his head jerked up at a footstep below. He wriggled slowly through the piles of hay to peep cautiously over the edge of the mow. There stood Grandfather.

But that wasn't Grandfather! The same string tie and heavy boots, but this man was standing quietly as a worshipper before a shrine. His face was lightened; the wrinkles were nice wrinkles; the eyes were kind and deep and tender.

What was he looking at? Stan saw nothing but their own little white farm house nestled in the beech trees. Puzzled, he looked back at his Grandfather who was standing there gently rubbing the handle of a worn old farm plow over and over again. Then the sun slipped behind the highest hill, and the whole scene was darkened a bit.

A harsh voice broke the stillness. "Stan, come here this minute. There's work to be done."

But the boy was smiling as he climbed down from the hay mow.

Philosopher's Questions

ELIZABETH ABBOTT, '47

Who am i?

Where am i?

What am i?

Why am i?

When am i?

How am i?

Fine, thank you!

MOTHER MARIA

(Continued from Page 9)

The nun said nothing.

"If you could change places with me just for a moment, Mother I'm sure you would see."

The nun did not reply. She looked once at the girl standing there quietly, her child pressed against her knees; then she left the room.

As the weeks passed, the whole body and mind of the Mother became consumed by her work. Every night the light in her office burned far into the morning as she sat for hours bent over her desk; during the day, she toiled in hospitals, in the classrooms, in the church. The convent soon received a commendation from the Bishop, accompanied by a suggestion for extending the convent, a project which would double its size, prestige and power. With this in mind, Mother Maria redoubled her energies, driving herself towards that goal. It was as if she were being burned by some inner fire that refused to permit her to stop or rest even for a moment.

She drew further away from the nuns, seeming to shun all contact except what was necessary. They began to fear the sound of her step in the hallways, the coldness of her voice as she assigned to them their tasks for the day. Yet they could not but respect her, for never once did she deviate from the code of justice and fairness which she had established for herself. If she drove them hard, she exerted herself to perform feats of endurance almost superhuman; if she avoided any personal touch with them, she adhered closely to all outward forms of civility. Her hardness, her unyielding ruthlessness coupled with the intense pride, the unselfishness with which she performed her good works made her an enigma that no one could explain,

and no one dared approach. Except Sister Therese.

Without knocking, she walked into her superior's office late one night.

"I have given strict orders that I'm not to be disturbed," said Mother Maria, looking up impatiently.

"I come as a friend, therefore I ignore all orders," replied Sister Therese, closing the door behind her. "Mother, this has got to stop, your cheeks are pale, your hand trembles when you lift a cup of water. What you are doing now can easily be done by one of the novices tomorrow."

"I prefer to do it myself."

"If you are wise, you will save your strength for some future date when you will need it. You're driving from yourself everything human that's in you. You think you will not grow old and lonely because you feel the power within you now. But even you, Mother, cannot forever escape suffering."

Neither of them spoke for a moment. Mother Maria rose and walking to the window, looked out into the night. Sister sighed, and turned to go, but stopped at the doorway.

"I also came to tell you that Mrs. Kransky is with her husband now. They came by here today to see us. They're as poor as they ever were, but very happy to be together again. She sent her love to you."

The Prioress whirled around.

"Get out!" she said.

Sister Therese looked at her curiously, then left.

Mother stood quite still for a moment, her arms hanging at her side. Then she pressed her fingers against her eyeballs, rubbing them hard. Going to the desk, she gazed at the documents laying there. With a sudden angry gesture, she scattered them upon the floor, and walking again to the window, began to weep softly.

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(Continued from Page 18)

same tables and chairs often seem the cause of the festive mood rather than the mirror of it.

Virginia looked at Dick across the table. 'He has such cute curly hair and he dances so well.'

"You've seemed so quiet since your trip."

'But you can't live with curly hair and a dance band . . . Steve never was awfully good looking.'

"Do you want a drink now?"

'He seems much quieter now, Dick and I are more alike I guess. You can't swim with a wooden leg either.'

"I knew you liked red roses—they mean true love you know."

'I'd always know it was there. Always.'

"How about dancing then?"

'Mother and Daddy say Steve's a nice boy. Mother and Daddy say Dick is a nice boy. What'll I do, What'll I do? I'm just like so many other people. What would they do?' * * * *

New England is rather bleak until the snow falls. The trees stand tall and bare, the ground lies flat and cold and the people hide down in bundling coats and only stay outdoors when forced to. But when the snow comes, the weather seems warmer and friendlier because the white blanket

seems to cover up all that is cold and bare.

Virginia sat on the park bench again, not waiting but just sitting alone. The wind ruffled the small hair of her fur coat.

'Ridiculous weather to wear silk stockings in—rayon.' A few people hurried by and cars drove on with their windows tightly closed. 'Parks don't seem as cozy without the leaves on the trees. Winter just isn't as friendly as any other time. Goodness Christmas in a month and Steve home. What'll I do? Things don't seem normal like they should. Snowing.' The flakes came down slowly at first as if afraid of such a drop to such a hard surface.

'I wonder if I would have hesitated if Steve had come back as he went . . . Dick is so cute. And we're so much alike.'

The snow now was like white fuzz over the sidewalk.

'Mother says Steve has taken his deformity like a man should. He's so nice, but.'

Two boys went by dragging a sled which scraped over the sidewalk not yet deep enough in snow.

'How I'd love to walk down the street again pulling a sled behind me. But mother never used to let me sleigh ride in the park.' * * * *

"If you have something to tell me darling, please tell me now. I want to know."

"I cannot marry you, Stephen."



Dressed for Dinner

'POSSUM HUNTING

(Continued from Page 20)

up the mountainside. With a shout of joy, the party leaps up. The dogs are in the hollow on the other side of the ridge, so the hunters cross over it as quickly as possible. Going down the mountain is much more strenuous and taxing than coming up, for one always manages to trip over fallen logs, or step into a hole. Soon, however, everyone is at the bottom, the latecomers sliding down on their noses in their hurry. They start off in the direction of the hounds' baying. The air is rife with excitement as the avid pursuers track down their prey. Suddenly, they come upon the hounds, who are barking fanatically, and waving their tails eagerly, while prancing about an old tree stump. Then and only then do the venators realize that they have not found the booty they are seeking. The wind has been at their backs—they could not know that the hounds had found a skunk!

Somewhat chagrined by this misadventure, the group pauses to consider the next step. The hounds are sent off again to "find a 'Possum." While waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for "something to turn up," they decide to play a rousing game of Leap Frog. This is a rather spectacular diversion, for the participants are somewhat encumbered by their extra apparel and the amount of "white lightning" they have consumed. This game makes the time pass quickly for the poor people, who have come a long way by now and who are tired.

Suddenly, someone notices that Jane, John, Peter, Lucy, Emily, Jake, Sarah,

Jim and Bill are missing from the party. A thorough search ensues. They comb the woods, calling with tremulous voices and thinking of all the horror tales they have ever heard. After traversing numerous corn-fields and scaling the heights of countless mountains (it seems), they finally find the errants sitting, terrified, on the edge of an ancient graveyard. Weak with relief, they all decide that there is no possibility of finding a 'Possum, so they had best go home. Despondently, they embark on the homeward path. It was fun, they think, but it would have been nice to catch a 'Possum.

A bit downcast, they walk along through the crackling underbrush. About five hundred yards from the house, the dogs begin to bay frantically. With great delight, everyone realizes that at last, the curs have "treed." The flashlights are trained up to the tree top, finally coming to rest on the frightened 'Possum. A husky negro shakes the slender tree and, with a thud, the animal falls to the ground. The hounds rush up, tickle it and worry it. Then, someone, who is later acclaimed the Hero of the Hunt, grabs it by the tail and dumps it into a burlap sack. With great rejoicing, everyone admits that he thinks that 'Possum Hunting is the best sport in the world—people ought to go every night! Overlooking the latter part of this observation, they all proceed into the house where a bowl of steaming hot Brunswick Stew awaits them. Forgotten are the trials and tribulations, the discomforts and dangers of the evening. They will turn now to other pursuits.

The "Call of the Wild" has been answered!

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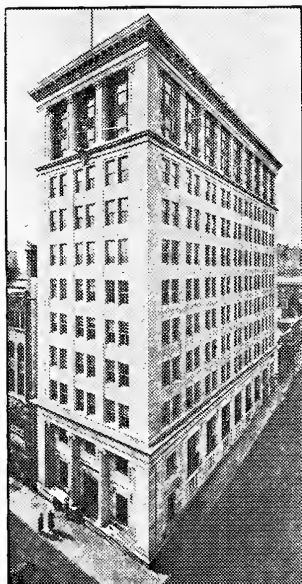
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Argument

BETTY ANN BASS, '46

She was sitting in the room watching the afternoon sunlight as it fell in yellow warmth on the mauve rug which covered the floor. She loved the room with its clean, white mantle and its floor-length windows and its walls which the decorator had called "York Green." The colors of the room were soft and diffused. There was present a tone which she liked. She pressed her head back against the deep chair in which she sat.

Bill was across the room from her leaning against the mantle, he watched her, watched her indifference. She had withdrawn herself from their argument, and now she sat unconcerned. "Damn her," he thought. He tightened and relaxed the fingers of his hand which hung from his arm rested on the mantle. "Damn her." He would have liked to seize her by her shoulders and shake her until she cried out for mercy. Instead he said, "You don't know what you're talking about. How could you know? And yet you make these stupid arguments."

"It takes two to make an argument. My father says that." Linda looked at him. It angered her to be accused of ignorance. "You don't seem to understand that I have a point of view. I happen to believe what I say, and you infer that I am a fool."

"You are a fool." Bill said it deliberately.

"Perhaps." The tone of disdain showed no condescension on her part.

Linda gazed out of the window into the sun-colored trees. The argument had

angered her, had shaken her and left her week. Now she withdrew into herself like a cat pulling in its claws. Bill could not understand. Good, honest Bill. She had loved him once and had regarded his return from England with the excitement and pleasure of anticipated reunion. The morning he came to her was still in her mind. It was fresh and cool. The dew had not time to dry before he came. She stood before him, in this same room. They were strangers, both afire with the excitement of finding each other out. "Hello," he said. "I'm home from the wars."

Linda smiled. "I'm glad you're back. I'm so very glad you're back." Her tone changed, became lighter. "We thought you were never coming. Really, you were horribly slow."

Bill accepted the banter. "Slow? Ah, yes, but for your sake. I wanted to give you several weeks grace. Wind up your affairs, you know. I trust the closet's clean?"

"Vide."

"What?"

"Empty."

"That's good. Here's where the lieutenant moves in. Consider yourself dated up ad infinitum."

"Is that a proposal?"

"Ra-ther," he said with English accent.

Linda rejoined. "I say, old chap, that's awfully decent of you and all that but give me several years to think it over. No hasty decisions, y'know."

"We'll see," he said without accent.

As time passed there came a gulf be-

tween them which widened. "We are diametrically opposed," Linda thought, but although the idea disturbed her, she made no effort to retreat from her position.

They were at lunch in the country club grill when the thought occurred to Linda. They were speaking of Europe.

"I envy your being abroad," Linda said. "I've always wanted to go. It is almost as if I've been before. Some things are so clear. I seem to remember them. Little dirt roads in Lombardy, lined with poplars. Venice. The Bois. The Seine Biaritz. The cypress trees and the rocky coasts of the Riviera. The German forests. The Hungarian plains. I love them all."

Bill listened without sympathy. "There's no place as good as America."

"But you can love America and the others too."

"It's rotten, that Europe of yours. Finished. It's been digging its own grave for the last century. It's through, done with."

"No. It can't be." The fervor in her voice astonished him.

"Rotten to the core. Take the English. A bunch of vulgar, shabby, pig-headed fools. I sum it all up in the town pump of Mendlesham."

"What?"

"They had a public pump in this town. Fair sized town too. If you wanted water you had to go to the square and pump it. Why? Because that's the way it had always been. Tradition." He spat out the word with disgust.

"But Bill, don't you see? There's more to England than the pump at Mendlesham. There's the beauty of the lake country. And the hedgerows. Quaintness. Charm. Loveliness."

"How do you know?" he asked brutally.

"I . . . I just do, that's all. I know it because I feel it to be true. There's art and there's beauty there. You're a Philistine, nothing but a Philistine and a patriot." Linda felt tears come into her eyes.

"So if I am a patriot? You can take your damn Europe. If you had any sense, you'd forget it."

They sat in silence while the waiter cleared the table. Linda drew spirals on the luncheon mat with her spoon. Bill watched the smoke curl up from his cigarette. When the waiter had gone he said, "The trouble with you, you don't appreciate America. If you'd ever been away, you'd know. This is our country, this is our place, this is our life. Here. There's no use chasing rainbows. Forget it."

"It's more than Europe," Bill. "Don't you see?"

"What?"

"I don't know exactly. It's beauty and color and excitement."

"Those things are here."

"No, that's different."

"Grow up," he said angrily.

She was silent. "This is not adolescence," she thought. "It's hunger." She said aloud, "Do you think that would solve things?"

"I think you're crazy." Bill stood up, crushing his cigarette into the ash tray.

"Perhaps." Linda used the word with cool disdain. It implied finality. Together they left the grill.

"Perhaps." She had used the word then and she had said it again, here, just now in the sunlit living room. Always the same argument more or less. He accused her of being a fool, a foolish dreamer. But she was not a dreamer. Was she? Linda closed her eyes. A shudder passed through her body. She hated him, good, honest

Bill. She hated his accusations which, with dogged determination, he drove into her mind. Unreality. Unreality. Unreality. Was he right? Bill the-methodical-who-never-made-a-mistake. Yes. He was right. Yes. She had known all along, hadn't she. Linda felt sick. But it was true. "No!" Linda was shaken by her spoken word. Had she screamed? She looked to the mantle but he was gone.

Mosaic

BETTY ANN BASS, '46

*These are the hands of the glass cutter,
the mosaic-maker.*

*Like a mosaic
ablaze
is my love for you,
spectral
when the dawn bursts upon us.*

I Am Lonely Again

LEILA FELLNER, '46

*I am lonely again
And the still of it spreads
Like the fog in the streets of the city at night.
Every light
Is white-sheeted and lost
And the fog
Simpers on, without aim, lost in time, lost in space.
There is nothing,
No shadows, no movement, no road,
Only myself, alone
In this grey-shrouded city of empty grey streets.
I shiver, and try to recognize a signpost,
But the name means nothing.*

No More Ghosts

BY GRACE SCHOENHEIT, '46

I told my brother many times about the ghosts, but he would not believe me.

"Go on, Lucy! There aren't any ghosts or spirits in this house. You're just crazy."

"Bud, I'm *not*! Last night. . ."

"Au Lucy! Stop being such a sap."

I only wish he did not always go to sleep so quickly at night. Then he would see them. Then he would not think me such a sissy for pleading with Mother to come upstairs with me everynight when I went to bed.

"Au Lucy! What are you scared of?" he asked, belittling the situation as we walked together up the long winding stairway to the second floor. "Stop grabbing me by the arm. Those are only shadows on the wall!"

When we reached the first landing we always turned around to wave a last good-night to Mother and Dad who sat in the east parlor. They looked so far away, I thought, all the way down the long, first flight of steps between the weird carvings on the balustrade and the writhing "shadows" on the wall, all the way across the great paneled hallway, and half-way across the east parlor.

"Goodnight, children, you all go right to bed, and sleep well." How far away Mother's voice seemed!

"I'm going right to bed, but Lucy will probably be screaming at ghosts all night so I won't get a chance to sleep."

"Bud, I don't scream at them."

We reached the top of the stairs and it was dark.

"Lucy, turn on the light."

"N-no, you can turn it on. Haven't you any politeness in you? What do y-you think you are a boy for? Just to have g-girls turn on lights for you?"

"Politeness! Haven't you any nerve at all? Are you afraid you'll reach out and put your hand on something slimy. . . ."

"Bud! Turn on the light!"

"All right, but stop screaming at me!"

Bud's room was at the head of the stairs and he turned into his doorway.

"Hey, Bud, come down to my room for just a minute. I have something to show you."

"Oh you do not, you just want me to go with you and turn your lights on."

"Bud, how can you think such a thing? I really have something to show you."

"What is it?"

"I'm not going to tell you. I have to show you."

"Oh you haven't anything. Go on. What do you think spooks would want *you* for?"

He shut his door. I looked down the long, carpeted corridor leading to my room in the west wing. The corridor was dark, even in the daytime, and all along both walls were cabinet doors. I had heard ladies say to Mother, "How nice to have all this room for storage." But I always went carefully down the middle of the carpet lest I bump one of the little latches. I imagined that if the cabinet doors flew open I would not see the folded sheets and towels and boxes of moth-balled

clothes, but faces, or parts of faces, or hands.

I sped down the middle of the corridor and turned the light on just inside my room. What was in the closet or under the bed or behind me I did not know and could not get up nerve enough to see. The rest of the room was all right, it appeared. I undressed quickly, soundlessly, and slipping under the cover, I jerked my feet up from the floor lest anything from under the bed grab them.

Soon as my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the dark, I saw them. Great black shapes sat about the room. They were motionless, but I could not trust them to stay motionless. If Mother would only come turn on my light the shapes would change into chairs and tables and lamps again. I could not put my feet on the floor again to run to the light switch because whatever was under the bed knew I was in bed now and was especially waiting to grab me around the ankles.

For what seemed like hours I lay rigid, wide-eyed, afraid of causing a stir among the shapes. I was afraid that if I made a noise most anything might walk out of my closet to see what the disturbance was. Suddenly, out of the dark, I heard a call. It came again, louder, and then it came a third time, louder still. Bud! Bud was calling me, and after we had been in bed so long! In spite of the calling, the shapes remained motionless. Keeping an eye on them, I stood up cautiously on the bed. They were still. They did not come any closer. Suddenly I leapt way out of bed toward my door, so that whatever was under my bed couldn't reach me, and I ran down the middle of the corridor to Bud's room.

"Lucy?" he asked unsteadily.

"Bud, what's wrong? What's the matter, Bud?"

"Lucy. . . don't tell the folks . . . but . . . I'm scared."

"Now Bud. For Heaven's sake! What could you *possibly* be s-scared of?" I walked within a yard of his bed and sprang onto it from there, just in case something lay under his bed too. He was shivering.

"L-Lucy, what do you guess that is over by the w-window?"

My heart lurched as I saw a big black and white shape in the corner.

"Bud, you s-silly thing. That's just a chair with your extra p-pillows on it."

"Don't tell the folks Are you sure? I waked up all of a sudden and I couldn't be sure what it w-was. I was sort of thinking about what you're always telling me."

"Oh, now really, Bud, you kn-know I don't really believe in ghosts. I'll go turn on the light and you'll see there's nothing to be scared of."

"No. If you turn on the l-light the folks might see it across the court. They are d-down in the east wing."

"Well . . . I'll get up . . . and go over to the c-corner . . . and see for myself what it is."—

". When? . . ."

"Right now in a minute."

"L-Lucy, are you scared?"

"Good Heavens, n-no! I'm going right over and sit down on that . . . chair and show you there's nothing to be afraid of."

I stepped quickly away out from the bed onto the floor. I stood there for a moment just to be sure nothing moved in the room but Bud and I. Then I pushed myself across the room and quickly reached

out my hand. It was only a chair. With a quiver of relief I sat down in it.

"Bud, come over here. Everything is all right."

He came over and put his hand on the upholstery. "Who ever heard of people in the fourth grade getting scared?" he said as he went back to the bed. I followed him and stood close by the bed while he settled down under the covers.

"Did you really have something to show me tonight when we came upstairs, Lucy?"

"... ah... Sure. It was... I'll show you in the morning."

"No, I want to see it now. What is it?"

"Well, you wait here, and I'll go get it."

I went out into the dark corridor and wondered what I could possibly find to show him. One by one I opened the cabinets along the corridor and felt along the

shelves. Nothing but commonplace things. Towels and wash cloths and Mother's ice bag. Just nothing to show Bud.

I went in my room and felt along the dresser. My nails struck against a glass which tinkled. I picked it up and walked back to Bud's room.

"What is it?" he asked, propping up on his elbows.

"It's a real crystal glass. They said it was made over in Germany. I just wanted to show you how it rings when you hit it."

"Aw, Lucy, for Heaven's sake! Take that jelly glass out of here and go to bed."

"Jelly glass! Jelly glass! You just don't know what real good glass sounds like!"

I stormed down the hall to my room. Before I got under the covers I leaned down and rolled the glass way back under the bed. There were still traces of a raspberry label on it.



Who said I ought to have
a good time at parades?

Schenck

Miss L.

BY JOSELLE HOLMES, '49

Miss L. had spent the major part of her girlhood in a convent and had then attended an eastern college. When Miss L. found it necessary to get a job, she got a position as a teacher in a boarding school in New York state. She was a tall, angular woman with a lean but hardly hungry look. There was about her a cleanliness and sterility that is found in those who have not been in the least compromised by life. Miss L. had early observed that living was a difficult thing to carry off with poise, that anyone who had asserted or committed himself in anyway, from Moses to Napoleon and from Napoleon to Saroyan, had surrendered a beautiful and graceful detachment merely to become a clown. Life was in very bad taste; it was an imposition and it offended her, lifting her skirt delicately, and wearing her eyebrows very high, Miss L. edged her way around it, avoiding any contact.

In her classes she was never so happy as when she was talking of the complete cycle of plants. She disliked loose ends and looked upon death as merely the gathering up of loose ends. Very neat! Her profoundest admiration was reserved for the asexual plant. Miss L. then made no attempt at insularity. Its integrity and independence made her starry-eyed, brought the bloom to her cheeks which were usually the unpleasant, bluish tint of skimmed milk. When not among her test tubes, she was miserable. It was only in science that she found a mathematical precision of pattern and an in-

tellect passionless and unadulterated. In all else, she saw the diseased tints and nuances of decadency. Music pried into one's affairs, color was sensuous, novels were the products of crippled minds, poetry was damp and limpid, and religion a plaything for the frightened children. Miss L. did, however, read Sinclair Lewis. She liked his photographic, three-dimensional style with its hard, glossy finish. Bach, she tolerated because he rarely offended her with sloppy, superficial melodies. Miss L. didn't have a favorite cartoonist.

Miss L. formed one friendship, although it was more of a habit than a friendship. She and the mathematics teacher would sit over coffee cups in Miss L.'s little white room, talking about Einstein and Huxley. Romanticism, Miss L. would point out, was nothing more than a sticky eulogy of the unseemly impulses of great, untidy Mother Nature. Science, instead of giving nature undue encouragement, patted her indulgently on the head and tidied her up a bit. Science succumbed to nothing but facts and there was nothing so beautiful as facts in the eyes of Miss L. She hovered over them affectionately. They were so clean, so devoid of the purulence with which life had been misshapen. Miss L. struck terror into the hearts of her pupils. She will live in the memories of those girls, for whenever they do something quite natural and spontaneous, they will say to themselves, "Miss L. would call it purulent."

Education for What

BETTY ANN BASS, '46

*Our hands were given the tools
in a moment of chaos,
Darkness was struck in two,
Sundered with a mighty blow,
and from regurging mass
a yolk of light pulled forth.
And then were the tools given,
soon after.*

*All my time I have spent in preparing my tools,
and yet they are not finished.
I have cut and sharpened
I have pounded and burned,
(were the cuts only scratches?)
(were the blows too weak, and the fire?)
I have polished with rough material,
sometimes with smooth,
and yet they are not done.
Yet the tools are not ready.*

*I have not worked with diligence entirely.
Standing in the meadow grass
I would forget them,
but that the darkness came
and made the grass unfriendly.*

*Still they are unfinished,
and still shall they be
even though there is more time, (do I know?)
For I have not discovered their use;
So can they be done?*

*They are beautiful tools,
and fine.
I grow sick with the longing to
use them
and frightened when I remember
they are mine.
Yet do I twist and carve,
for, what else?*

Red Apples

CRUTCHER FIELD, '46

He sat on the ledge of the fruit stand and munched happily on a hard red apple that had been taken from the top of the pyramid piled up behind him. "Yes, I 'spect Nannie will find me here," he smiled up at the big policeman who was questioning him.

"Well, fine!" The officer cleared his throat and determined to try again. "What does your Nannie look like?"

"Oh, she's—" the boy seemed nonplussed. Inspiration came; and he continued in a spurt, "Oh, she's round, 'most as round as that man in the white apron who works here and gave me this apple . . . and she's soft too, because when I sit in her lap, I seem to sink."

It was the man's turn to be at a loss for words. "But I mean, what does she *look* like? What color are her eyes and hair?"

"Her hair? Oh, I dunno." The boy thought a minute. "It's sorta the color of my wood blocks that I play with so much. But her eyes are blue, real blue, the same kind as my little baby brother's.—Only she laughs a lot; and when she laughs, her cheeks go up so that you can't even see her eyes." He sat his apple down and squeezed his own cheeks up with two dirty little hands to show how Nannie's eyes looked when she laughed.

The policeman pushed his cap back on his head, held the visor in his thumb and forefinger, and scratched his temple in a puzzled way.

The boy saw the man still did not know who his Nannie was. "She reads to me a lot," he added, hoping this bit of informa-

tion would help. "And she says she'd like to take me to Sunday School." The boy paused and glanced questioningly up at his questioner. But there was not any glimmer of recognition in the man's face. The boy sighed softly and then turned his attention back to his apple. He began thinking of Nannie and all the fun the two of them and his little baby brother had together. He especially liked the stories Nannie made up to tell him just before he went to sleep each night. When she was there to tuck him in bed and kiss him good-night, then it was not so hard not having his mommy there too. Of course he missed his mommy when she did not have time to stop by to say good-night, but Nannie did have a nice soft lap, and on the nights that his mommy did not come in, Nannie would rock him to sleep in her big old rocking chair.

The policeman broke into this silence and started on another approach. "What made you run away, son?"

The boy dropped his head and pulled dejectedly at the stem of his apple. "I heard my mommy talking to Nannie. My mommy said Nannie would have to leave. My mommy said lots of things, and then Nannie went and got her hat and coat. I was on the stairs, back in the corner; and she went right by me. I guess she went up to see my baby brother. She called and called for me, but I wouldn't go. . . . When she came back down, her face looked so funny. All the laugh was gone." With a savage jerk at the apple stem he continued, "I decided I didn't want to stay

home if Nannie wasn't going to be there too. So——"

The policeman's hand slowly patted the boy's shoulder. Another pause followed; and then, the policeman said, half to himself, "You wouldn't know your address and I can't call all the Smith's in the phone book."

The boy brightened. "Oh, I do know my address. Nannie taught it to me; it's 1801 North Bayshore Drive."

The policeman turned quickly, "What's that? Say it again son."

"1801 North Bayshore Drive," the boy repeated.

With a great sigh, the man said, "Why, that settles everything. Now you just wait right here while I call your mother and let her know where you are." He started away.

"Oh, no, don't talk to mommy." The

boy jumped down from the ledge in his excitement. "Ask for Nannie. She'll understand and tell mommy for me." He clung hard to the man's hand.

The policeman looked down. "But I thought you said Nannie was gone."

"Nannie——oh," The boy turned slowly back to the fruit stand.

The policeman patted his shoulder again and went off toward the phone booth as the boy blindly groped for his unfinished apple. He picked up an apple; but it wasn't the one he'd been eating. As he stood there, the pyramid of fruit slowly began to crumple before his eyes. Then, with a rush, a torrent of hard red apples spilled off the stand and piled up at his feet. For a long minute the boy just stood and stared at the mass of bright red fruit. Then slowly he bent over, picked up an apple and began re-arranging the pattern on the fruit stand.

Ebb and Flow

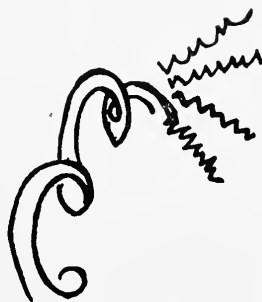
DOROTHY CORCORAN, '46

*I watched the sea of people
On the city street,
Surging, whirling, pushing onward,
With a rhythmic beat;
Breaking on the curbing—
A whistle and a light,
Changing, flashing, shrieking loudly,
Day and night.
I watched the rising and the falling
Of the changing tide,
Leaping, ebbing, flowing ever,
On its beach so wide.
Day after day they hasten on
In eternal flow—
Beating tumbling, roaring sea-like,
As they come and go.*

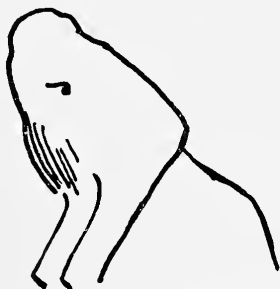
Sweet Briar Invertebrata
à la Thurber



A CRAM



A SWIVET



MAN-HUNTER



A FRUSTRATE



AN INATTENTIONER



AN ATTENTIONER

murray
armstrong

Faith

GRACE SCHOENHEIT, '46

Beached shells,
 empty,
 exposed,
 discarded,
 Wait.
 Nights, there may be stars
 will sit
 crown-like
 along the polished surfaces
 left by fish.

Tact

GRACE SCHOENHEIT, '46

Snow
 usurping
 world of sap and sand
 shows only amorphousness,
 and white,
 restraining to microscopic
 frozen
 breath-perfection
 colors of star.

Poem

GRACE SCHOENHEIT, '46

Know you from whence serenity?

*In the dark mud under a pool
 there is peace in sunlessness.
 But, motivated, unborn lilies'
 roots strain up in blackened,
 strangling coils
 To hold in view delicacy
 of pink not even pink.
 of sweet not even sweet,
 of waxen still.
 Pads lie even with the pool, not
 rearing up in any show
 of spirit—
 Only rest
 Above the fighting tendrils
 thinning upward through
 the dark.*



"That one is called 'Downfall of Institution' "

"The Lighted Candle" (PSALMS)

BY CANDY GREENE, '46

The Doctor hurried as best he could though each step sank him deeper into the mud. It was more like a swamp than a street, with its crater-like ruts whose bottoms filled up with slush and garbage while the edges were bordered with weeds.

The sun began to work its way through the smoke that came from the near-by factories and hung over the Negro shanties like a vulture ready to descend on its prey, tantalizing them with soot and ashes yet never wholly obliterating them. The faint gleam of light and warmth had brought the women out into their yards, and as Dr. Amos passed by they broke off in the midst of song to greet him, but while they chatted their nimble dark fingers kept up a steady rhythm as each clothes pin snapped an overall leg to its place on the clothesline. As the Doctor passed on down the street, April Mary broke off her song and her black eyes followed him. "Agnes May," she called to her sister who was hanging over the back porch shaking blankets. "The Doctah looks mighty poorly, in fact, he's been that way ever since Jed came down with the fever, yet he says the boy isn't mortal sick." "Don't you worry about the Doctah, April Mary, he can take care of hyself." She gave one last vigorous flap to the already threadbare blanket, as if to drop a curtain on the conversation. April Mary still continued to gaze dolefully down the street to where the straight, but painfully thin, body of the doctor was fast disappearing from sight. "Maybe Agnes May was

right and there was no need to worry." She smiled at this reassuring idea and quickly returned to snapping the clothes fast to the line.

"The Lord's gonna watch his sheep.
So don't you fret.
He'll watch when you are asleep.
So don't you fret."

A smile curled around the Doctor's lips as he thought of the surprised doctors from Harlem who couldn't understand why he had turned down a job in a modern clinic, that would furnish a big salary, to stay on in the broken down district of a factory town where his small income was so uncertain. But then they didn't know April Mary who sang hymns all the time she was in labor and brought him a deep-dished apple pie as recompense for the delivery of twins, nor Agnes May who darned his socks so that she felt free to have him paint a throat grown raw from inhaling so much coal dust, or Shakespeare Washington, an old man who had the rheumatism and paid his bill in eggs as prized as the golden one of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" because it came from the only chicken in the district.

Dr. Amos slowed down and the smile disappeared, leaving his face haggard and old. "Mornin', Liza," he greeted the woman on the porch as he mounted the three wooden steps, careful not to step in any of the broken places.

In the room he entered a fire was burning, whose feeble light outlined a big table

in the middle of the room on which were high piles of books and magazines. Under the table one of the magazines lay open at a picture of a beautiful Chinese pagoda, all painted in exquisite colors of turquoise, red and gold, but one side of the cherry orchard had been torn off and the whole magazine looked as if it had been thrown violently across the room. The Doctor quickly shifted his gaze from the floor, and smiled broadly as he crossed to a bed that lay under the window, "Well, Jed—."

"I threw it and it tore. I'm not trying to hide anything, because I don't care." This came from the black face sunk against the pillows.

Didn't you like the stories about China, Jed?" Dr. Amos was sitting on the edge of the bed and gazing earnestly into the scornful eyes of the young Negro man.

"What's the use." Jed said, "I can't go there." He sunk lower in the pillows and turned his head to the window through which the Negro women in the yard behind could be heard singing in deep sonorous tones that made the whole outdoors resound as if God had sent his celestial angels down to choir practice. "Listen to that," Jed said and propped himself up on one elbow while his dull eyes glowed feverishly, as he urged the Doctor's attention. "What are they singing for when the soot comes down so thick it gets in people's throats and makes them sick; it covers the roads which are just muck when it rains; soot, soot, that's all there is. We sleep in blankets full of it; eat food seasoned with it; and when we die our bones don't become dust, they turn into soot." With this Jed sank back on the pillows and shut his eyes as if by this he could keep the soot out.

"Doc", the young man said with the

same despairing look on his face which had been there when the doctor entered, "How am I? If I'm going to die, it's O. K." His voice, sank to almost a groan, was only audible to the Doctor by leaning over the boy. "I'd rather be dead and in Heaven than alive in Hell." The Doctor sat motionless not knowing what to say to this young man whom he had sent out to acquire learning so that he could come back to help his Own. Dr. Amos sighed in utter hopelessness, and his whole body seemed to shrivel up with that sigh; he forced himself to his feet and walked across the barren floor to the door.

The screen squeaked as the Doctor came out onto the porch, but Liza did



"... but are you sure it's all right to accept gifts from men?"

not change the motionless position she had been in when he entered. After he had stood there a few minutes taking in the details of the unpainted swing and the broken railing his gaze rested on Liza who motioned for him to sit down beside her. She then lapsed back into reverie, but finally, as if making a tremendous effort, asked, "How is he, Doctor Amos?" "He's weak, Liza, he's sick but—" She broke in on him, "He's going to die," she said as if she had rehearsed the words by heart so that they were drained of all emotion and only the mechanics of the lines were left. The Dr. rubbed a tired hand across his forehead. "Yes, he's going to die, but he doesn't have to." Now that the final doom was pronounced the air became clearer and after a space of silence the Doctor got up and took his leave of Liza, saying he would look in again tomorrow morning.

Jed lay there, after the Doctor had gone, thinking what he had heard, but it did not seem startling for the prospect of

Heaven seemed pleasant. In Heaven gloom would depart for the beauty of its heavenly streets, where you could talk with the great of all ages, would make him ambitious instead of staying in this squalor where the people didn't understand what education really meant.

Jed's eyes grew heavy and Heaven seemed to be closing in around him. The song of angels was heard far off, and then suddenly the air was full of the sonorous music and Jed found himself outside a pair of golden gates with gold cherubims carved at the top and a venerable old man, with a white flowing beard, standing just inside. Jed drew closer and peered through the bars at the marble fountains where alabaster angels spouted water from the tips of their wings; farther on he could just make out the dim outline of groves of trees and green grass.

"Oh," he exclaimed as the white bearded old man swung open the gate before

(Continued on Page 20)

Vigil

ALBERTA PEW, '49

*A smoky mist rolled
Shoreward,
And settled like a pall upon my heart.
Grey waves beat ceaselessly against the pier
And on their crests was borne a gloom,
Soulward,
From a-sea a foghorn pierced the darkness
with its warning
And gulls, flying low, screeched an answer
to the wail
As if they understood what I could not.*

Mountain Spring

DOROTHY CORCORAN, '46

*Down the steep mountain
 Leaping and tumbling
 Come the mad waters
 Roaring and rumbling;
 Over a rapids
 Wildly they caper,
 Fleeing
 Raging escaper—
 Heralding Springtime,
 Winter days routing,
 "Wake up and follow!"
 They seem to be shouting
 Pale rhododendrons
 Delicately cower,
 Edging the torrent
 Hid in their bower
 Thundering onward,
 Rousing all in their path,
 At last in the valley,
 Calm they their wrath.
 In rivulets peaceful
 Streams that run slow,
 Light-hearted brooklets—
 Softly they flow,
 Quietly resting,
 Dancing in fountains
 They've answered their call.
 They've wakened the mountains.*

Life's Cycle

BY HELEN ELLIOTT, '48

*What's worth having is worth giving
 What's worth giving is worth loving
 What's worth loving is worth being
 What's worth being is worth sowing,
 What's worth sowing is worth having.*

Spring Earth

DOROTHY CORCORAN, '46

*I love
 The smell of earth
 Fresh and warm in the spring,
 Filled with the promise of beauties to come
 So soon.*

"THE LIGHTED CANDLE"

(Continued from Page 18)

him. "Come in, Jed," he said. "But how did you know who I was?" Jed asked in amazement, but the old man, the gates, all had disappeared and he found himself in a glade among a group of men, two of whom were disputing on the relative value of virtue. Jed eagerly joined the group and as soon as there was a pause he spoke up smartly, "Do you know that George Washington was not only the Father of Our Country, but started precedents by which we have been governed ever since." He stopped to let them digest this information. One of the men on the farther side of the group spoke up, "I am George Washington," he said. Jed looked embarrassed and sat in silence while the man next to him told his neighbor how he had left much behind that he wished to accomplish. Jed turned to him proudly, "You know, I made a model steamboat that worked perfectly, just like the Claremont." He waited for the man to exclaim. "I am Robert Fulton," the man said and turned back to his neighbor, commenting on what uses he would like to have made of steam. Neglected, Jed got up and wandered down the grassy hill, leaving the group who did not seem to even notice that he had come or gone.

Walking down the golden streets he heard the angels voices again and they seemed to move him towards them like a magnetic current. Just as he thought he had almost reached the voices, he looked and there before him, instead of angels, were big Negresses, with bright bandanas around their heads, hanging up wash; he looked down at his feet and instead of gold there was soot and mud; and instead of the woods and green fields were broken down shacks. Suddenly he found himself

surrounded by children. Little ones and big ones, boys with newspapers slung over their shoulders, and little girls with their wool in pigtails and grasping broken dolls by the hand. "Tell us about George Washington," they shouted, jumping up and down clapping their hands. "Where'd we get all our boats from?" yelled one big, strapping boy. Jed felt a tug at his coat and he turned to see a little girl so small that he had to pick her up to hear. "Make me a picture book with a dog—and a horse—and—and everything," she begged.

Jed opened his eyes. The morning light was streaming through the window. He rubbed his eyes, because the angel voices had gotten louder. Dr. Amos was sitting disconsolately on the end of Jed's bed looking out at the women hanging up wash, then feeling Jed's stare he turned around. "How do you feel, Jed?" he asked, letting his gaze go back to the women.

"It's a beautiful morning, Doc. just beautiful," Jed said, "And just listen to the angels sing!"



"... seven milks, five teas, more soup, and a special diet."

Lines

Composed Upon Perusal of Modern Poetry Book

or

Stick with Walter and You Won't Make The Altar

(With apologies to Whit, the "Good gray Poet")

Anonymous

*I see America working, mumbling sonorously and gritting its teeth;
The genius working, casually flipping the layers of her brain up and down,
The plodder working, tirelessly chiseling long-drawn impressions into her al-
ready indented skull,*

*The moron working, rabidly peering beneath her text to Superman, a man-
made stimulus,*

*The hysteria-ridden one working,
The completely crazy one
The insomniac.*

*"I loafe and invite my" mind to loafe.
"I learn and loafe at my ease observing a spear of" cigarette tobacco.*

*"The smoke of my own breath"—
The foul odor of Commons—
The belching voice of the alliterative radiator—
The ink and nicotine stains on my fingers.*

*Have I reconed a semester of poetry much?
"Have (I) practiced so long to learn to read?"
"Have (I) felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?"
'A child said, "What is grass?", fetching it to me with full hand.'
How could I disillusion the child?
"It is stuff to crawl six feet under after America has finished her exams,"
I said.*

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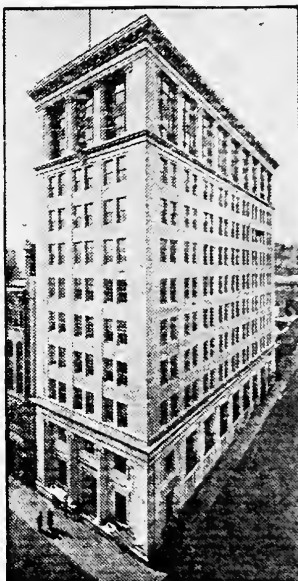


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Eulogy of Birds

ANN COLSTON, '47

*The baby bird lolls in his nest
While pop and mom trudge off in quest
Of food and drink for baby's need,
His every squawk they're forced to heed.
If I were they it'd get my goat
To stuff my worms down baby's throat.*

The Clay Pigeon

JOSELLE HOLMES, '49

They sat in Clarence's as they had nearly every night for the last two years. Tonight, however, would be their last night together. Charlie smoked nervously and watched Sam make little mounds of bread crumbs and then scatter them over the soiled cloth. He swirled his drink moodily and then looked up at Sam and smiled.

"I am glad you got it, Baby. Its veddy nice, indeed. Quite."

Amused, he stroked his ear, and regarded Sam.

"All finished with small-town stuff now? God, you're young . . . So tender. Ya know I feel like your mother!"

Sam laughed and slapped the table in delight.

"But I do, darlin'. I nursed you intellectually those first tough months on the Paper . . . I'll never forget it . . . You stood there in your blue serge, looking desperately eager, desperately shy . . . But callow . . . a very delicate shade of green. But there was plenty of rust in the old blood; any fool could see that . . . And now the lamb's going to the city with the big boys . . . My lil' bright eyes in that den of iniquity . . . Where life is really life."

He snorted and held up two fingers to the waiter.

"Well, I'm glad you got it; we've been sitting here too long . . . like two clay pigeons."

Sam laughed, "And now there is one!" He leaned forward, "Why don't you get out of here, Charlie?"

"No, I like being my own boss too well. The editor of a small-town newspaper is

a free-lance agent. He's not compromised by shoddy politics, party machines, class or race groups. He can keep his virtue, his . . . intellectual maidenhead."

"Rot! You're talking through your bonnet," Sam smiled amiably, "That's a weak cup of tea. Where'd you get that naughty, naughty, must'n't touch attitude? You're probably one of the smartest men I'll ever know but you're wrong about that. No, you gotta go somewhere, do something."

Charlie smiled, "Unh-huh . . . Why?"

"I dunno, Charlie . . . Oh hell, the show must go on."

"Yeah, who's out front . . . Someone I know?"

"Has lots of names . . . Life Force . . . God . . ."

"Bogey men . . . Myths."

"Yeah, and most of us on the stage are either ill-cast or hams. But, well, the play's the thing 'til the curtain rings down and you . . . I dunno . . . You gotta do something."

"Yes, so you have said, dear heart, and what is it that you are going to do?"

"I dunno . . ."

Charlie groaned.

Sam laughed and leaned forward eagerly, "But I do know you gotta do something. Do whatever you can do . . . Stare the world in the old eyeball . . . Outstare it! Write a poem so beautiful, so urgent it makes the gums ache . . . Collect stamps . . . or butterflies . . . Swim the English Channel . . . Invent something . . . Grab yourself a soapbox . . . Gotta do something."

"Or you could be a Rotarian."

"Or you could be a Rotarian."

The juke-box was whining about not wanting to set the world on fire and Charlie glared at it.

"You're an ultra-civilized babe, aren't you? You need your playthings and fairytales . . . God . . . charity . . . a streamlined office . . . Tutelary gods wrapped in cellophane."

He shot a crumb into the air. Sam noticed that his voice was getting thick. When Charlie got drunk, he talked too much about nothing.

"Let's go now, Charlie."

"What for?" Charlie's voice was reproachful, "Evening's young and too young art thou to waste this evening . . . We're celebrating . . . 'Member?"

Charlie's face grew reminiscent.

"I remember my home . . . blinds pulled low, antimacassers, everything either heavily scrolled or fringed . . . Even then I hated it . . . civilized like Eddie Guest," and then, "civilization is only man's way of passing the time." He fondled his glass.

"No, I should have been born with a backward people . . . Backward people and I would have hit it off."

Charlie sloshed his drink and spilled it on the table.

"They're a tough bunch but you'll be okay . . . They won't hurt you . . . Hell, you're not Dresden! First thing I noticed about you. I said to myself, 'There's a lad who really burns with a hard and gemlike flame.' The twentieth century's the time to live if you've got the right set of glands and can laugh Freud in the face."

Charlie brooded and then muttered, "Case of putting in your thumb and pulling out the plum."

"You're getting tight, crying in your beer and reciting nursery rhymes."

Charlie didn't hear; he was seeing a vision.

"You'll do all those things . . . Be some young thing's parfait, gentil knight, buy the latest Packard model, erect a few golden cows. . . ."

"Very prettily said, Charlie and I admire your prose style but . . ."

Charlie wasn't listening and Sam felt sick.

Charlie was saying, "I can see it all plainly . . . a neon light playing about your fair countenance The people will praise you . . . Yea, even the Rotarians shall bow down and worship you."

He turned to the waiter and held up his hands, spreading ten fingers.

"Ten, neat." He enunciated precisely.

"Yes, there are giants in our time Here you sweet young thing . . . Bundle up well . . . Must go do something now. Charlie's goin' to stay a lil' while Have a lil' more to drink."

He bawled for the waiter and brought his hand down sharply on the table. Sam got up and shrugged into his coat. He stood there looking down at his friend.

"If I don't see you again, by-by Honey."

Charlie blew him a kiss and turned in his seat to see if the waiter was bringing him his drinks. Sam said good-by and left.

Outside it was snowing lightly, although it was much too early for snow. The scrawny trees and roof tops were feathered with it. Sam heard a flurry and turned to see the hungry, dusty pigeons flying up to the roofs. He didn't want to think of Charlie.

"Damn fool's drunk," he said and pulled his collar up against the chill.

Poem

CAROLL BLANTON, '47

*We walked—
Over the white road,
Into the white sun,
Damon and I.
We talked of things; things
That are strange, and
Things that are real.
Things that are eternal.*

*The world was vast,
And we were very, very
Small, as we walked,
Kicking at bits of the road,
The high road, into
The high sun.
Damon and I.
We talked of why
Some things go on
And on,
And never end. Then
Damon told me
About love.*

*We walked—
Over the grey road
Into the late sun,
Damon and I.
The world grew small,
And we, bigger upon it,
So that
The world was ours.*

*I said "is this now?"
Damon looked at me,
"This is not of the earth
And today
Nor is it measured by
Tomorrows."*

*We left the sun behind us,
And, turning,
Saw the stars.*

Complaint

GRACE SCHOENHEIT, '46

*Work,
imperfect anesthesia,
does not block the ache and burn
while you cut away from me
your love
as dying tissue.*

*It never smothers quite
those tiniest nerves
that watch the moon
gleam on the tools.*

The Return

HELEN BLAIR GRAVES, '48

*The train has made a spider's web
Throughout the lonely night
Past mountains clothed in fog.*

*Once long ago when fog was high,
I left the mountains tall
And lakes caught fast between.*

*But now when night is very still
The mist is rising high
And day is not yet near:*

*My heart is breaking free from webs
And running far ahead
To tell you I am here.*

Brief Revelations

ERNESTINE BANKER, '47

'There are many more things you'd rather do than study,' Jane Ransome told herself as she slammed the door shut into the study room. A few heads looked up as the vibrations sounded around the room.

'Now don't get all excited,' Jane grumbled inwardly. 'I'll sit down and be quiet.' She went to her desk and opened the top. She took out a book and as she leaned back to put the top down again, the hinge slipped and the top banged shut.

"Sh-h-h," came from different directions. "I'm sorry," Jane muttered. 'If they were concentrating,' she thought, 'they wouldn't hear all these noises.' She slipped off her coat and stretched her legs up on the desk. Her pajama legs were rolled up above her knees and she could feel the cool air from the open window on her legs.

"Mind if I shut this window?" she asked a figure hunched over a desk.

"Nope."

Jane shut the window and resumed her position. She opened the book and began leafing the pages. She was in no hurry to reach the correct chapter so she ignored the index. Aristotle was certain to be in the book somewhere. She looked around the room.

'Gee, this place needs painting. It's so dirty and dark. That window shade looks as if it might have been here since the Civil War. And that wall looks like a jig-saw puzzle.' Her eyes came down the aisle. 'It really wouldn't surprise me to find my great grandmother's initials on one of these desks. What craftsmanship!'

Jane flipped some more pages and finally found Aristotle. She resettled herself and put the book on her knees—

"Aristotle was born 384 B. C. in Stagira, the son of."

'Gee I wish I were in bed—not doing this.' She yawned widely and loudly.

"At the age of seventeen he entered Plato's Academy, where he remained for twenty."

'Tomorrow I think I'll go in town. I need some stuff and a dress fitted and there's a good movie, I think.'

Jane got up and went to another occupied desk.

"Come on in town tomorrow. There's a good movie on."

"Thanks, Janie, but I just came back from New York."

"Gee, did you have fun?"

"I sure did. . . ."

Twenty minutes later Jane came back and sat down.

"Aristotle accepts the idealistic and teleological presuppositions of his teacher: the universe is an ideal world, an. . . ."

Jane read on for another page and then stopped—'Great day, how am I supposed to know what they're talking about? I can read English but not this!' She sighed deeply as two more students left the hall. She picked the book up determinedly—

"When a thing has reached its growth, it has realized its meaning, its purpose or. . . ."

The mind focused slowly at first. Then it became fixed on the pages before it, pages which turned slowly but steadily.

At 12:30 Jane closed the book. There was no one else in the study hall. It was quiet and darkened in the corners. Jane's eyes focused before her on nothing in particular.

'How amazing,' she said slowly, 'to find Aristotle talking about things like that.' And that's what I've always thought only I never could say it—

"The highest good for man is self-realization."

Jane pressed her hands to her temples; she felt as if her mind had expanded.

'How amazing it must be to think through such ideas.' I didn't know what he was talking about all the time but what I did understand was so true. She flipped through the pages of the book again—

"Hume, Kant, Locke, Spinoza, Plato, all those men and each one thinking something different."

Jane opened the desk and slipped the book into the dark recess.

'I was sure I was going to be famous and immortal, when I was young.' She put on her coat and walked down the aisle between the desks—

'Gee, there've been a lot of people in the world besides me.'"

Argument for Room-mate-icide

MARTHA ELLEN QUERY, '49

*In she comes at half past four:
She tiptoes in—and slams the door
With muffled breathing, silent tread.
She bumps into the iron bed.
And as her muttered curse is spoken,
The window slips and rattles open.
In darkness staring stationary,
She gently drops the dictionary.
At last to bed she sneaks in quiet.
And knocks the bed lamp over by it.
And when you growl like a pup,
She whispers, "Did I wake you up?"*



'8 hours sleep a night—can!!'

Educational Nightmare

BARBARA WARNER, '46

*The night was lone and dreary
As I climbed into my bed,
And I was awful weary
Cramming psych into my head.*

*As I lay there gently dreaming
Of a paranoiac,
I was suddenly awakened
By a scratching at my back.*

*I lept up to see the scratcher
Was a demon hard employed
Sharp'ning up his pointed pitchfork
With an iron-bound book of Freud.*

*"My soul!" I said; and he nodded slow,
"Your soul" he said, "is a thing you invent
To make you believe you are heaven-sent
And although a god you may think you know,
It's all to satisfy your own ego!"
"I thought. . ." I said, but he laughed like a sinner,
"The thought you thought you thought," he smirked,
Is just the result of an awful quirk
In that delicate organ that's trying to work
With the stuff you ate for dinner.*

*And he chanted this to the clap of his hands,
"Your ideas are tied to your ductless glands!
And the way your long, drear life is spent,
Is determined by your environment!"*

*Then he vanished in lightening,
Hell's gate swung shut with a grind.
But the apparition frightening
Haunted my tortured mind.*

*I collapsed upon my pillow
With my poor head pounding sore,
When the seven-thirty bell rang
For me to rise and learn some more.*

Fishermen

GRACE SCHOENHEIT, '46

Little black Jeb was sitting under the bridge watching the mud ooze between his toes. Summer insects were sizzling in the tall hot weeds. He might go on sitting there forever, just this way. He decided to relax completely, having lost even the ambition necessary for wiggling his toes in the mud. He heard his mother calling from the porch. "Jeb, come up heah, chile! where's you at, Jeb. I'll beat you good if you don't get on back up to the house." But he went on to sleep.

An hour or so later Jeb rejoined the waking world. It was not the calling of his mother that broke his slumber, for he had built up a resistance against that. Some one had come into the creek pond to fish. Jeb craned up among the golden rod and peered at the fisherman. He was a white man—an old white man. He sat heavily in a sorrowful skiff and cruised ever so slowly with the current. He slung his flies in skillful arcs and watched the line pull the tight ripples into a point. He hummed lazy snatches of song and muttered occasional phrases.

Jeb watched him reel in line after line. The fish for some reason were proving to be tedious. The white man gazed intermittantly at the sky and again at the water wondering aloud why such a day was poor for fishing.

Little Jeb sat motionless on the mud bank watching the skiff drift idly toward him and the bridge. He remained unnoticed until the bow of the boat was almost even with him. As if pricked sudden-

ly by those two eyes under the golden rod, the white man jumped slightly and began to chuckle.

"Sambo, aint you got nothing better to do than shade that mud? Anybody who sits in the mud without wetting a line is liable to grow horns."

Jeb blinked a series of blinks. He wanted to feel his head, but something about the white man's tone made him feel uncomfortably laughable. He decided, however, to grin.

"Fine day, Sambo. Sure is a fine day," continued the white man, reeling up another empty line.

"You ain't caught no fish," reminded Jeb.

"Well, no. No, I haven't. A wise man like you ought to be able to say why the fish aren't biting. Why haven't I got any bites, Sam?" The white man laughed lightly to himself, and Jeb wondered what that chuckle meant. Somehow he felt that the white man must chuckle at everyone, so instead of sliding down under the golden rod, he answered.

"You see, the moon is full now, so all the fish can see to eat all night, so they ain't hungry now, so you ain't caught none."

Now the white man's chuckle expanded into a rocking laugh. He said, in the midst of his merriment, "Get on home, black boy. Must be the devil himself makes you talk like that."

Jeb's eyes registered a note of terror as

he introspected, finding for sure a big devil lounging in his brain. Had he been sitting on the mud bank two days later, however, he would have been relieved. The chuckling white man was back in the pond paddling the skiff while a younger man fished from the stern. "You'll not get a one," the old man promised, "not a blasted one. The moon's full and these fish have been eating all night."

Seascape . . . A Portrait

DOROTHY BOTTOM, '49

small child

*sits on sea's edge
paddles toes in swirling water
cloaked by fog wisps
whispered rumble of the sea.*

*sits on mouldy sand—ragged rocks
protruding—limp brackish weed.
(an ochre, grey and green scene,
and little waves come in with stroking
rhythm like limp fingers drawn across
fence palings.)*

*sits slapping sticky clay, pat and slap
a heavy, quivering mass knobbed with
fingerlike projections and long damp
holes, until the sand osmotic
settles slowly back to sand.*

*dribbles tiny droplets on a fragile castle.
makes a pocked and lumpy base
topped delicately filagreeed.*

small child

*sits on sea's edge
paddles toes in swirling water. . .*

The Train-Ride

CRUTCHER FIELD, '46

It was four o'clock on the afternoon of a nondescript grey day in early January. In the midst of the impersonality of the Union Station in Washington, D. C., the girl hurried toward a news-stand and blindly picked out a magazine. She did not wait to flick through the pages but glanced up at the big clock and then set off at a half-trot for the track from which the Limited was to leave in forty minutes. Once down the long flight of stairs, she stopped in front of the blackened engine and stared at it for a full minute. Then she shrugged her shoulders slightly, caught a firmer hold on her magazine and walked slowly down the track to the first door open for passengers.

She reached out for the rail to help herself up and made a little grimace when she saw the dirt ground into her kid glove after she let go of the hand-rail. She pushed against the heavy door into the coach with her shoulder and after two tries, succeeded in opening it. That hot-wet smell peculiar to trains rushed out toward her, but the girl only slightly wrinkled her nose and looked around for a place to sit. Since she was the first person aboard, she had her choice of seats. Glancing quickly about, she chose the one against the back wall of the coach and carefully arranged her coat over part of it so that passersby would think it was saved. Then she stepped over to the place by the window, took off her hat, neatly arranged her belongings about her and settled back in her seat with a deep sigh.

The half-screen at her elbow had smudgy particles of soot hanging loosely between each tiny wire square. Even if one had been able to see through it, only five feet outside was another dingy train. The girl sighed again and looked across the aisle. The screen on that window had been taken away; and through the dust-streaked pane, the girl could see people, all of them hurrying somewhere. A third sigh echoed in the stillness of the empty coach as the girl's head tilted back and her eyes closed.

"Now," she said to herself, "I can think about Jim." She was the type of person who thought in scenes, seeing one complete little picture and then another. The first to flash across her mental screen was a view of Jim as she had just left him. He was somehow bigger than she had remembered him two years ago when he had left for overseas duty, bigger and browner. And she saw beside him the blonde figure he had met and married in Australia.

The girl's head had turned slightly to one side so that her cheek was rubbing against the sticky green plush of the coach seat. Impatiently, she shifted her position and straightened up a bit. Then she relaxed again and a soft smile curved on her lips. A feeling of relief had rushed over her, and she realized that she had not until then dared admit to herself what her deepest fear had been. She had been afraid that the only Jim she would see from that time on would be the one she had just left. But as she had turned her

cheek away from the scratchy coach seat, her mind had clearly flashed before her the same scene she had lived over each night for the past two and a half years. Jim was standing under a tulip poplar tree that was shining silver in a flood of moon-light. The animal closeness of him as he leaned over whispering something softly in the ear of a slight girl in a flowing white dress was a reality. Needles of excitement ran patterns down the girls spine when she recognized the figure in the flowing white dress as herself!

"Pardon me, Miss; but is this seat taken?"

The girl looked up and saw a little old lady clutching timidly a paper shopping bag, standing facing her in the aisle. The girl hesitated, staring rudely at the woman, who was the type one would have to listen to and look at pictures of her "five fine sons."

"Here you go, Madame, come right on in here beside me," bellowed a jovial enough looking traveling agent sitting just in front of the girl. He heaved his weight over against the window, leaving a full eight inches of space left for his seat companion. The man had a naturally ruddy face, made even more ruddy by the extra drinks he had had at the station bar; and an acrid odor of not quite clean clothing was stirred up as he moved. The little old lady begged with her eyes and then half-smiled as she turned away and wedged herself in beside the traveling man.

The girl sat up in her seat and looked over the coach. It had filled up in the last thirty minutes; in fact, her half-seat was the only vacant one left. Her eyes flicked lightly over the people assembled, and a peculiar sensation grew on her. She felt again as she did quite often back in the stuffy little cubicle that served as a recep-

tion room for Judge Benson, her employer. Almost as though she were actually there, she sensed the same feeling of being apart from everyone else. She was aloof from the other girls in the office, those stupid giggling fools, old maids before their time. And she was aloof from this mass of common people brought together only by a train-ride.

The train gave a convulsive jerk as another coach was locked onto it, and the girl's magazine slid to the floor. She leaned over and picked it up. At first, she began to roll it back into its original cylinder, but instead she opened it up and leafed through the pages. Idly passing story after story, she paused at each one only long enough to look at the illustrations. When she came upon the advertisement section, she went more slowly, looking at each colored picture carefully, and then she lowered the magazine as a soft smile curved on her lips. Jim was standing under a tulip poplar tree that was shining silver in a flood of moon-light. The animal closeness of him as he leaned over whispering something softly in the ear of a slight girl in a flowing white dress was a reality. Needles of excitement ran patterns——

"Excuse me, lady. Is this taken?"

Pure annoyance flashed in the girl's eyes as she looked up at the intruder. He was a soldier with a young-old face, full of wrinkles and tired about the eyes.

"Come on, fella, can't ya see this lady don't wanta be bothered," said the private standing behind the soldier who had spoken. "You gotta remember this isn't France any more and the mam'zelles aren't gonna smile at you for a piece of chewing gum. Come on, we can sit in the club car and have a few drinks to celebrate our first night home."

The first soldier slapped the other on

the back, and both were laughing raucously as they walked up toward the door of the coach. The girl half rose from her seat and started to call aloud but the soldiers were well on their way and she did not say anything. She looked at the empty seat covered by her coat and made a quick decision. Moving over to the aisle seat, she put her coat over the seat by the window and settled down once more. She glanced down at her wrist-watch and noticed that the train was late in starting. She sighed and shifted her position a bit and then casually looked upwards toward the roof of the car.

The over-head lights were glaring down through a density of smoke that had sifted muggishly about the passengers, and the effect was almost one of a stage cleverly set for an under-water scene in a Wagnerian opera. If one stared long enough at the light-bulbs, the edges of them became fuzzy and indistinct. The girl's eyes began to smart from looking too long at the lights, and she closed them to stop their stinging. She sat for a moment expressionless, and then a soft smile curved on her lips. Jim was standing under a tulip poplar tree that was shining silver in a flood of moon-light. The animal closeness of him——

"Aw, let 'im go. Can't you see what a sissy he is!"

"Sissy Joe, sissy Joe, sissy Joe," chanted a chorus of small boys.

With a rush, a tiny body pushed past the girl's crossed knees and hid itself in the corner of the seat by the window. He was a very young child, not over five, yet he wore the uniform of a military school. The little coat, which was so small that it had room for only two buttons, was rising and falling with the noiseless sobs that

shook the boy's body. He was holding fast in his hands a big round orange.

Startled, the girl looked around at Joe's tormenters, about eight small boys, between the ages of seven and twelve, dressed in the same school uniform. Led by an aggressive curly-head, they continued their jeering.

"Is the baby scared he'll fall down and lose his orange?"

"Hey, can't ya take it?"

"You're too much of a baby to go to Linten Hall."

"Sissy Joe, sissy Joe, sissy Joe," repeated two of the smaller boys over and over as though that were their part in a ritual service.

"Aw, let 'im alone," the curly-head finally ordered. "We've gotta see about some seats anyhow."

With a final contemptuous taunt, the boys all left. The girl sat still for a minute. Then she looked over at the boy. He was not crying aloud; consequently, the girl thought he must not be crying very hard. She tilted her head back and closed her eyes again. But then she frowned. She sat up and looked at the boy once more. He was not making much noise; but he was undeniably there, and in trouble.

(continued on page 27)



"Sometimes I wonder if men are worth it."

Southland

DOROTHY CORCORAN, '46

*Magnolia flowers,
Silver moonlight,
Lazy hours.*

*Banjos strumming,
Negro rhythm,
Darkies humming.*

*Rivers flowing,
Blue and crystal,
Herds a-lowing.*

*Quiet sea sand,
Lulling ocean,
Slumbrous Southland.*

Serenity

ALBERTA PEW, '49

*Black limbs
Form a lacework
With the faded pink of sky
A hazy breeze
Making the pattern,
A constantly changing fantasy
Tickles the grey-purple summits
And teases
The butter-scotch wheat.
Dust plays tag
With the returning plowman,
Then yields
To the subtle twilight mist
That carries on its wing
The lullaby of night.*

Autumn Evening

ANN COLSTON, '47

*The autumn night is drifting, like a veil
across the land,
With an overture of quiet drowning out
the sound of man,
The sun is disappearing, one ray falls
across the lawn,
Like the memory of a loved one, which
remains when he is gone.*

*There's a mood of near remoteness, and as
you breathe its balm,
Melancholy glides across you—with it
lonely peace and calm.
It's a time of joyous sadness, viewed
through tears of soft delight,
As the blazing lights of autumn are
muffled by the night.*

Poem

GRACE SCHOENHEIT, '46

*I was a hard bud,
clenching, interlapping petals,
green, unblown,
straining to make my center known.
I sought to reach outside myself subjectively,
and tear the petals free,
so to let my center into light
and recognized be.
I thrilled to feel wind rip at petals still
too green
and hoped for too much softening steam
from sun and rain.*

*Now I fear to peel the petals back,
for what can I reveal
besides a stalk?*

*I restore the work I grabbed from nature
which ripens from within,
unfrantic, steady.
Petals will drop away when seeds are ready.*

Turnabout

DOROTHY CORCORAN, '46

Augusta Thompson Wayne, of the Ashton, New York Thompsons, and for the past ten years, the Mrs. Lester Wayne of Bennettsville, Ohio, sat regally in bed, draped in a pink satin negligee, as she munched thoughtfully at a piece of toast from her well-appointed breakfast tray.

The door opened quietly, and the maid entered with a cheerful "Good morning, Mrs. Wayne. The paper was a little late being delivered this morning, so I'm just bringing it up."

"Oh thank you, Anna, and you may take my tray when you go down." She picked up the paper and made a hasty survey of the front page, assimilating her usual, rather more conversational than correct knowledge of world affairs. "I suppose my dinner made its usual headline." Gussie Wayne turned quickly to the Social Events page of the *Bennettsville Daily Banner*, and smiled satisfactorily at the expected large print and ensuing article.

At the same moment, downtown Bennettsville whirled with its usual morning activity, and going into Bailey's Drug Store at precisely the stroke of eleven, as she had done every shopping day since she settled in the town fifteen years before, was Mayor Williams' rather plump but serenely unruffled wife, Sarah. She knew of course, that her two most intimate friends were there to meet her, and as she sat down "Hello Mary, Hello Beth," came almost mechanically to her lips.

"I ordered for you, Sarah" Beth offer-

ed, "A chocolate soda with plain water. That's what it is, isn't it?"

"I'm really glad you did, Beth. I'm starting that diet in the *Banner* today, and chocolate is strictly off the list. Now that you've ordered it, though, I'll just go ahead and have this one." She giggled triumphantly.

"Speaking of the *Banner*," said Mary, "I see that Augusta Wayne got her usual publicity this morning. It's too bad Lester doesn't control the paper too. She might be able to make front-page headlines with her swank entertaining."

"Oh of course, Sarah. I meant to ask you. How was the dinner last night?" Beth bent forward eagerly.

"Hope you didn't miss a trick. We both want to hear *every* thing." Mary showed equal interest.

"Really very enjoyable." Sarah answered quietly, in a vain effort to convey indifference. "A great deal of the conversation seemed to fall on Tom and me as usual, but we really didn't mind. Being a Mayor's wife, you get used to being politely bored—council dinners and all that sort of thing, you know."

"You're always such a dear about helping out, and Tom is such a wizard at saving situations," Mary broke in loyally.

"He is clever, isn't he? I know Augusta was fairly boiling at the idea of having her party literally saved, by the Tom Williams, of all people."

"Sounds like rather a sticky affair to me," Mary added, as the chocolate soda

and two limeades were placed on the table.

"You know," Beth ventured, almost apologetically, "I've always rather liked Augusta Wayne. A bit distant and all that, but then she's not a native, and never will be. I almost pity her sometimes."

"*You* pity Augusta Wayne?" Sarah raised an eye-brow. "Never met such a snob in my life. Don't waste your pity, my dear."

"I don't know, Sarah. She's quite attractive."

"All I can say is, that her clothes are flawless, and she certainly has a gift for wearing them. But clothes don't make the woman, you know," Mary reminded them.

"How on earth could I have forgotten to tell you what she had on last night!" Sarah fairly shouted. "My dears, the impeccable Mrs. Wayne appeared at dinner in deep red satin pajamas—pajamas, mind you. Of course, they were very glorified, and quite good-looking, but I think everyone was rather taken aback. I've noticed them in the magazines myself, but I think it's only actresses that can even try to get away with a thing like that."

"Why how amazing of Augusta! But they must be the latest thing out. Gussie Wayne is never behind the times."

"You're right, Beth," Mary added, "I'd really like to have seen her." She glanced at her watch. "Why, I had no idea of the time. My three must be home from school by this time, and they'll never forgive me if I'm not there. I want to hear lots more, but I'm late now. See you at Louise's this afternoon."

* * *

One week later, Gussie Wayne sat before her dresser in the same heavenly pink negligee. Lester Wayne called from downstairs to remind her of passing time.

"Be with you in two minutes, dear. Just putting on the finishing touches." In not much more than the promised two minutes, she was descending the stairs.

"If ever I feel like a party in Bennettsville, all it seems I have to do is to have one myself, and Sarah Williams comes through with a bigger and better one. I'm almost afraid she's running me a race for the headlines or something of the sort."

"Wish I could agree with you that they were better," Lester commented as the car started. "Heavens knows they're bigger, but I can't say I'm looking forward to a great evening."

"I know. I'll arrive and be taken in from head to foot, by my enthusiastic hostess, and than be thoroughly hashed over at the next convenient occasion. But I'm used to it by this time. It's almost amusing."

Lester had had a busy day at the office, and enthusiasm over the construction of a new warehouse was the topic of conversation as the Waynes turned down Wabash Avenue, Bennettsville's most fashionable thoroughfare, and drew up in the already long line of cars before the "Mayor's Mansion," as the Williams' residence had come to be called.

The brilliantly lighted rooms were crowded with Bennettsville's élite in fact the Waynes seemed to be late arrivals. Augusta went hurriedly upstairs, and after removing her wrap, smoothed a powder puff quickly over her face. She found Lester awaiting her at the foot of the steps, with, much to her surprise, a genuine smile on his face. "Augusta, I think we'll enjoy this," he murmured, as she slipped her arm through his, and they entered the living room, to meet their hostess, graciously receiving her rather plump figure draped in deep, red, satin pajamas.

Apologia

LEILA FELLNER, '46

*If you should see my verse someday
I wonder what you'd feel.
I know, in part.
You'd sigh
And say my heart
Was still too young to deal
With all that life and love convey.*

*You'd say I never could resist
My dreams, although I knew
Those dreams were wrong.
That I
Would drift along
With tenuous hope in you
And never be a realist.*

*You would regret again the sweet
And bitter past. Please don't.
I only dream
To try
To thus redeem
This waking night. I won't
Dream anymore when next we meet.*

Life

BARBARA WARNER, '46

*A swallow's hour of sweeping flight,
Not clay feet in the dust.
A breathless moment of wind and light,
Forget the sweat and the lust.
For life is too sharp and keen and bright
To lose the swallow's veering flight.*

Resentment

LEILA FELLNER, '46

*Subtle, insidious spring,
Brushing a stagnant marsh
With golden mallows,
Stirring the waters underneath
The sallow barren soil
To quicken the sap
In the brittle birch trees.*

Relativity

DOROTHY BOTTOM, '49

*And so all resolves to thoughts
As ageless as infinity's mystery—
Mouthed and worded and mutated
Since first my father raised himself from ape,
Leaving poets as frantic mutes
With realized antiquity of the new.
Language being no expression of the greatest truths,
And spirit hid by binding flesh,
So each must make invention sudden old
As to conceal the wonder from indifferent eyes.
For they who live extremely know
A thousand years have waited for this moment just gone by.*

Education for Today

CATHERINE SMART, '46

In answer to "Education for What" by Betty Ann Bass

*Our hands were offered the tools
in a moment of challenge.
Darkness was split apart,
Sundered with a spear of light,
and from the chaotic mass
a sheath of light burst through,
And then were the tools offered,
soon after.*

*Some time I have spent in preparing my tools,
and yet they are not finished.
I have cut and sharpened,
I have pounded and burned,
Though the cuts only scratched,
though the blaze only singed,
I put them to work from the first,
I used them and found them of help.
They have widened the spearhead of light
and the brightness illumines my task.*

*I have often neglected this work on my tools.
Dreaming in the meadow grass,
I have forgot them—
Till evening chased my dream away
And darkness recalled that challenging day.*

*Still they are imperfect
and still shall they be,
although there springs eternity before us (yes, I know):
but because I have discovered their use
I know they can never be finished.*

*They are beautiful tools, and fine,
because they have proven their service.
I grow strong in using them
and am joyful when I remember
they are mine.
Yet do I twist and carve,
for I know life is constantly changing
and my tools must change, too.*

Tears

SARAVETTE ROYSTER, '47

The battle was in full sway. Every gun for miles around was smoking and vibrating with the bellows of the attack. To the generals and high officials, who were in charge far away in their comfortable chairs, it was the turning point of the war. The fate of each individual nation depended on this exalted manifestation of their glory. For two years, the Allied Command had been planning this final thrust at the enemy. It was the culmination, the final climax of all their previous efforts. The news concerning it was extremely favorable, and on their faces could be seen the smug grin of satisfaction, accompanying the success of an undertaking preordained to that success.

But to the men directly involved, the filthy, grimy soldiers, who were staggering through the maze of shrieks and bloodshed, it was just one more period in their lives which would be remembered only as a dream, a vacuum of consciousness; a period that in later years, if there were later years, could not be placed in any definite category of events, but would be just one aching moment of panic and pain among many. Perhaps the first time would be remembered, for that was the only one in which they had dared to think—thoughts of home where comfort was, and mother, and a warm bed, and all the things formerly taken for granted, things which were now counted as the dearest treasures of life. But it was better now not to think of them, except in dreams.

To Pvt. Jed Kiskowsky, the battle was an empty farce. He had thought quite

a bit since he had got into this mess, and had come to the conclusion that the whole war was one big chess game, being played for the benefit of the gods, whoever they were. He had heard once that there was only one god, but he didn't believe it. One man couldn't possibly conceive of such a messy, dirty sort of a world. It must have been a group of high named fanatics, whose minds had become perverted on the subject of human misery. That seemed about all there was to life; certainly he had had his share of it. He tried to remember his boyhood at odd moments when the booming in his ears had quieted. He didn't know why, except that all the other men were continually talking of the past, of their mother singing to them, of Christmas time with the lighted tree and gayly wrapped presents, of camping trips with their father for those "man to man talks." He could not conceive of the time when his home had been like that, full of warmth, and love. As far as he could see, his whole home life had been one of filth and squalor filled with the shouts and curses of his drunken parents. He had never heard a song in his life, unless it would be the obscene mutterings of his mother in some of her gayer moments. As for Christmas presents, he'd asked once if he might have one, but was told that a birch stick was all he'd ever get. God knows he'd got them enough.

He remembered the first time he'd got drunk, when he was twelve. His father had told him it was medicine. When he became sick and vomited on the street,

his father had howled with laughter, then beaten him for not having been man enough to take it. After that, for fear of the laughter and the beatings, he learned to control himself, and finally he came to like it. The greater part of his childhood, it seemed, he was either hungry, cold, or drunk. He hadn't liked the getting drunk, but it had helped him forget what he was feeling, and what he was.

When he was 16, he'd got mixed up with some petty thievery, and had been sent to reform school. Once, some of the other boys had tried to get him to join in an escape, but he hadn't because he liked it there. After five years, though, they let him go. He didn't want to go but they made him. They didn't want him any more. He wandered around for a while, doing trifling jobs, never begging, but occasionally stealing. He also drifted back into his old habit of drink. It did not spring from a desire for it, so much as from the longing for some means of occupation, some surcease for the loneliness he felt.

Then there was a girl named Marge. He'd almost forgotten about her, that episode in his life seemed so far away; he'd come such a long way since Marge had had any influence on his life. She wasn't an unusual girl, rather small and slight. She had light brown hair and hazel eyes, and was sort of pretty in a rather commonplace sort of way. But somehow he'd loved her since the first moment he saw her. She was waiting on tables at one of the cheap restaurants he used to go to when he had an extra two bits. When he saw her, she was carrying a tray much too heavy for her frail strength, and as she walked, she staggered slightly under its weight. Her face looked tired and she seemed older than she could

possibly have been. But in spite of this, she gave Jed such a cheerful, happy smile when he walked in, that he could not help smiling back. Funny how their friendship grew from that first smile.

Jed began to feel that he had found something in his life that was meant to be truly his—to love, protect and cherish above all things. She was the epitome of all the goodness that he'd heard of all his life but had never known. Through her he began to see a goal in life toward which he could strive, a purpose for his living; for her he could work, fight, become a man. That she loved him, he knew, although he saw no reason for it; the tired look began to leave her face. He knew that he had driven it away, and he began to feel a sort of pride that he had never had before. She was becoming his whole life, though of course he didn't realize it until she was gone.

She died quite suddenly. He had hardly known that she was sick. She had had a cold, had gone to bed. The next morning, the doctor said she had pneumonia and that night she died. It was quite peaceful, she just smiled at Jed and then died.

For a while, he was completely lost. His life became merely a matter of breathing, sleeping, and eating. He quit his job, meaning to go back after the shock had worn off. But somehow, he had lost the spark of ambition he'd gained during the few months with Marge. He was desperately lonely, and he once again tried to forget his yearning in drink. He forgot, too, all his promises to Marge, because he wanted to. He wanted to forget everything about her, to forget he'd ever known her. Out of the tedious years of emptiness, he'd been giving her to love and be happy with. But happiness was not meant for him.

he knew that now. Fate had been angry at him for daring to attempt it, and had snatched away from him this one hope, leaving him but the more desolate because he had found what love was, only to lose it.

But all that was past now. He had become ashamed of that short period of weakness, and had kept himself from ever again laying bare his heart. He hadn't thought about Marge in years. Only since the horror of war had been thrust upon him, he had wanted something to relieve

the tension; something to think about in the quieter moments when all the other men were talking together in the quarters. He didn't like the other men. They were all soft and weak-bellied. That one boy, Tom Cesserion, who, when the bombs first began to drop, broke down and cried out loud for his mother! He just made a fool out of himself. This war was a place for men like himself, not babies like Tom. In there blubbing like an idiot! It made him sick at his stomach.

The noise did get on your nerves,

Veteran

GRACE SCHOENHEIT, '46

*Take a hard knife, boy,
And pare away your soft.
Let the bugle notes drip against a
hard surface in you,
Not loosen your feelings nor remind
you of music, but act as an oil
on a mechanized heart.
You are stronger than we,
And we all have a cause.*

*A cause, he heard, and here was time to
prove that humans can screw
themselves in any direction
for good.
He did not remember from ages before
how a few grow rich and the cause
is as small as the few.*

*And now he is back, having cut from his
make-up sense of proportion,
sense of the delicate, all but
a hanging crescendo, unrounding.*

*Now the noise of the bugle has ceased to
drown the vague of the cause.
Our pity tastes bitter to him who has
purposely wrought himself cruel
for us.*

though. It went on incessantly—boom! boom! in your ears, until your whole body was vibrating with the roar. He'd like to know how things were going. They must be pretty good, for his outfit had been given the word to attack at dawn. Hand to hand fighting was right up his alley; the excitement was what he craved to get his mind off himself. He was getting awfully moody lately. He had to snap out of it, if he expected to do anything in this awful mess.

He must have fallen asleep, for all of a sudden, men were rushing about, shouting orders and falling over each other in their efforts to be doing something important. Jed supposed that that attack must be ready to begin. He gathered himself up, searched about for his equipment and joined in the stampede.

The men crouched just under the ridge of the hill, waiting impatiently for the signal to attack. The only sound to be heard was their nervous, uneasy breathing, and muffled coughs. Their slight stirrings seemed to enunciate more clearly the death-like stillness which prevailed everywhere. Suddenly, the sergeant's hand was raised. Every head turned, every eye cemented itself on that hand, visible only in the sudden flashes of gunfire. Then it fell, and the men, as a body, shot forward, their bayonets pointed, their minds eagerly on the alert, searching the darkness for their prey.



"Oh—who took my towel?"

Jed felt a peculiar excitement as he ran madly through the night, crawling over barbed wire, jumping ditches, exerting every nerve in his body to keep strength enough to carry his gun. He didn't have time to consider whether that tight drawing in the pit of his stomach was fear or just nervous excitement. But as he scrambled down the slope, and saw the enemy rushing up to meet him, he became petrified, unable to move any muscle. He felt a burning desire to turn dog-tail and run. But he didn't have the chance, for the men behind him pushed him forward. He closed his eyes for a moment while the strength flowed back into his body. When he opened them, the enemy was barely three feet in front of him. He couldn't turn back now.

The earth heaved and groaned with the agony of twisting bodies, the smell of torn flesh, the savagery of human bestiality. Jed could not comprehend the enormity of the slaughter around him. He must destroy or be destroyed: beyond that there was nothing.

Once, he saw Tom Casserion kill a man. The boy wasn't crying then. Jed passed him a few minutes later, and seeing his face, knew that he could never be called boy again. Suddenly, in that fleeting moment, Jed pitied this Tom Casserion, this human being who had always been a boy, and now in this hour had quite suddenly become a man. He, Jed, had never been a boy, but he knew what it was like, and by that knowledge, felt a deep kinship with this fellow being. When you were a boy you cried for your mother, and you laughed at death. But tears were not for men. This Tom would never weep or really laugh again.

* * *

The enemy was driven back, and the fight had been successful; there were comparatively few killed or wounded on the side of the allies. The Generals sat in their chairs, smoking their favorite cigars; discussing the final outcome, they all agreed to the excellence of their strategy. A few miles away, some of the men, as the last sounds of firing died away, stretched themselves on the ground, and lay still. Some few ate from the kettle of hot soup that had been provided; others, gathered in small groups, talked in low weary voices, asking each other about the welfare of their comrades. Tom Cas-

serion spoke of Jed.

"I saw him get his towards the last; there wasn't much left of him," someone answered his question.

Tom said nothing more. He had barely spoken to Jed, for he had sensed the contempt in which the other man had held him. Jed was a queer sort of a chap, made of different calibre than most of the men he'd ever known. But he had felt something even more strange about him today. Tom had seen him only a few minutes before he must have been killed. He had felt then that Jed would die, for as he looked into his face, he saw that Jed was crying.

Whodunit

BILLEE JENKINS, '47

"Nice, very nice," said the Sheriff as he hung up the phone. He twirled around in his new swivel chair three times out of pure glee. "Awfully nice," he repeated. "Eh?" This sound came from a very small man with a very large magnifying glass who was slowly emerging from behind a stack of papers in one corner. "What's nice?"

The Sheriff shined his badge thoughtfully. After a moment he said, "Mrs. T. Parker Peabody has been murdered."—"Murdered," he repeated after a moment, tasting the word.

The little man chewed on the end of his magnifying glass. "Didn't you like Mrs. Peabody," he asked innocently.

"Of course, I liked her. Mrs. T. Parker Peabody was one of the foremost citizens in our fair ci-, er, township."

The little man looked puzzled. "Then why are you glad she's dead?"

"I'm not glad she's dead," the Sheriff said pettishly. "It's just nice that if she had to die, she was murdered." He walked over to the stack of papers and carefully removed one from the top of the pile. He looked at it smiling. "Don't you realize what this means, Heathkins?" He went on without waiting for an answer. "Yesterday I was elected Sheriff of our fair township and today I have my first case—and what a case! Come, Heathkins. We must be off!" He dashed out the door waving the election poster in the air. Heathkins scurried after him.

* * *

"Heathkins," said the Sheriff as they turned a corner in the battered patrol

wagon. "Who do you think could have done it?"

"The butler?"

"Don't be mundane. Butlers don't murder people any more. That only happens in old-fashioned detective stories. No, we must work on it." He stopped in front of a massive, ivy-covered building.

"Is this the morgue?" ask Heathkins.

"This is the T. Parker Peabody residence."

"Hmmm, I see why they call it a residence—they can't possibly live here."

"Shut up, Heathkins. Now I must remember the dignity of my station. You scout around for clues and I will speak with the bereaved family. I'll meet you in the kitchen in half an hour." The two men mounted the stairs and rang the door bell.

* * *

"Heathkins,—Heathkins," a hoarse, insistent whisper called.

"Yes, sheriff." A magnifying glass appeared from under the refrigerator and the little man emerged shortly afterwards. "Here I am."

"Have you found out anything?" Still in a whisper.

"Nothing except the butler is an ex-

convict who mysteriously disappeared this morning."

"I have found the murderer. Listen—five people were here at the time of the crime besides the deceased. Her personal maid, Fifi, who hated her. Her daughter, Coral Corpus,—who hated her. Her son-in-law, Biff Corpus,—who hated her. Her sister, Trinkit,—who hated her. And an elderly friend of the family, Mrs. T. O. Fourchette,—who didn't like her. They all *could* have killed her. Which one do you think did it?"

"The butler."

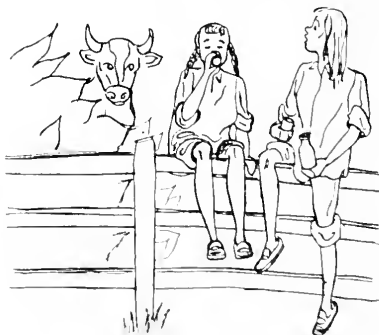
"Don't be silly, Heathkins, this is 1946. It's simple, all we have to find is a motive. Carry on!" The Sheriff galloped off humming the theme song of the Lone Ranger. His head reappeared around the door-frame for a moment. "I almost forgot. She was bludgeoned to death with an album of Nutcracker Suite records. It shows the work of a powerful demon." He disappeared again.

* * *

"Fellow voters and citizens—I mean, ladies and gentlemen of the Peabody family. In your midst is a killer, a devil, a maniac who cold-bloodedly slain, er, slayed, er slayeth,—murdered a kindly, generous old lady." He paused to note the effect of this statement on his listeners. Coral Corpus popped her bubble gum. Biff sneered. The other faces were impassive.

"Through the competent efforts of—ahem—yours truly, the identity of this beast who sits so calmly among us has been discovered. Mrs. Fourchette, I arrest you in the name of the law. I warn you that everything you say will be held against you."

Three reporters leaped out from behind a Louis Quinze sofa and shook the Sheriff's hand. "How did you so quickly and



"That cow knows something"

efficiently solve this mysterious murder, sir? Why did you suspect Mrs. Fourchette? How did you know that she had the great strength needed for this diabolical deed?"

"Gentlemen," said the Sheriff modestly, "It was nothing at all. Don't quote me on that. I simply put two and two together and got Mrs. Fourchette. Ha ha. Pretty good, eh boys?" Then the Sheriff drew himself up and said seriously. "Gentlemen of the press, this woman was a lady wrestler in her youth. She was known as 'Mayham Mertie' and twice won the National Ladies Stranglehold and Scissors Grip Championship. She is vicious—" Mrs. Fourchette snarled. "She is animal-like—" Mrs. Fourchette bared her yellow fangs. "She is a disgrace to our community—" She hung her head. "Capturing this woman is only the beginning of

my project of cleaning up this town and bringing justice to all. I thank you."

* * *

"Sheriff," said Heathkins looking up from a piece of peanut brittle that he was examining with his magnifying glass. "How did you know who killed Mrs. Peabody?"

"I told you it was simple," said the Sheriff with satisfaction, "All I did was find the motive. Mrs. Fourchette owned a great deal of stock in a well-known tobacco company and she killed Mrs. Peabody in a fit of anger when Mrs. Peabody insisted that her cigarette tasted different lately."

"Very clever," said Heathkins.

"I thought so," said the Sheriff. "Yes, it should go over pretty well when the next election rolls around."

THE TRAIN-RIDE

(continued from page 14)

The girl made a semi-gesture of putting her arms around the quietly crying child. He cringed away, ashamed of his pain but unable to hide it. The girl thought for a minute and realized what his fate would be at Linten Hall if one of the older boys were to return and see a lady comforting little Joe. She picked up her purse, opened it and took out a clean handkerchief.

"Here, Joe," she said in a soft voice.

He did not look up but he took the handkerchief and wiped his eyes and cheeks. He had begun to sob less.

"Where are you going?" asked the girl.

"Linten Hall," Joe answered with a little gulp.

"Do you like it there?"

Joe thought a moment. "Yes," he finally said. He had almost stopped crying.

"How old are you, Joe?" the girl asked. "Five years old."

"Isn't that quite young to be going away to a military school? I mean, are there any other boys there your age?"

"Oh, yes; there's Deke. He won't be six 'till after I am. And there's four others five."

"I see," nodded the girl, smiling at the mixed-up sentence.

Joe handed back the girl's handkerchief with a little smile; and for the first time she saw his eyes, deep violet-blue eyes that were clear and young. They looked for a long time into the girl's grey eyes, and then they smiled.

"When is this train going to start?" Joe asked.

"I don't know," answered the girl,

glancing at her watch again. "It's very late already. Perhaps we're waiting on an important government official."

"Oh. . . . What's a government official?" Joe asked.

"Someone who works for the president," the girl answered.

"Like I work for my Aunt Mary?" asked Joe.

"I don't know. Do you work for your Aunt Mary?"

"She says I do," answered Joe. "She says I work for her at Linten Hall."

The girl looked down at Joe again. Big tears were rolling down his cheeks. "But I don't want to go to Linten Hall." Joe said. "I don't want to go."

"I thought you liked it there," the girl said.

"I do. The sisters are good to me. I have fun."

"Well, why don't you want to go?" asked the girl.

"I don't like to leave," said Joe; and he was about to cry hard again.

The girl opened her purse once more. "Are you hungry?" she asked.

"I don't know. Are you?" Joe asked in return.

"I guess I am," she said.

"I guess I am too," Joe echoed.

"Well, let's eat this," said the girl, taking out a candy bar and her handkerchief at the same time. The handkerchief she handed to Joe again as she began unwrapping the candy.

"We could eat my orange Aunt Mary gave me," Joe suggested.

"Oh, why don't you save that until you get to school?" said the girl.

"All right," Joe was smiling now.

"Here you are," she said, offering him a piece of candy.

"Thank you," said Joe.

"Where is your Aunt Mary now?" the girl asked.

"Talking to Pat."

"Who is Pat?"

"He's my brother," Joe said.

"Oh, how old is he?"

"Eight years old."

"Where does he go to school?"

"Linten Hall too."

Just then, a boy came hurtling into the coach. "Hey, Joe. Come on. Aunt Mary wants to talk to you. She says get off if you want to."

Joe jumped up impulsively. "Come on," he cried, taking the girl by the hand. The girl grabbed her purse and found herself hurrying down the long aisle of the coach, Joe pulling her along.

Out in the vestibule, the air was a little chilly and the girl wished she had had time to pick up her coat. No one was there, but Pat climbed down two of the steps, stuck his head out and motioned to some one. A well-dressed elderly lady with iron grey hair and Joe's violet eyes appeared.

"Oh, how do you do?" she said.

"This is my friend," Joe told his Aunt



Mary with his hot little hand still holding tightly to the girl's.

The women smiled at one another.

"Joe, do you want to get off and stay here?" asked Aunt Mary.

There was a little minute of silence. Joe looked up at the girl again; she smiled. He turned and looked at his Aunt Mary and said, "No thank you."

"Joe is fine now," the girl ventured.

"I know he really likes the school," said his aunt. "It's just that he is terribly lonely on the train-ride."

"I'll sit by him," the girl heard herself say.

"Thank you. You see, they're my brother's children. He and his wife—in automobile accident last year——" The lady stopped.

"I'm so sorry," the girl said.

The train jumped forward a few feet so that Aunt Mary was thrown queerly off center in the door-way.

"We'd better go back inside. The train's starting," yelled Pat, as he bounded for the door of the coach.

"Yes, I guess you'd better," Aunt Mary agreed. "Good-bye, Pat. Good-bye, Joe. Be good boys until I see you again."

The train was starting; and with a flurry of good-byes, the girl and two children went back into the coach.

* * *

An hour and a half later, the conductor came by to tell Pat and Joe their stop was the next one. The girl helped them both on with their coats. Noise grew as uniformed boys began collecting from all the coaches on the train. Joe stood among them, his feet planted apart, arguing vigorously about Christmas presents with a little eight-year-old. The curly-head

watched Joe talk for a minute; then he cuffed him affectionately on the ear.

The train ground to a creaking stop and the boys poured from the coach door almost like insects, pushing one another, talking and laughing loudly.

The girl was watching to see Joe reappear on the station platform. He had been gone long enough to be there. She saw Pat and waved to him. A slight frown creased her forehead, and then a little noise made her look up toward the coach door. It opened and in ran Joe. He hurried back to the girl's seat and thrust his orange at her.

"Here; I gotta go. The fellas are waiting for me. Here, you keep this."

Neither Joe nor the girl moved for a second. The girl finally reached out and touched Joe's hair. "Good-bye," she whispered.

And Joe was gone.

The train started in spasms. The girl settled back in her corner seat once more, putting Joe's orange on the window ledge beside her. She sighed again and pressed her forehead against the cool window-pane.

Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click—the refrain of the train wheels did have a soothing effect. Most of the other passengers were dozing, the girl noticed. She leaned her head against the seat-back and closed her eyes too. For a long while, nothing happened to her face. Then, much later, a soft smile curved on her lips. Jim was standing——

The girl frowned slightly and stirred, then settled back again. A soft smile curved on her lips. Jim was——

This time the girl sat bolt upright. She opened and shut her eyes several times. With something like an air of determina-

tion, she relaxed into her semi-recumbent position again. Soon a soft smile curved on her lips. A vague, shadowy figure was standing under a weeping willow tree——

She sat up with a sharp little exclamation and a deep frown on her face. Just then the train came to another one of its jerky stops, and there was a loud clash as the cars crowded up on one another. It was a worse jolt than usual. The orange on the window ledge began to roll and would have fallen if the girl had not reached out and caught it. A few bits of soot had been shaken loose and lay on the empty seat beside her. She idly brushed them off, digging into the stiff green bristles of the plush to gouge out one tiny piece. It would not come out; she took off her gloves to work at it with her fingernail. When it was out, she noticed her magazine had fallen to the floor; and she leaned over

to pick it up, transferring the orange to her ungloved hand.

Her hand reaching for the magazine on the floor stopped. Then she slowly continued her action, slowly picked up the magazine and slowly straightened. The skin of the orange was rough and unpleasant to her touch, but it was cool. She sat and stared at Joe's offering to her for a full minute. Then she looked up.

The fat traveling man in front of her had gone fast asleep, his lips blubbing in and out with his heavy breathing. His legs had sprawled apart, leaving less room than ever for the other occupant of the seat; and the timid little old lady was sitting stark up-right, looking straight in front of her.

The girl held the orange tightly and her eyes were bright as she reached out to touch the little old lady on the shoulder.

Indifference

MARGARET ELLEN WHITE, '47

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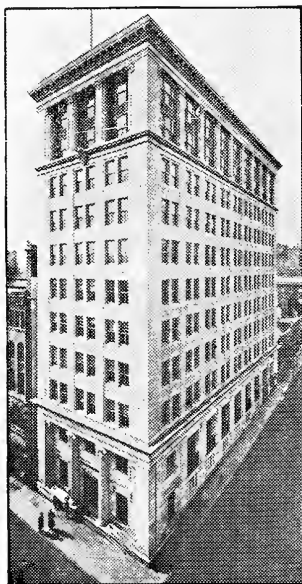
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THE

Brambler



FALL,
1946

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Frankly Speaking —

For too many years now, the BRAMBLER has been a magazine for the few. It has favored a few writers, published works appealing to a very limited number of students. Obviously, the BRAMBLER is not fulfilling its function; it is not representative of the students as a whole, nor particularly useful to them. It could be. But not so long as the material it contains is written by only five or ten students. There are 450 girls at Sweet Briar; surely more than ten of them have something of interest to say and the time in which to say it. If not, then the BRAMBLER in no way justifies its existence.

For this issue, the staff sponsored a short-story contest to encourage students, who have never written for the BRAMBLER, to try their hand. There was not one response to this appeal. Are we to accept this as indicative of the students' opinion of the BRAMBLER?

We realize that, in the past, the BRAMBLER has not been interesting to enough people; we earnestly want to do something about that. Examine this first issue; you will find it no longer purely literary, but half literary, half informative. We want, throughout the year, to publish your personal opinions on pertinent subjects—your thoughts as students, your responsibility as citizens of a new world. To bring humor into the magazine, we have created a new department, "Thorns Among the Roses," containing nonsensical, absurd bits on any subject. Also in this issue, we revive (in idea, though not in theme) a long-forgotten feature, "The Old Oak," in which we present what we consider the best material from BRAMBLERS published before 1942.

Having read through this issue, answer this question honestly: Do you like the new BRAMBLER? If so, are you willing to take the time to write for it, as our new contributors have done? The staff cannot justifiably or actually continue to compose the whole issue. With your help, we can publish a vital, worthwhile magazine in step with modern progression. Without it, we must discontinue.

The choice is yours. Do you want the BRAMBLER enough to write for it?

K. M. M.

Shia Koo

ISABEL DZUNG, '48

At the faintest suggestion of dawn, the crows started, one after another, waking up the little village. The magnificent old oak tree, said to have brought the population its moderate prosperity, was the earliest to catch the chilly gray light, for it stood elevated on a slope.

Shia Koo's tea house enjoyed the benefit of the old oak. In the summer people flocked under the shade to spend hours. He had no difficulty selling his ten different kinds of tea, peanuts, melon seeds, and pickled beef. Not that business had ever been tight in the winter. People would gather around the plate of burning charcoals, and stay for the pleasure of staying. Shia Koo himself, without being conscious of the fact, was a main attraction. First of all, his quaint name furnished amusement whenever other sources were exhausted. His parents, then long deceased, the Budha preserve them, had given it to him that the evil spirits might unwittingly take him for a worthless girl; else how could he have lived to perform the ritual of offering rice to ancestors? That their son would suffer life-long chiding for being the Maiden of Summer had clearly not dawned on them. Shia Koo was obliging to his customers, the same people who saw him grow up, or grew up with him. His services might not be prompt, but they were pleasing all the same with accompanying remarks such as: "Business must be flourishing, Uncle Chin, for you are fatter than I last saw you."

The tempo in the little tea house moved even and slow. Farmers, pedlars, shop-

keepers lay on the bamboo couches to chat about a cheap bargain or the new robe being made for the Goddess of Mercy. In the meantime, Shia Koo kept their pots of tea filled with boiling water. He gave generous portions of good leaves that worthed well the fee, a penny. He seldom volunteered to take part in conversations: when asked to, he would make concise, temperate statements with sufficient good sense to win grave response even from the aged, and the experienced. Sometimes the trend of conversation would switch to the personal, generally attacking Shia Koo about his name and his state of single life. It was in the same bashful, non-committal manner that he answered, "It was my parents' doing. I cannot very well change my name": or, "Women, want this and that. Would not know how to cope with them."

At twenty-two Shia Koo's physical development had been so warped by frugal diet and constant toil that his slender frame gave a boyish impression. His small head was a typical Mongolian prototype: oval, slant-eyed, beardless, an uneventful face set against closely cropped blue-black hair. Hard life had not roughened the face, which with all its patience appeared serenely youthful. According to custom, Shia Koo had long reached the age for matrimony. He should have acquired a wife, possibly two or three years older than himself, to light the stove and sew for him. He should have a son to carry on the family name. People who came to his tea house, perhaps out of their liking for him,

(Continued on page 19)

Are We Students Good Citizens?

ELEANOR BOSWORTH, '47

There is a lot of complaining today about the government, the bureaus, labor management relations, and every possible form of administration from Washington to the smallest local unit. I feel strongly that this country must be the one to make democracy work, to keep our present set-up and to improve on it; and now we are facing our most crucial test. With the economies of European countries broken down after war, occupation, and unnatural movement of peoples from one place to another, countries are in many cases having to meet the immediate necessity of reconstruction by various forms of socialization and government control. This is a natural effort to give urgent material aid and not a response to man's higher desires for freedom and the opportunity for individual achievement.

We in America should stand for these things — freedom and opportunity — because circumstances have made it possible for us to do so. Are we living up to our responsibility? The people with this as their ideal are not always chosen as our government officials and they were not in the majority this summer among the International Student Service delegation from the United States. I have never before realized to what extent I have led a sheltered life, both socially and politically. I think this is true among most students in a small college like Sweet Briar, but it does not have to be. We must be aware of what students in other colleges are doing and thinking and must carry this idea over into our adult life.

I had not thought much about what the views of my companions this summer would be. Since I knew they had been chosen as representative college students all over the country, I expected them to be very much like those girls and boys I have known during my three years at Sweet Briar. They were not the type who hated to leave home because the beach was so much fun. By far the greater part of them were fired with their mission, the chance to enrich their own knowledge, and the hope of finding new channels in which to spread certain political beliefs.

I was especially interested in a girl from New York who enjoyed discussing various aspects of the American and Russian economies as much as I did. Although she was quite definite in her ideas, she was open to those of other people to a much greater degree than many on the trip. She was a supporter of the Communist party in her college and spent hours trying to explain to me why she feels Russia is the only peoples' government in the world. She asked me to take a walk with her one night, and we ended up in a meeting of the Maritime Union. If they hadn't talked Spanish almost entirely, I would have known much more of what was going on. Afterwards my friend explained to me that she went every night. I was amazed at her independence, as she is only 19.

A large number of our delegates favored political activity of International Student Service to give "economic security" to all, minority rights, especially in educa-

(Continued on page 22)

The Unfinished Idol

DOROTHY BOTTOM, '49

I. Predestination.

you may act according to this plan and you will find fulfillment.

i will do so. amen.

it is difficult, be warned. you will have great sorrow and great pain and you will lose faith in much good.

i will do so amen.

you will be anchored by despair, and will cause hurt to many. you will soon discover agony, and will suck the grave worm.

i will do amen

*you will forget the clean things and the brightness and the joy.
learn the filth and hate, the noise. no quiet. no peace.*

i — amen

*die and be born anew. solitude for you, no love. die first, you understand. and now . . . a broken idol for you broken idol
for you broken broke broke . . . click. no hope. back
to nothing is your idol. you have lost your god have lost your
god have lost ha.*

.

*bitter though without it . . . your own idea, remember. your own
surrender. emptier now. ha. you lost your hope. no final
fulfillment for you now. ha.*

.

II. Fetish

sage . . .

. . . click ha

pale green sage. . .

.

. . .

. . . click ha

*how wise this little man of clay
whose very lines bespeak the patience
of his substance.*

. amen

*He could tell you much. yes.
He could describe the pain that made him.
he could describe his wisdom if he told
you of those hands
and of their failure.*

*palms clasped, sage
pointed ears and bowed spine . . .
old dust between your ribs, sage.*

A Few American Poets

By MARGUERITE DE LUSTRAC

In the past century America has seen the rise of a native school of poetry, a school which has become increasingly important, especially since 1913. We find that this country is now in the same category as England and France as a nation of great poets.

I am not going to attempt to criticize America's poets and shall purposely omit the very best, with whom you are all already familiar. I have selected at random a few good poets, who should be better known in a college like Sweet Briar than they seem to be. These particular poets distinguish themselves by their unusual use of words. I shall quote parts of their work, so that you who do not know them can acquaint yourself with them, and you who do can enjoy them once again.

Wallace Stevens is one of the better American poets. Born in Pennsylvania in 1879, he went to Harvard and later practised law in New York City. Though leading an active business life, he wrote many poems of unusual delicacy. He is a master of free verse and has a striking vocabulary. At his best he has a surer feeling for language than almost any other poet of his generation. He gives one a feeling of preciousness, "a pool of pink clipped with lilies scudding the bright chromes." In reality this is not preciousness; every word is definitely meant. A characteristic poem of his is the following, which treats of life and death:

The Emperor of Ice Cream

*Call the roller of big cigars,
The muscular one, and bid him whip*

*In kitchen cups concupiscent curds.
Let the wenches dawdle in such dress
As they are used to wear, and let the boys
Bring flowers in last month's newspaper.
Let be finale of seem.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice
cream.*

*Take from the dresser of deal,
Lacking the three glass knobs, that sheet
On which she embroidered fantails once
And spread it so as to cover her face.
If her horny feet protrude, they come
To show how cold she is, and dumb.
Let the lamp affix its beam.
The only emperor is the emperor of ice
cream.*

Just as effective as Stevens, but more the poet of imagination, subtlety and color, is John Gould Fletcher. Here is his description of a "London Nightfall":

*Like a wet petal crumpled,
Twilight fell suddenly on the weary city;
The buses lurched and groaned,
The shops put up their doors.*

*But skywards, far aloft,
The angels, vanishing, waved broad
plumes of gold,
Summoning spirits from a thousand hills
To pour the thick night out upon the earth.*

Conrad Aiken is a Southerner, who spent his life partly in England and partly in Massachusetts. His lyrics are even more meditative and full of nuances than Fletcher's. The following lines catch the

(Continued on page 15)

THE OLD OAK SELECTS —

Alleycatastrophe

BETTY WEEMS, '43

My name is Alec—short for Alleycat, because as my pompous, intellectual master proclaimed, "Alec is the most nondescript, unindividual, gray-striped member of the cat proletariat that I have ever seen." This, of course, hurt my feelings, but I forgive him—he knew not what he did. Mr. Peabody doesn't think that I can think, which is rather fortunate because he would certainly be embarrassed if he knew what I think about him (and his antics). To be such an intelligent man he can certainly make ridiculous, birdlike noises in the presence of women—or at least one woman (at a time). Sometimes he gets so out of breath making these noises that I think it must be Dover having a panting fit. Dover is Mr. Peabody's dog, and of all the people I know (that is, except Hitler) I hate Dover the most. This is not the ordinary emotion stimulated when cat meets dog—for I am above such conventional demonstrations. It is a hatred born of long suffering, continual mistreatment, and a complete disgust for the unintelligent. Dover and I just don't have anything in common. We are not compatible, physically or mentally. Why, I doubt if he's ever even heard of Aristotle's *De Anima* and I'm quite confident that he can't appreciate Picasso.

However, my hate for Dover pales into obscurity with the thought of my obsession

—this Hitler. I remember the first time I heard of him. We went calling one afternoon, Mr. P. and I, and as we entered the Memmlischens' home, I heard little Elmer Memmlischen (he is a genius—at least that's what they call him because his head goes around and around and sticks out in the back) yell, "Mlawther. Adolf Hitler is now broadcasting!" And then I heard a noise. It sounded like a tiger. I was horrified! So barbaric! (my nose twitches with shame at the thought). I yielded to fear—that affection of the Angoracat set. Never before had my hair bristled as it did then, or my back lost its graceful sway. As Hitler talked on I began to detest him. He reminded me of rulers on blackboards; bones being crushed by a rocking chair; car brakes that screeched just quickly enough, unfortunately, to keep from killing Dover. These were only the superficial elements of my distaste. Soon I found out all about his past. I cannot abide his Nazi theories. His utter lack of Ethics repels me. My terror finally gave way to that contempt of the inferior that one feels for a rat. And to make matters worse, I saw a picture of him on a telephone post and his moustache was the absolute image of the rat hole that I broke my nose on chasing Alfred. I began to abhor him.

I had never thought the conversation

A NOTE ABOUT THE AUTHOR: This story appeared in the April, 1941, issue of the BRAMBLER. Betty Weems left Sweet Briar after her Junior year to marry Patrick Westfieldt. She is now living with her husband and their two small sons in Houston, Texas.—Ed.

among Mr. Peabody's friends terribly scintillating, but soon after my horrible obsession began to envelope me, I began to find it unbearable. It was always of Hitler when it was of *anything* substantial. Before cocktails it was discussion of the latest developments in Eupore, which would have been interesting to hear if "before cocktails" was ever of any longer duration of time than from the door to the living room. After cocktails it was always great wails over the fate of one country after another, war in general, and the horrible Hitler. Once, while only half listening, I heard the sentence, "If only someone would kill him!" The idea of this sentence so startled me that I raised my head from Mrs. Biddleherst's lap suddenly enough to upset her cocktail all over her dress which I had seen last year without the fur trimming but which she proclaimed with screams as absolutely new!

To make Mrs. Biddleherst happy, I was denied my dinner. 'Tis the fate of all great thinkers. We must suffer for our ideas. So John Huss was burned at the stake and Socrates forced to drink poison. But a bit of material suffering did not deter me from my rapidly forming determination. In the next few days I committed many misdemeanors due to my absent-mindedness, so deeply was I engrossed in my new scheme. Very often I was without dinner. I felt a martyr and my convictions were strengthened. I, Mr. Alleycat of Peabody Mansion, must kill Adolf Hitler and restore peace to the world.

To the ordinary cat this might have seemed a rather bothersome task to be concerned with, but greatness of character depends partly on how great a thing we can take in our stride. I decided to take the murder of Hitler in mine. I take no credit myself for having conceived the idea for, after all, what are we but a pro-

duct of heredity and environment? I certainly had the best advantages along those lines—my great grandfather having made some important discoveries in the field of Psychology. (He found that purring could be employed artificially to get fed when in the presence of the majority of very young girls; and that human beings were of such mentality that following a piece of string intrigued them to the point of offering you free room and board.) As for the environment — Mr. Peabody has set me a very good example of what to be mentally and what not to be otherwise.

It was very difficult leaving him—not because I wasn't clever enough to slip away, but because there is a certain communion of soul between people of close association that makes it rather strange to be away from them even if they don't hold your respect or love. But I felt it my duty to humanity. And I was sure if Mr. Peabody knew of my purpose he would soon be reconciled to my departure.

It took me a year to get to Berlin and I used up about six of my promised lives, while my victim used up about ten million of everybody elses. The boat trip was the worst incident of my travels. We were torpedoed and sunk and, as there didn't seem to be enough life-preservers to go around (these careless Americans), I was forced to do a great deal of swimming, which I abhor. I was only saved because Mrs. Von Esshelman's darling Mimi had pinned a red ribbon around my neck with a diamond and pearl studded broach (these superficial Americans).

Once in Berlin I found a new and terrifying problem confronting me. I must learn the German language—how else was I going to pull a Benedict Arnold approach? I could never get friendly with Hitler unless I knew what he wanted when he yelled. This was a slow and tedious

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Literary Quiz

KATHERINE MUNTER, '47

Below are the names of twenty-five minor characters appearing in Shakespeare's best-known plays. Can you identify the play in which each is found, and also tell his occupation? Give yourself two points for each correct answer. A score of 60 is fair; 70, good; 80 or above, excellent. Answers on page 31.

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Balthazar | 1. man servant | 1. <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> |
| 2. Tranio | 2. fairy | 2. <i>Midsummer-Night's Dream</i> |
| 3. Launcelot Gobbo | 3. flippant gentlewoman | 3. <i>Midsummer-Night's Dream</i> |
| 4. Friar Laurence | 4. courtier | 4. <i>Midsummer-Night's Dream</i> |
| 5. Bardolph | 5. page | 5. <i>King Henry IV, I</i> |
| 6. Dogberry | 6. grave-diggers | 6. <i>King Henry IV, I</i> |
| 7. Touchstone | 7. merchant | 7. <i>Merchant of Venice</i> |
| 8. Maria | 8. country wench | 8. <i>Merchant of Venice</i> |
| 9. Quince | 9. clown-servant | 9. <i>Comedy of Errors</i> |
| 10. Ursula | 10. constable | 10. <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i> |
| 11. Robin | 11. tinker | 11. <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i> |
| 12. Nerissa | 12. irresponsible uncle | 12. <i>Twelfth Night</i> |
| 13. Two clowns | 13. maidservant | 13. <i>Twelfth Night</i> |
| 14. Mistress Quickly | 14. disreputable funster | 14. <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> |
| 15. Snout | 15. court clown | 15. <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> |
| 16. Emilia | 16. nurse's servant | 16. <i>As You Like It</i> |
| 17. Old Man | 17. steward | 17. <i>As You Like It</i> |
| 18. Trinculo | 18. traitor's wife | 18. <i>Hamlet</i> |
| 19. Oswald | 19. heiress' waiting-maid | 19. <i>Hamlet</i> |
| 20. Mustardseed | 20. tenant | 20. <i>Merry Wives of Windsor</i> |
| 21. Stephano | 21. carpenter | 21. <i>Othello</i> |
| 22. Rosencrantz | 22. jester | 22. <i>The Tempest</i> |
| 23. Sir Toby Belch | 23. drunken butler | 23. <i>The Tempest</i> |
| 24. Peter | 24. Franciscan monk | 24. <i>King Lear</i> |
| 25. Audrey | 25. tavern hostess | 25. <i>King Lear</i> |



I GIVE THEM THE URGE TO GET MARRIED BUT
THE TROUBLE IS, NOT TO ME.

My Privilege

MARIA ROSE ORTEGA, '48

Paris, Madrid, London, Havana, Sweet Briar. These are the principal places where I have lived a fifth of this century. But I have to say that the time spent at Sweet Briar has been a paradise as compared with other times.

Though my parents are Spanish, I was born in Paris, where I stayed until I was five years old, and then went to Madrid, Spain. My father had been a Deputee at the Cortes for twenty-five years, and he was the Attorney General of the Spanish Republic when the civil war broke out in 1936.

I was in Madrid with my family during the bombardments. Sirens, whistles and church bells used to make an awful noise in sign of alarm. At the beginning they would sound a few minutes before one could hear the airplanes but after a few of those "visits" we started hearing the bombs before any alarm sounded. Also the first few times my mother would make us go down to the basement, but as soon as we saw the effect of the bombs on regular buildings we just sat in the garden watching the airplanes. My brothers knew every

kind of airplane and could even identify them by the noise of the motors.

After a few months under the bombs we had to leave Madrid and go to Barcelona and then to a small town in the Pyrenees by the French frontier. Life was like the inferno of Dante everywhere. After almost two years of war in Spain we finally went to Paris where we went to school for about three years until the Germans were about to enter the capital.

But it is not my purpose in writing this article to tell all the experiences I have had in Europe. I want to resume and say these experiences have been sad because of the people, especially the children, I have seen suffer and die. I can not help but give hours of thinking to all these memories.

It is the most fortunate thing for me to be finally at Sweet Briar, where we have so many opportunities to obtain the best foundation to become what we want to be in life. I hope everybody realizes this privilege and the responsibility which goes with it. It is my aim to become worthy of the opportunity I have at Sweet Briar and to show my gratitude in service to others.

Soft Night

BERTIE PEW, '49

*Ember black and gray
Long shadows
Shroud another day.
Ocean tangles with sky
Perched gulls
Stifle their cry.*

*Dusty blue and beige
Cool fog
Deepens the haze
Of twilight,
Soft night.*

Pattern of Perfection

SARAVETTE ROYSTER, '47

The life of Cathy Barrett has been a pattern of perfection. From the time of her birth, every feature of my sister, Jessica's, household centered around Cathy. The relative drabness of her own youth, filled with boarding school, tutors, and well-chaperoned trips abroad, had created in her an almost fanatical resolve that every moment of her daughter's life should be glitteringly perfect. She and James never had any more children; so Jess had no other interest in life but that of moulding Cathy into the charming and exciting personality that she herself had never been; each detail of Cathy's life would be just what she had always desired. Seldom have the longing dreams of a mother been so nearly completely fulfilled as have been those of Jess for Cathy. Perhaps I should not say "nearly"; perhaps it is complete. It is difficult for one to see deep into the heart of a woman, for one can only judge from one's own standards. Cathy possesses an adoring husband, two beautiful and sweet children, whom she loves dearly, wealth, position, friends. And I am only her aunt; I cannot judge.

Surely fate could not have given Jess more excellent material to work with than Cathy. When she was three, Jess brought her north at Christmas to visit my husband and me. Even then, she possessed that delicate, fairy-like charm that reached out to all who came near her, making them want to have her and love her. She was small, straight-limbed; her blonde hair curled softly about her face; her large,

gray eyes were soft, but quick-moving and coquettish in that spontaneous, little-girl fashion that is so appealing. My son, Jon, aged one, wobbled at her heels from the moment he got up till his bedtime; she accepted him quite naturally, and seemed amused, but quite pleased at his adoration. For Cathy, even then, was fashioned for adoration. She made no effort to captivate; she existed, and that was sufficient.

In the years that followed, I saw her seldom. The trip was long between my sister's home and my own; and my gradually increasing family took up more and more of my time. But all of Jess' letters were filled with news of Cathy and her development. Cathy's dancing lessons; Cathy's music lessons; Cathy in her first evening dress; Cathy's first beau. Then she was in high-school, and Jess' letters changed to the details of football games, school dances, houseparties. Cathy flunked geometry, history, and somehow could never completely master the Latin grammar. But she was voted the most popular girl in school when she was but a sophomore, an honor usually bestowed upon a senior; she sponsored three of the high-school fraternities; by unanimous vote, she was elected May Queen in her senior year. Through all this, I could feel Jess glowing with pride, living her whole world through Cathy and her happiness.

The September of the following year, Cathy came north to attend a finishing school in a nearby city. During her two years there, I came to know her well, and

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The Shadow of a Woman

MARGARET ELLEN WHITE, '47

The first time I saw her was in the autumn twilight as I was walking homeward through the woods. I was scuffling the leaves which lay thick and soft on the forest floor, the dark, gaunt trunks of half-naked trees stretching far above my head on either side. It was late and I was hurrying in order to be home by dark. Then out of the shadows I saw her coming toward me, slim and tall and dark, her black hair drawn back in the fashion I always remember her wearing it, straight back from her high brow.

When I came abreast of her, she stopped me and asked the turning she should take to reach Jeffry's farm and I told her. "Are you new here?" I asked her; she told me yes, that she and her husband had just moved into the Hiller farm at the far edge of the woods on the other side of town. Though I said nothing, I wondered why such a lovely woman had allowed herself to be settled in the country so far from a town.

In the days which followed I often met her wandering along the paths and roads between her home and the village, apparently aimless, always alone. Then one day I found her sitting on the bridge which crosses the creek a mile below her house and, seeing me, she made me stop and talk with her, later asking me to come to her house the next day for tea.

That invitation, so easily given, was a major event in my life at the time. I was barely twelve, a very imaginative child, fond of lovely things. Her home was beyond doubt the loveliest I had ever seen.

Each room was a complete dramatization of herself, full of deep, somber beauty, yet somehow at the same time full of light and air. Quietly she dominated the scene, tall and very beautiful, dressed very simply. Later when my mother asked me what she wore all I could remember was the dark simplicity of it. From that time even more than before she was my ideal, my goddess set upon the earth for no other reason than to receive my worship and adoration.

Consequently it was with dismay that I heard from my father of her sudden death. For a number of weeks I had not seen her in my walks about the countryside, but thought little of it since the snow had begun to fall and the roads were hard to travel over. Then one night I mentioned this and my father told me that she had taken sick and died. Our hired girl, however, gave me to understand by strange looks and implications that her death had not been such a simple matter, was in fact "a thing the sheriff had done better to have looked into."

In the years which passed I half forgot that autumn and the early winter which followed it. This woman, once my living idol, faded into the misty nothingness of which dreams are made. It was by a strange coincidence that I remembered her at all.

Anna Marie, my closest friend at school, took a teaching position on our side of the town and came to board with us since she was homeless, having lost both her father and mother by the time she was

(Continued on page 29)



Galloping Position

There once was a rakish young llama
Who, chancing to meet a fair charmah,
Rais'd both eyebrows high
And gazed at the sky,
Remarking, "I really can't hahm huh."

Birdhead

They never trim the trees here ever,
But don't you think the boxwoods are lovely?

Sally Searle, '49

Perhaps you, too, would like to see
A moonbeam hung upon a tree;
Perhaps you, too, would like to be
A buzzing golden bumble bee;
Perhaps you, too, are just like me,
Mad, mad, yes, mad—and glad to be!

Birdhead

THE EGOTIST

The duckling swims around the lake
With all the speed that he can make
He paddles fast as he can go
And thinks, although he looks quite slow
That he's a streamlined motor boat—
All this, because he's learned to float.

Ann Colston, '47

Thorns Among

The standards of my poetry
Are far below what they should be;
However, fair ones, be ye warned—
The fairest rose, it must be thorned.

To be a bee
Must be fun to be.
'Tis better to be a bee,
Than not to be.

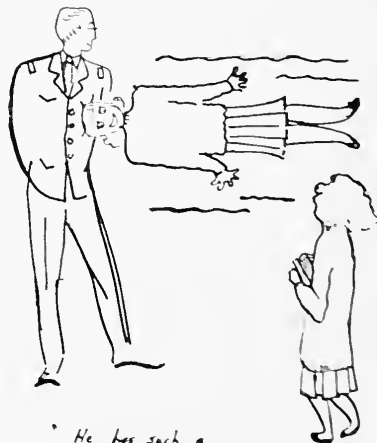
Birdhead

Elephants with long pink ears,
Monkeys with pink tails,
Walruses with rosy tusks,
And delicate pink snails:
All this, regardless what you think,
Adds up, I say, to
Too much pink!

Birdhead

A crack in the wall
That's all—

Sally Searle, '49



"He has such a
negative personality."

The Roses

Vanity

The little swan preens all around
He arches up, he arches down
He stretches out his throat so long
There's no room left to squeeze a song.
He even drapes his head about
And tucks it 'neath his wing to pout.
He'd best relax is what I think;
His little neck may someday kink!

Ann Colston, '47

Breakfast Menu

A piece of bacon, a piece of toast,
A piece of bacon, a piece of toast,
A piece of bacon, a piece of toast,
A toast of Bacon, a piece of roast;
Another cup of coffee, please.

Birdhead

The stones on the walk
Are lovely in autumn
But sometimes they hurt
My feet on the bottom.

Sally Searle, '49



*It all started when I told them how good
beer and hard-boiled eggs are together!*



*I wisht I wuz a mole
A' sittin' in a hole
A' munchin' on a roll—*

If you were a turtle
You might be named Myrtle
I'd rather be named something else,
wouldn't you?

Birdhead

To A Cough Drop

Oh noblest of the noble—
Of finest of the fine,
Would that thy soothing temper
Could some sweet day be mine.
To trickle down a palate,
To put a pain at rest,
To bring relief to sufferers,
Oh cough drop, thou art blest!
Why rest so unassuming
Inside thy cardboard home?
Come forth and claim thine own.
Humanity's thy debtor,
We mortals owe thee all.
So come forth little cough drop,
Come forth, obey the call.

Emilie Thornton, '49

The Yard Boy

DIANE KING, '48

Carl figured that Ike was just about the most wonderful person who existed. Lots of times when school was out for the day, he would come home early just to be with Ike, just to watch him work or to listen to his stories.

In spring and summer Ike would work without a shirt, mowing the lawn and singing. His black skin shining with sweat always looked just like the black mahogany of the chairs which Ann, the maid, kept so polished up. When he smiled his teeth were white against the darkness of his skin; he smiled a lot. He was tall, lanky; and his arms were strongly muscled from tending the yard.

Sometimes he'd "leave off from work" to take Carl fishing down at the creek or he'd sit patiently and teach him how to whittle whistles. Sometimes on more special occasions of a Sunday evening he'd take Carl to the Holy Sanctified Church in Buck Bottom, the Negro town. Always they would go in secrecy—Carl didn't dare let his parents know. Going to the Buck Bottom Sanctified Church was nice. He and Carl would sit on the front row. Ike, feeling stiff and formal in his clean "Sunday go to meeting" suit, would nod and speak to every one. Pretty soon the preacher, a tall, stooped old Negro who wore glasses without lens (for dignity), would step out behind the pulpit and start the sermon. He would begin by reading the Bible out loud; before long he would get so worked up that he'd call upon his

flock to glorify the Lord with shouting. Ike could always glorify the Lord louder than anyone else in the congregation.

Though Carl loved the spring and summer evenings spent with Ike, he found the autumn evenings the most exciting. In autumn, Ike would rake the leaves into a big pile and get a fire going. Then in the new warmth of the dusk they would sit down to roast apples and talk. Ike knew so much—he was mighty wise. He knew what Katy really did, what the mantis prayed for, why the stars twinkled and all about lots of other things that most people called the work of the devil—like, for instance, how to make a person go blind or how to cause an enemy to die a terrible death. He knew all about ghosts and babies' souls and everything else about spirits that there was to know. Ike always said that in autumn "when leaves is dying and the animals is gitting ready for winter, then the spirits comes from the other world to have a little fun in this'un."

Carl enjoyed talking to Ike before the fire, and he would try hard not to show how scared he sometimes got. After all, Ike was there and he wasn't scared of anything.

Lots of times Ike would promise to take Carl out to the old cemetery when the moon was full and things were happening. The prospect never failed to thrill and excite Carl. Finally the full moon night came when Ike did take him to the cemetery. With tiny packets of salt in their pockets to protect them from harm they

set out. The moon was so bright that the gravestones actually glistened in its light. Hiding in the high shrubs, they waited quietly—listening and watching. When at last they did see a wisp of fog, grayish white in the lightness, they didn't wait to investigate further.

After the adventure was over and Carl was home in bed, he had bad dreams and cried out in his sleep. His mother came to comfort him, listening to his wild talkings and holding his hand. When the

horror was gone and he slept peacefully, she went and talked with his father.

The next day Ike didn't come back to rake the new leaves which had fallen over night. Instead a new yard boy came who wasn't half so nice. Carl missed Ike terribly at first; he wondered over and over why he didn't come back. As time went on, the weeks lengthening into months, he came to think less and less about the tall dark man who was so very wonderful. But somehow he never quite forgot him.

A FEW AMERICAN POETS

(Continued from page 5)

style and atmosphere of his poems, most of which are pervaded with music and mist:

*And in the hanging gardens there is rain
From midnight until one, striking the leaves
And bells of flowers, and stroking boles
of planes,*

*And drawing slow arpeggios over pools
And stretching strings of sound from eaves
to ferns.*

The princess reads. The knave of diamonds sleeps.

*The king is drunk, and flings a golden
goblet*

*Down from the turret window (curtained
with rain)*

Into the lilacs . . .

Of Louise Bogan I will say nothing, but rather quote the first few lines of her poem "Decoration," lines that are representative of her concentrated and terse expression.

*A macaw preens upon a branch outspread
With jewelry of seed. He's deaf and
mute.*

*The sky behind him splits like gorgeous
fruit*

*And claw-like leaves clutch light till it
has bled.*

The work of Delmore Schwartz, intelligent, young poet from Brooklyn, is occasionally a mystery. His language is simple, but the thought behind it can be difficult to interpret. F. Cudworth Flint quite truly says, "It is as if Mr. Schwartz's mind, in viewing the world, had rotated some degrees from the customary position of the human mind, so that everything is viewed on the bias, as through a glass askew." Here is a particularly puzzling excerpt from his poetry:

*Only the Fawn is pontifical when lipless
wind blows,*

*And Peace a sizeable clod in careless
snow;*

*Ten rounds of thoughts in greenless space
as I see*

*Lazarus and the wind in the cathedrals of
relinquished seasons.*

The jewel-like words used by the five poets quoted above reflect the general tendency of modern American poetry. Thought and meaning, however, are not made less important because of the emphasis placed upon the words, but rather are intensified by the resulting clear and pungent expression.

Always before, it has been "P & P presents—"; this time, we're presenting Paint and Patches, from the inside out. These short articles, written by the heads of the various departments, will help acquaint those of you as yet uninitiated with the inner workings of the Sweet Briar dramatic society. Does the work of any of these departments appeal to you? Then come on out for the next play!

SCENERY

A white shirt and blue jeans cannot be claimed as a patent by scenery, but they are a familiar sight around basement Fletcher — hammers and nails in every pocket. The scenery crew has enough spirit to make up for a little awkwardness here and there. It didn't even daunt us when one of the flats went through the curtain and at the same performance our technical director was stranded on the stage as the curtain opened.

We have even had prominent Aints and Asses try a little sabotage such as stepping through a window flat. We feel they deserve a little fun for a change and encourage them to join our happy group. Our biggest moment last year was resurrecting a hand-made elm tree from the scenery building to use in our skit at the final P. and P. party. We could never let such a masterpiece (made between 2 and 4 a. m.) go to waste. We sang a song to that noble work of art and then vowed never again to be so original that the vast mob would fail to appreciate the result.



MAKEUP

There is nothing in the world more fascinating than dabbling in grease paint. In a bare fifteen minutes, you can transform an attractive young classmate into a distinguished old man, or a hideous witch. It seems to be something that almost everyone has wanted to do at one time or another; and it's really so simple. Just line up an array of base paints, lining sticks,

P & P



spirit gum, and set to work. Anything can emerge, and probably will. Of course, you may suddenly realize that you have three minutes 'til curtain time, and still quite an elaborate putty nose to fashion, or a rebellious wig to adjust. But from "out front," the result is perfect—or so it seems to you—you DID it! Come up to third floor Fletcher sometime and dabble; it's fun!

ACTING

Do you wish sometimes that you could live in another world, be a completely different person? Of course, everybody does once in a while. The solution? The drama! Join the troupe, relive the days of Czarist Russia, eighteenth century England, or a host of other fascinating times in strange places.

Paint and Patches offers you the opportunity to let out that scream, sulk in the corner, or stomp about the stage. Acting's marvelous, and the more you do, the more you love it. So when you get sick of the well-known S. B. rut, come change your personality for a little while. There's no greater satisfaction.

LIGHTS

Beams, fresnels, spots, dimmers, gells, projector floods—sounds rather confusing, doesn't it? Nevertheless it's fun. Don't be surprised if you should see two or three of your fellow students staring in a puzzled manner at a perfectly bare stage. They're only waiting for an inspiration. If you glance over to the lights box or hear someone counting "4000, 5000, 6000," don't look startled. It's only a cue for a light change. If you've had no experience in this field, come down anyway. Besides being a lot of fun, it's fairly important. They can't see without lights, you know.

(Continued on page 18)

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PRESENTING P & P

(Continued from page 17)

PROPS

Do you feel tired, rundown, irritable, sluggish, and in general, anemic? On the other hand, do you long to pound things, lift things, drag things, even create things? Strong or weak, Props has a place for everyone. "Variety is the spice of Props." Whether your hobby is shooting crows or refinishing old furniture, there is always a use for your experience.

One big job that falls to Props is that of acquiring, by hook or crook, the furniture that is needed in each play. Changing sets during performances of the play and being responsible for all the articles which the actresses handle on stage makes the Prop Department one of the most important and active backstage. Doing its own job and working with the other departments gives Props a vital part in the finished product of a P & P play.



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SHIA KOO

(Continued from page 2)

wanted to see him thus comfortably situated. Being able to count to the last penny of Shia Koo's income, they were no doubt aware that it would at most stretch out for two persons, and that the third member must rely on providence for its existence. Yet, had they not themselves managed to admit the third, fourth, fifth, sixth. . . ? The proverb said, "Heaven never sets a blind alley for man."

Every night when Shia Koo lay down in his bed, the wooden panels squeaking under his light weight, he knew that the next day would be the same as the one that had passed. He would work hard to earn his daily rice, but not go out of his way to hammer a new path. A few extra pennies for wine were all Luck would ever bring him. Talk about prosperity or such. People all around were little better off than he. One could not squeeze juice out of a pebble. The culmination of success for him amounted to a good day's business. Shia Koo had not the slightest ambition.

One day disturbance came into his life in the form of a two-storied tea house on the other side of the oak tree. Harsh music grating deep into the night, voices of waiters shouting out orders accentuated the forlornness in Shia Koo's shack. The loyalty of a handful of conservative tea house haunTERS did not enable to help Shia Koo make ends meet. After a brief, brave struggle he closed up. He began to spend days gazing at the oak tree. As it was not the Oriental way to give vent to one's emotions, Shia Koo's eyes looked unperturbed even as his cheeks sank in. A month later, the proprietor of the new establishment was reported that there was a man waiting at the door to speak to him. Lao Huang had made enough money out of carpentry to buy several acres of land

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for lease and turn his own house into a tea house. He thought the business would be easier for his aged body. He had not infrequently sipped tea at the little tea house. Therefore, he recognized the man at a glance. Being an honest man at heart, Lao Huang was aware of the injustice he did Shia Koo in choosing a site so near his. While he was floundering and coughing, the young man found his voice.

"Mr. Huang," he said, "do you need another man?"

"Why, yes. Come in and let us talk over it."

Lao Huang could not explain to himself why he felt relieved. Surely he had not supposed that the stripling came to get even with him? Nevertheless, he was glad to have found a way to compensate him.

Lao Huang sold many other things besides tea. He sold housewives boiling water by the bucket in the morning; he retailed tobacco and food seasonings. He also had a gambling room. Shia Koo soon had to move over for convenience. He lived in a common room with the other employees whose indecent talk and noisiness offended him. Work was heavy and hours were irregular and very long. He would have stoically accepted all this had it not been for the sense of being a total failure. He was constantly being told that he put too much leaves in each pot, that he did not have to wait on nuisances who paid a

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penny and stayed a day, that he must jump faster to gratify the wealthier patrons. He had been used to doing things his own way. He had enjoyed serving people who were more like friends than customers. Now everything was different. Shia Koo was bewildered and unhappy.

Summer arrived. The oak tree came into use again, though the shade was not always large enough for the crowd. People came and left all the time. Flies hovered over scraps of food on the tables and the ground. The whole place was a noisy confusion. People talked about things foreign to Shia Koo's ear. They talked of getting big wages in the factory. They showed each other samples of white rice and flour. Imported, they said. Shia Koo felt like a ghost in a new house, which he was.



"Double, double toil, and trouble;
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble."

A Hail and A Farewell

ANONYMOUS

*I loved you best in winter, dear,
In February, March,
For when I bought my furs, my dear,
You put them on your charge.*

*And I loved you in the springtime, dear,
I loved you in the May.
For I could not have eaten, dear,
If you weren't there to pay.*

*I loved you in the summer, dear,
I loved you in July,
For when I peered into your purse,
I saw what love can buy.*

*But since September's rolled around
And it's approaching fall,
And there's an autumn moon above,
I don't love you at all.*

*For I have tired of many things
And I've another whim.
I'm anxious to be understood,
And understood by Tim.*

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ARE WE STUDENTS GOOD CITIZENS?

(Continued from page 3)

tion, and often unity of purpose with the P.A.C. These things, in themselves not so bad, had new meaning when I saw in discussions of the strengths and weaknesses of American Democracy that only a few of us saw any strength at all. Criticism was such as to destroy the good in doing away with the bad. We had meetings every morning and afternoon on the boat going over, and each was an experience and inspiration to me to learn more and play some active role in community life.

I discovered that, as in national affairs, the vocal group is the one with a cause to win. It is the communists or their cohorts who make the biggest signs, the loudest noise and the most generous promises. They told me how in their universities some of them had campaigned to have the chance to go to Europe this summer. In many cases this group is more interested in being influential than are those who believe in individual initiative and democratic processes. The delegates to our conference were not representative of student opinion in this country, and I believe it is the fault of that more representative element who were not as determined to bring the world to their way of thinking. In the half dozen other international organizations with which I was associated during the voyage this same situation was true.

Too many able men enjoy their homes and families so much that they want to stay out of that "mess in Washington." Too many students feel their job is done when they pass their courses. We must be an influential element among the students of today who are the citizens of tomorrow.

ALLEYCATASTROPHE

(Continued from page 7)

process and meant living with a German family and, unfortunately, another cat. Mrs. Alleycat was a very prolific person—and the resulting responsibilities of a family of twenty-five scattered all over the German Reich were overwhelming. Often I was tempted to forget my ultimate purpose and settle down to the raising of bigger and better families. The distant fields looked pretty green—there being exactly seven lady-cats in our neighborhood and the present Mrs. Alleycat like American women) being beautiful but dumb. I credit these desires to Mr. Peabody's influence.

Food began to get scarce. This brought me to my senses with a jolt. It reminded me of the meals I had missed at the Peabody mansion for the sake of the cause. I must go on. I had been following too much the devices and desires of my own heart. The next day I left Mrs. Alleycat. I made my way downtown to the vicinity where there was going to be a parade. I pulled the whining and purring trick and soon found myself in the arms of a little girl—a better place from which to see. Fortunately, we were situated near the entrance to the Reichstadt building where Hitler, with Mussolini at his side, was going. As they stepped from their car, I jumped out of the little girl's arms and ran toward them. She followed—screaming for me not to get in the way of the Fuhrer. So I ran between Mussolini's legs. (Who, as I hoped, hates cats.) He gave me a terrible kick, which I partly dodged, but fell to the ground as if fatally wounded. Hitler seeing the terrified little girl and the flickering and disapproving frowns of the watching Nazis, took advantage of the situation (as I had planned). With a few reproachful words for Mussolini, he

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smiled at the little girl and picked me up from the pavement. The Nazis hailed their kind-hearted Fuhrer while I purred, completely recovered, and got taken up to the council room of the Reichstadt.

The meeting was very long but interesting. I amused the group by following the pegs as they were moved around on a huge map of England. As Hitler rasped, "Blitzkrieg!" I took my paw and put it on the spot marked London and rubbed it out. They all laughed hideously while I smiled to myself. Then a man called Goering handed Hitler a piece of paper which he explained contained the signals that would start the German Military Force, in all its parts, simultaneously in motion—in England's direction. I kept my eye on that piece of paper.

The time came for Hitler to brood. We geniuses have to have our moments. Especially before such crises as English Blitzkriegs. The company was dispersed, except for me and Hitler. Perhaps Hitler sensed that I was not a cat to be told to leave in the same manner as people like Mussolini. I reflected for a moment that even Dover has more character than this meatball. At least he doesn't bark at little dogs and then get beat up by them.

Hitler brooded.

I brooded.

I don't know whether he thought of anything while he was brooding—but I thought of plenty. I thought of Mrs. Alleycat (and all the other little cats) and of Mr. Peabody and of his nice airy room with the huge windows. I wished this room had more windows.

Windows!

And then I stopped brooding.

And so did Hitler. He must have thought of something too, because he jumped up and started to ring for the gang to return. But I jumped quicker. I seized

in my teeth the list of signals that Goering had given him and raced to the one window. I leaped through the glass and just barely landed on the fire escape. (There went life number seven.) Hitler rushed to the window, threw it open and climbed out after me. I led him a merry chase to the top of the fire escape. Then I climbed out on a pole to a place where he could just reach. He leaned dangerously out to get the paper. The time had come for an emotional upset. I must startle him. Did I dare do it? Could I possibly degrade myself to the point of speaking the human language—and worse than that, the German one? Then I thought—no one will ever know but him . . . and (heh, heh, heh) he won't know long.

"Watch your step, Adolf, you damn fool," I cried.

He fell———!

* * *

When I got home, Mrs. Alleycat was furious. (I am convinced that there is no peace in this world for the married cat, even when he has realized his ambition.) Mrs. Alleycat screeched, "You have been calling on the neighbors' cats. I know you have because you've been thinking about it for the last two or three days." (Perhaps Mrs. A. isn't as dumb as I thought.) I realized proudly that when the evening papers came out she would retract her statements. But the evening papers came out with, "HITLER COMMITS SUICIDE. JUMPS FROM BUILDING."

I brooded again and decided to myself that in spite of Mrs. A. it would be better for my twenty-five—going on thirty—children not to grow up realizing their father was a murderer. And besides—"Full many a rose is born to bloom unseen."

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PATTERN OF PERFECTION

(Continued from page 16)

in knowing her, to love her. She quickly made many friends in our town, and gradually, our guest room came to be known as "Cathy's room," for she visited us almost every week-end. She entranced our whole community—bright, animated, she seemed to personify all youth, with its lively chatter, its innocent frivolities. Her beauty was fresh and exquisite, reminiscent of heather and sweet-smelling dew. Though in reality small, she nevertheless possessed a certain stately dignity that belied her height and tiny figure. My son, Jon, aged sixteen, although he no longer wobbled, still reminded one of a spaniel puppy as he kept doggedly at her heels from morning till night.

Many years have passed since that time she spent with us; many things have happened to me, both joyous and sad. But I sometimes feel that perhaps this was the sweetest period in my whole life, the time when I was still young, and capable of feeling spontaneous joy and happiness undiluted by pain.

I knew at the time, of course, of her friendship with Peter Milsap: I felt that the real purpose of her not returning home immediately after graduation, was to see Peter. She came to me soon after she had met him to ask me about him.

"He's so different from anyone I've ever known," she said.

"That's because he's very ill," I replied. "He's going to die, and he knows it. That's apt to make a person—different."

"Aunt Susan, has he got—cancer?"

"Yes, Cathy: he's young and very strong, so he'll probably live for many years. But he will be a living tragedy to all around him."

"I — — like him very much. He makes

me see things and understand things I've never thought about before. Big things don't count with him; yet, he can make a sunset or a storm seem like the most important thing in the world. — He's a very wonderful person."

It seemed strange that two such people should be so attracted. Yet not so strange. Peter seemed to gain strength and life from the very presence of Cathy. His deep brown eyes followed her every movement closely, eagerly; she would laugh, touch his hand, and his features would relax, he'd laugh with her. They were together hours at a time, sitting on the porch, or walking about the yard. Cathy, her natural brilliance and vivacity subdued, would listen quietly while Peter talked, as if overcome by her first contact with real strength and suffering. I never realized before that she could possess such true gentleness. While Peter would sit, his features distorted in a sudden seizure of pain, she stayed close beside him, holding his hand very tight till it had passed. I knew before she told me that she was in love with Peter. Yet, I could not see my Cathy the wife of this boy, much as I had grown to love him and admire him.

"You would not be happy, Cathy, with someone who could put no more brightness and gaiety in your life than Peter," I told her. "You were not made to scrub floors, cook and wash, take care of an invalid. There's no future for any girl with Peter Milsap. And you, Cathy, who have had and can have so much; it would be a tragedy!"

"Oh, Aunt Susan, can't you see? I've taken and taken all my life, but I've never given anything. I love Peter, and I could be happy giving myself for him; I should suffer and weep, but I would be real. Do you know, Aunt Susan, that I have never cried?"

ROBIN A. SLOUGH

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"Why should you want to cry, Cathy? And you have yourself to give to the world; you've put pleasure and happiness into people's lives by just being there. That's more than many can do."

"I wonder if that is enough?"

"Of course that is enough, Cathy. You can have everything, you can be everything that any girl would ever dream about!"

She looked at me steadily for a moment, then smiled slightly.

"Can I be a woman?" she said.

Now, at last, I think I understand her.

I never talked to her again about Peter. She left for home a few days after that. When she left, she seemed happy, excited about getting back home; she chattered gaily about all the parties that were being given for her return. What passed between her and Peter I do not, nor shall I ever,

know. They have never seen each other since.

I went down to her wedding two years later. She married David Royall, who was a bit older than she, but a fine and splendid man. I have never seen a lovelier or more radiant bride. David worshipped her, and I am sure that she truly loved him. She seemed to cling to him, and looked at him often with a certain hope and expectancy that was touching.

Her life since has been filled with everything that makes for happiness. David's business was a lucrative one, and his chief pleasure was that of showering upon Cathy all the little luxuries and beauties of life that seemed so naturally harmoni-

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ous with her. She has made an excellent mother. Her two children, Davey, aged eight, and Tina, aged five, are completely lovable. Davey protects and looks after Tina in a way that is manly and appealing; Tina is much like Cathy; not quite so charming and compelling, but equally as vivacious and pretty. During the war, David worked for the Navy in Washington, where the family lived for the duration. Cathy made new friends, and found there a life that was sophisticated and swift, and if far different from the informal society of Bridgeport, equally as charming. If perchance, her eyes have become slightly veiled, her voice a bit tired, I believe no one has noticed it but myself.

Jess is, and truly has a right to be proud of her daughter. Her dream for Cathy's perfect life has been fulfilled. It is only at certain odd moments that I wonder if it is not perhaps a bit too perfect. I then recall a remark which she made about herself so long ago. "Can I be a woman?" she said. And I wonder—is she a woman? Or is she some ephemeral dream of perfection, incarnate but unreal? Never has she suffered, that it was not appeased; never has she desired that it was not fulfilled. It is difficult for one to see deep into the heart of a woman. No one will ever know the truth of "is" and "might-have-been" for Cathy, least of all, I think, herself. But the last time I saw her, she took me aside, as I was leaving, and spoke to me.

"When you get back home," she said, "if you see anyone I know, give them my love."

"I will," I replied.

That was all.

THE SHADOW OF A WOMAN

(Continued from page 11)

fifteen. One day, coming through the woods on her way home from school in the autumn twilight, she met a woman coming in the opposite direction. This woman was tall and slim, with a dark and quietly arresting beauty and, in passing, the two exchanged a few words. Later, on another day, they met again and as the days passed sometimes they would walk together through the woods before each went her separate way, returning home. One day the woman asked Anna Marie to come to tea, saying she was living at the Hiller farm. The invitation was accepted and that night, on returning home, my friend came into my room to tell me of her afternoon's experiences and all the history of her acquaintanceship with the woman in the woods. Never had she enjoyed an afternoon's entertainment more, she said; never had she known a more charming person.

Struck by the parallel between her experience and mine of long ago, I told her all I remembered of that autumn. I described the woman who had invited me to tea, especially her tall, dark fragility, the straight way she pulled her black hair back from her brow. Word for word her description of her hostess and my description of mine fitted together. Surely there could not be two such women in the world. Determined to find the truth of the matter, I resolved to go next day to the Hiller farm on some pretext or other.

In the morning I woke to find the ground white with snow, and as I crossed through the woods the shadows of the trees were bleak in their sharpness even as the pale sunlight touched them. I knocked at the door of the farm on the far edge of the woods and a plump, gray-haired woman answered, asking me in. As I sat in

her kitchen drinking what remained of the breakfast coffee I told her I had come to find a tall, dark woman with shining black hair combed back straight from her brow. There was no such person there, she said, only her husband and her son. Curiously, I looked about me, noting how different was the decoration of the house from that other time I had been there so long ago. Finally I arose and walked homeward through the unpacked snow.

"Anna Marie, you must have been mistaken. Either you went to another house or you were dreaming," I told her that night, relating my morning's adventure. But she swore she knew the farm, that her description of the woman was exact. Finally we fell to quarreling and at last, angry with the stupidity of one another, fell asleep.

In the morning, which was Saturday, Anna Marie woke me early, shaking me and telling me to dress and come quickly. We went out the back door and started walking through the woods. At length she told me we were going to the house where

she had taken tea, to see if it were the same I had visited. The path we took led us to the garden behind the Hiller farm and I was saying, "Yes, this is it!" long before we were out of the woods. Finally we came to the last bend in the road and emerged into the open. It was then we both noticed the smell of smoldering wood and smoke. In the night the old house had burned.

Returning home we were quiet, neither of us saying anything until we came into sight of our house. Someone was walking across the garden plot, cutting down toward the little brook below the meadow. The ground was hard and she was walking quickly, with a sure grace. Her hair was black, tight about her head, smoothly drawn back from her brow. Something in me remembered that figure, that small and graceful head. I called, hurried forward, but she had reached the thicket and was gone. All day long we searched the places she had been but never found her. And now, often as I walk along the wood roads searching, she is never there.

Lines Written at Midnight

*There once was a young lady spider
Who drank quite a lot of hard cider.
She soon became tight,
And sat up all night
With butterflies flitting inside her.*

ED. NOTE—*This for the spider is fine,
But some prefer beer or light wine.*

ANSWERS TO 'LITERARY QUIZ

1. Balthazar is the merchant in *Comedy of Errors*.
2. Tranio is the manservant in *The Taming of the Shrew*.
3. Launcelot Gobbo is the clown-servant in the *Merchant of Venice*.
4. Friar Laurence is a Franciscan monk in *Romeo and Juliet*.
5. Bardolph is the disreputable funster in *King Henry IV, I*.
6. Dogberry is the constable in *Much Ado About Nothing*.
7. Touchstone is the court clown in *As You Like It*.
8. Maria is the maidservant in *Twelfth Night*.
9. Quince is the carpenter in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.
10. Ursula is the flippant gentlewoman in *Much Ado About Nothing*.
11. Robin is the page in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.
12. Nerissa is the heiress' waiting-maid in the *Merchant of Venice*.
13. The two clowns are grave-diggers in *Hamlet*.
14. Mistress Quickly is a tavern hostess in *King Henry IV, I*.
15. Snout is a tinker in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.
16. Emilia is the traitor's wife in *Othello*.
17. The Old Man is a tenant in *King Lear*.
18. Trinculo is a jester in *The Tempest*.
19. Oswald is a steward in *King Lear*.
20. Mustardseed is a fairy in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.
21. Stephano is the drunken butler in *The Tempest*.
22. Rosencrantz is a courtier in *Hamlet*.
23. Sir Toby Belch is the irresponsible uncle in *Twelfth Night*.
24. Peter is the nurse's servant in *Romeo and Juliet*.
25. Audrey is a country wench in *As You Like It*.

Quiet !!!

MARTHA ELLEN QUERY, '49

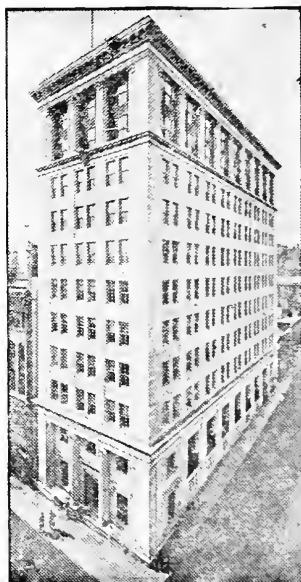
The ceiling rattles once or twice—
 You tell yourself it's just the mice.
 And when the walls begin to tremble
 You murmur, "My they're getting nimble."
 But when the desk begins to jump
 With each and every deaf'n'ing "Clump"
 And on the shelf the books all shake,
 You have to own to your mistake—
 You must admit that though they love you,
 They're noisy brats—those dears above you.
 And when the light begins to wiggle
 And both the beds commence to jiggle,
 It's time to go and climb the stairs

(Although your little heart it tears
 for fear they'll be insulted by it)
 To ask, "Please be a bit more quiet."
 When once again you start to work,
 The room again begins to jerk.
 You once more go to see the dears,
 And then give up and stuff your ears.
 But if you tip toe 'cross the floor,
 You'll hear a knock upon the door—
 The girl who lives one flight below
 Will saunter in and want to know,
 With upraised arm and fearful glower,
 "Say, don't you know it's quiet hour?"

THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK

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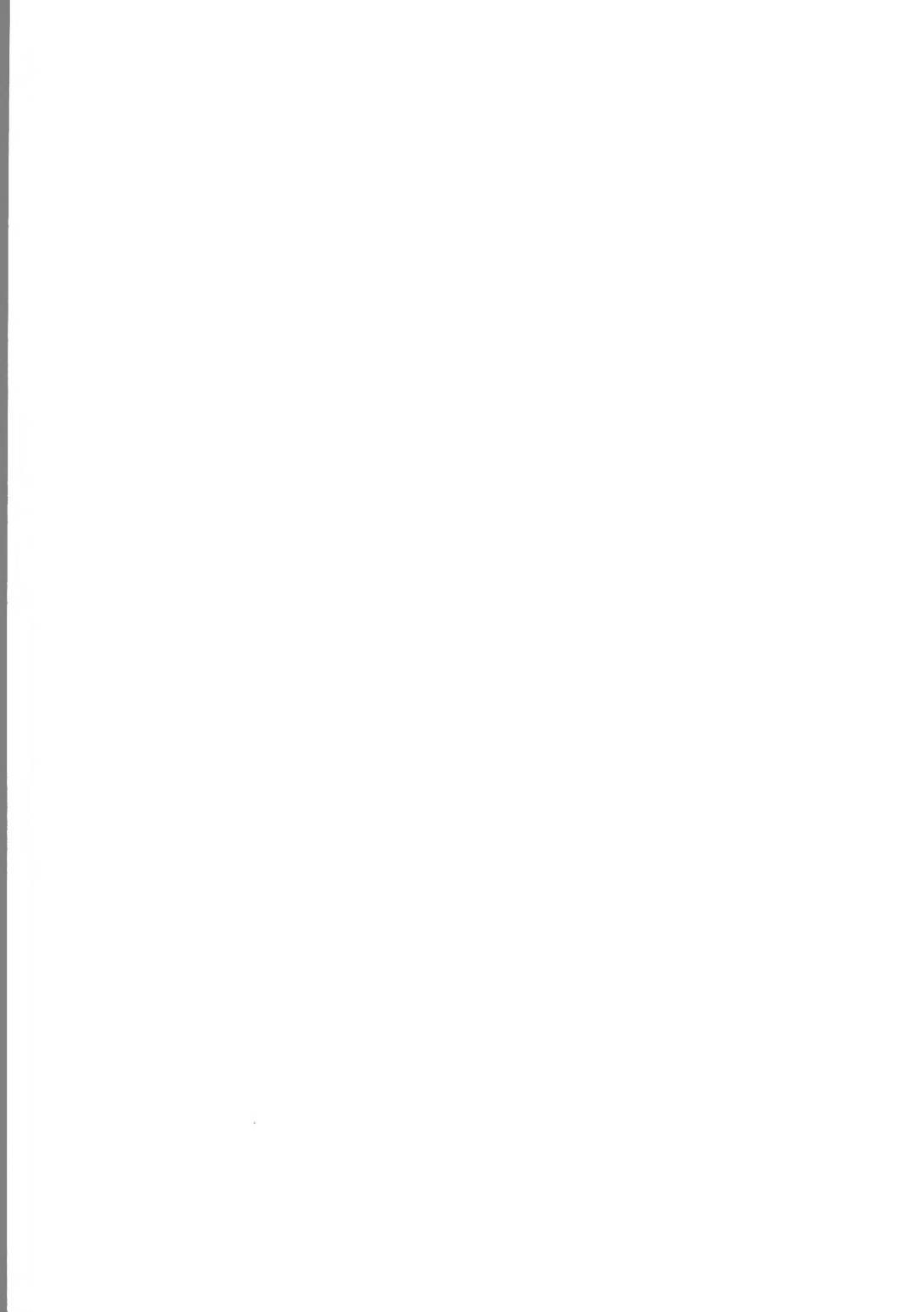
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THE

Brambler

CHRISTMAS 1946



FRESHMEN-SOPHOMORE ISSUE

THE Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

VOL. 24 No. 2

WINTER, 1946

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The Christmas Spirit

ELLEN WARNER, '50

A certain feeling overcomes mankind at this time of the year. With no warning Christmas advances and, with a certain touch, molds faces into smiles. Hearts are filled with warmth and fellowship, and hands are clasped in an endless chain which binds the world with brotherly love. "A human feeling," you say. "Christmas brings out the best in man. His harshness is obliterated by good will. But why *only* at this season? Why doesn't this love and generosity always prevail among men?"

The question is a good one, and here is an answer. If these things were embedded very deep inside man, they would not need so little persuasion as a glimpse of a Christmas card to reveal themselves. For though it is not always apparent, the hearts of the majority of people are interlaced with threads of compassion and spliced with a willingness to fill the voids in others' lives.

As the tumultuous smoke of World War II cleared away, American youth caught sight of European youth without sufficient means to pursue an education. Then they considered their own standards and their own advantages, and many a heart was overwhelmed, first by waves of pity, then of humility. A handful of material aid combined with a heartfelt love was sent across the Ocean, and a spirit of benevolence, matching that of the Yuletide, filled young hearts in this country.

About a year ago an organization in New York called the *SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION* sponsored a project to give aid to schools and students throughout Western Europe. By the unceasing efforts of a few and the willingness of many to help, students all over America were given the privilege of participating in this program. There was a celebration recently at the Ecole De La Rue Baiard in an industrial area of France which marked its being the one thousandth school to benefit by this program. The Ecole received help in the form of money which made it possible for the needy children to obtain clothes, food, and the other essentials of a student's existence.

Sweet Briar should be proud to have joined in this surge of fellowship, proud to have added its name to the humble list of American schools which made such projects as this possible. It was part of the bond which links man to man and interposes a tie of brotherhood through all lands, disregarding color and creed.

The feeling which comes over one as he gives to another is the same as that which envelops humanity at Christmas-time. Thus as vacation peeps over a near horizon, the earth comes into a fuller view of its goal for "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MAN." In our small way we have done something to perpetuate that peace.

The Brambler Inside Out

You who have written for the BRAMBLER, have you any idea what becomes of your material when it is torn from your hand and clutched in that of the Editor? Although I think it better that you never learn, the editor seems to feel an explanation of the personal, unknown-to-the-layman innermost workings of THE BRAMBLER staff should be revealed to the eyes of all. So y voici.

After several weeks of antagonizing our contemporaries, squeezing, drop by drop their talent from their veins, we, the staff has its material in hand and a deadline to meet. Then the summons comes. We gather in a small den, eight females crowding into each available space, pencils poised. Each contribution is passed from hand to hand, scanned, an appropriate comment written underneath and signed with the initials of the embryoid Dorothy Parker. These comments range from a definite lack of enthusiasm to the epitome of praise, "O. K." Then the most eligible are discussed pro and con. This takes perhaps three hours, interspersed with interludes in the Senior Parlor. At its finish we have the material for the next "BRAMBLER," although there are usually changes to be made in the copy. Then comes the apprehensive trip to the printer.

After a few weeks the printer sends back all the material on long sheets of paper (galley sheets, in the vernacular). These are cut out and proof-read; the lines of each story, plus the measurements of each cartoon are taken. Then we plan the layout. This is a delightful job, entailing perhaps four hours, during time essential parts of various articles inevitably disappear to turn up stuck to the glue brush or reposing at the bottom of the wastebasket. Each page is carefully planned and mathematically balanced, ads are placed picturesquely, and we try to achieve an over-all effect pleasing to the eyes of each beholder. Finally there is another trip to the printer, and eventually the BRAMBLER appears, indubitably to be stepped upon as Briarites cross their thresholds.

Although this issue is not a particularly large one, a great deal of material was contributed, especially by the Freshman Class. Their cooperation and interest has been greatly appreciated, and it is hoped that they will continue to contribute to future "BRAMBLERS."

—J. A. C.

Shadows in the Moonlight

LUCIE A. WOOD, '49

Junius stood in the doorway a minute blinking at the bright light. The faces in the room swam in a haze of smoke and the smell of beer tickled his nostrils. He slunk through the people to the counter, "Gimme a bottle o' beer, Malinda," he called to the plump, bold-faced young Negress.

She threw him an impudent glance and laughed coarsely, "What happen', Junius? Josephine done let you keep some o' yo' money? Bet you took it out o' the box." Junius grunted disgustedly and dug down in his pocket for the little tobacco bag he kept his money in. He pitched the money on the counter contemptuously and gulped down the bottle of beer. Wiping the foam from his mouth, he called for another bottle then pushed his way over to a booth on the other side of the room.

"Evenin', how you all?" he grinned, sinking down on the bench next to Horace.

"So, so; just so, so," Ben muttered and Old Grant looked up and nodded glumly.

Junius took a gulp of beer and looked around him. It was crowded even for Mr. Garlic's on Saturday night. The juke box shrieked "Pistol Packing Mama" through the din of voices. One couple was doing a wild sort of jitterbug. Junius tapped his fingers in time to the music and nodded to Horace, "Good music, ain't it? Makes you feel just like getting out there and taking a fling yo'self."

Horace laughed loudly, rolling his head back against the wall, "Yes suh, sho' does. You mighty old to be thinkin' 'bout

dancin', Mr. Junius." Junius grinned. "Don't know how. Usta' be able to do pretty good. Lord, look at Mr. Percy Jones over there! Lyin' fas' asleep right there on the table." Horace and even Old Grant laughed heartily. Only Mr. Ben sat quietly; sipping his beer and saying little.

The crowd grew wilder. Everybody was talking at once; several staggered unsteadily about the room. A bottle crashed on the floor and everybody laughed. Junius struggled to his feet, wobbled across the room for beer and back again. The beer didn't cheer him up much this time—he didn't want to get up and dance; just wanted to sit there enjoying it and feeling the people moving about him.

Mr. Ben's voice cut through the haze of his mind in a low, urgent whisper, "How 'bout a little game of dice, boy, 'round off the back road so none of them inspectors will know about it?"

Junius struggled up — dice? No, he couldn't do that with Josephine's money. But still, just one game—he might be able to win back what he lost last week. He nodded quickly to Ben.

"Okay then, you go now and we'll come later and bring a little corn whisky with us," Ben whispered, gliding away.

Junius pushed out of the booth and wandered out of the side door. The cool air cleared his head a little as he walked down the road. It seemed kinda spooky 'long there so late at night—Bright moon though, with a sort of circle around it—

(Continued on page 14)

The Gentle Art of Cookery

By DOROTHY BOTTOM, '49

We who are removed from our homes, immersed perpetually in the rarefied atmosphere of the intellect, seldom find it necessary to regard the gentle art of cookery, by its very nature a domestic process, as a relative part of our environment. We are fed, or we obtain food as the need arises. With many of us, eating has become a social habit, a mere passing of time in a friendly atmosphere, and has lost its significance as an aesthetic experience. This fact we are forced to attribute to the reality that our minds have ascended above and beyond the sensory world of the physical.

Yet in the face of this deplorable situation, there remain a few souls who have not forgotten, a few more who have rediscovered, the gentle art of cooking. A very few are enthusiastic. Can you, dear reader, comprehend the enormity of this statement? For not only do the friends of food face the fact that they are few against many, but also they must carry on their activities without the benefit of such modern conveniences as kitchens, stoves, refrigerators, well supplied larders and gadgets. They can express themselves only through the artificial medium of hot plate and canned goods. Lack of equipment alone arbitrarily limits the field of endeavor.

This lack, however, need not be blamed for a good deal of territory, even in this restricted area of activity, has not yet been covered by our campus cooks. There seems to be a good deal of unnecessary conventionality in what is produced by the efforts of these nice people—by this I

mean soup and coffee. All too seldom do the friends of food forge ahead to new discoveries.

Indeed, our campus cooks seem to fall naturally into one of two groups. The conventional soup and coffee group constitutes a majority. They have failed to develop creatively. The minority group is composed of those souls who have achieved the true significance, the real essence of their hobby. True gourmets, they seek out new taste experiences which they meditate upon, consider at great length, analyze. They cook (1) for pure pleasure, (2) to perpetuate cookery as a science, (3) to encourage eating as an aesthetic experience, and (4) for creative adventure.

The adventure factor sends the cooks far afield. It involves imagination, patience, and a willingness to explore the novel. It leads them always on to bigger and better achievement. I shall take this opportunity to cite an incident I consider to be an excellent example of well developed adventure with the hot plate. Last year a group of renowned epicures met to partake of a midnight supper, in which it was my pleasure to participate. The menu that evening included lobster saute, tuna-fish salad, various cheeses and pastes, sardines, caviar, tomato juice, spaghetti, rolls and butter. Although this may be a bit elaborate for the recent graduates from the soup and coffee class, a true landmark of progress is the first attempt at 7 minute spaghetti.

Other, less spectacular, achievements of

(Continued on page 21)

The White Hills

BETSEY SAWYER, '50

As old as time itself, the White Hills lie stern and lofty in northern New Hampshire. They are wise and gracious, and the battling of weather and time around and on them has given them a personality of their own. You can't resist The Hills; you must explore their forested slopes, their rocky ravines, their steep precipices, follow the mountain torrents and at last reach the summit to stand exultant, looking out on the world spread below.

Part of their charm lies in the legends of which you hear snatches as you stop here and there on your way through the notches. They lend an air of mystery and a sense of the passage of time to them.

One of these legends is of the origin of the Hills.

A lone red hunter wandering through the northern wilderness frozen by a winter blizzard, could find no food and fell exhausted in the snow by a lake, where the sleep of death overtook him. But the Great Master of Life awoke him and giving him a flint-point spear and a dry coal said, "Here by this lake you may live, and fish and game will be abundant." One night as he laid his dry coal down, a loud voice came out of the flame; thunder rent the air. There rose up a vast pile of rocks, and the voice spoke to him, saying, "Here the Great Spirit will dwell and watch over his children."

The red men looked in awe upon the mountains. They were the dwelling places of Superior Beings, who spoke in tempests upon the slopes, and in the deafening noises which we now know to have been

tremendous rock slides. It was not only considered perilous and impossible to ascend the mountains, but also a sacrilege to the mighty spirits. It was to these peaks that all Indians expected to go after they died.

Truly spirits *do* inhabit The Hills and venture forth without warning. If you are ever caught above timber-line during one of the moments of their display, you will never again scoff at these superstitions. The fog swirls madly about you, so thick that you must feel your way from cairn to cairn, rejoicing when you find it, for if you do not you are doomed, either to wander until you collapse of exhaustion or to walk out on the fog and instantly find yourself plunging down to certain death upon jagged rocks below. You feel your way carefully, carefully—one slip might mean death. But all this danger only serves to bring you closer to the mountain. You defy its anger and knavery, and in defying you are accepted by it.

Two definite personalities of the White Mountains are the Old Man of the Mountain and the Flume. The Old Man was probably not known by the Indians, since they left no legends about him. The discovery is accredited to a Baptist clergyman from Lisbon, who, while watching the construction of a new road through the notch, glanced up through the trees and saw a face silhouetted against the sky. This marvel is set in one of the most picturesque parts of the mountains. The rocks which form the face are a part of a long,

(Continued on page 16)

Fortune

ANN BELSER, '50

A minute "French Bisque" figurine stood, dust free, on an artfully-carved mahogany corner table. The delicate blue shades mingled with the pale sea-green tone on the large porcelain lamp base. The dim light from the lamp shone down and created lustrous images on an antique tortoise-shell card case. "Fortune" magazine had been placed at a rakish angle to create the illusion that it had been nonchalantly dropped by its reader. Had it been read? Had it been glanced at? Had it even been opened? The pages look very new, crisp, and untouched to me.

"Fortune." Why "Fortune"? Was it the rich thick paper that irritated the sense of touch as the pages were turned? Were the pages turned? Was it the large, easy-on-the-eye, black print that marked the pages? Was the print ever seen? Was it the fresh, inky smell of the newly printed pages? Surely this attention was caught by the dozen pure white roses that stood near by. Was it the magnificent tones of orange and yellow that endorsed the illustrations?

Was it the scarcity of small, cheap advertisements? Was it the artistic cover design of brown, burnt-wood, and gold? Was it the article on "Smithson's Steel Formula"? Did it contain an impressive poem on human behavior? Was there a portrait of one's favorite statesman? Did the size just fit into the table space to be covered? Was it the fact that no eye could miss the caption in the corner that said "\$1.00 per copy"? Surely not. The richness of the room defied the theory that any attention would purposely be called to the expenditure of only one dollar. Was it the glee of spending one dollar on a magazine that would never be read, glanced at, or even opened?

I have mentioned almost everything now except, of course, the name. How trivial! One word, seven letters. Of what possible importance could this be? It is not even a pretty word, and it is rather hard to pronounce. Why would anyone buy a magazine because of the name

(Continued on page 23)

Cool Sleep

ALBERTA PEW, '49

*Chilled slice of moon
An effervescent star
White ruff of cloud
Dipped in bluish tar.
Wind from the edge
Of the silent deep
Ruffles slightly*

*The sails of sleep.
Swiftly the silver dream
A cap on the wave
Rises in whiteness
Is lost in a cave
Of water.
Cooled by the chilled moon
Deepened by the star.*

Of Sand and Sea

VIRGINIA MANN, '50

To all appearances, the slender young man with bright auburn hair was deeply engrossed in space. His attention seemed fixed on the horizon, and if his fancy leapt from crest to crest of the great green waves beneath, it was not evident in any aspect of his posture. He sat carelessly, with ankles crossed, at the edge of the sea. His slim, white hands were diverted for the moment from the half-destroyed sand castle he had built. Eventually they would return to their task, and if inattentively, not without interest, as they seemed to make a gesture of recollection toward something.

The young man sat often like this. It seemed to him appropriate that he should sit by the sea, and lest the picture be incomplete, that he should build and rebuild endlessly his sand castle.

He always sat alone; almost since childhood, he had, for reasons which then he scarcely understood, been relegated to solitude. Now he understood, and with the understanding had grown gradually his half cynical, half helpless alliance with the ocean, which in its greatness was also

bound; whose turbulent soul wrote its bitterness on the endless shores of the earth; who too, was outcast, alone, and feared.

The castle was his reality. The wet sand he magically transformed into swirling towers of symmetry. The supple, careless hands moved with feline languor over gracefully lifting spires. Those hands could also make of coarse lumps of marble and bronze the living creatures that they would. He could not stop them.

He wondered if perhaps one day the ocean would cause the hands to cease, if the incredible emptiness of his existence would eventually outweigh their marvelous ability to create.

For what smallest debt could he possibly owe to the world?

Thus could he live his own small part of an enigma, on the shore of the sea, with the odds before him. And while sometimes as he rose and moved away, he would not glance behind, at other times he did, and often he would notice that the incoming tide had once again devastated his castle.

Storm

ELLEN WARNER, '50

*A white angry foam runs sneeringly across
the sands*

Chasing bathers into open doors.

*Devilish raindrops change sand castles to
aimless mass,*

*Then spatter triumphantly off to receive
praise*

From the ocean.

Lights flicker on silently,

As if ashamed of their need.

The storm is master.

THE OLD OAK SELECTS—

Meditations at Midnight

MARGARET DUNBAR, '42

Slowly the cold moon rises this night as I sit on high, worshipped, adored, exalted, lost deep in fathomless meditation. Long have I sat here, silent, impassive, and so shall I sit for eternity, watching over those wiser mortals who care to call me father.

Has it been so long since, I, myself, was but a struggling human being, fighting against I knew not what? Has it been so long since that memorable moment I tore myself away from all that I held near and dear to me to follow a purer life, seeking ever the basic truth? Ah, nay, it has not been many moments since that wondrous one when I sat beneath the Bo-tree, thinking, contemplating the way of life. How well I remember the exhilaration of that uplifting moment when it was finally revealed to my mortal mind that there is a Wheel of Life, a sense of deed and consequence, of cause and effect, that results in a continuous chain of lives, a transmigration of the soul, and yet not the soul. For of one thing have I ever been certain: there is no individual, no self, no separate parts, but all one whole. The soul is only a temporary and ever changing mixture of sensations, emotions, and those earthly feelings which cease to exist at death.

"How can there be a continuance of life if there is no ego?" That is the cry of those who can and will not believe.

And I say to them quietly with a patient smile that the way in which the Wheel of Life moves is just as one candle lights another: the two flames are not the same, but the second comes from the first which causes it. It is only thus that I may explain the way of life, so complex is it in its simplicity.

Desire, craving, thirsting, are the causes of life's suffering, its pain, and its misery. But there is one way out of this vicious circle, one path that leads to Nirvana, and that is: to extinguish the consuming flame of desire by following the Middle Way, an eightfold path that can do naught but lead the mortal to escape into immortality. The principles that bring honest and thoughtful living which have ever been the core of my teachings, for always have I insisted on kindness and pity toward one's fellow creatures. Always have I frowned on lying and idle talk.

Ah, my sons and daughters, ah, my children, you have well remembered all that I would have you keep. I see you at the first faint streaks of dawn, kneeling in thought and concentration, meditating on the world such as it is, searching, ever probing into the obscure, seeking something which is just beyond, striving to solve questions of philosophies and the why's and wherefore's of mortal existence. And again in the unfathomable quietude of

A NOTE ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Margaret Dunbar is now Mrs. Robert S. Pence, she is making her home in Phoenix, Arizona. This story appeared in the April, 1930 issue of the BRAMBLER.

evening have I peered down from my lofty seat to find my children reading the twelve poems and *tanğa* and *hokker*. Soft whispers float up to my ears:

"For all is fleeting — birds, music, flowers' beauty . . ."

or

"The summer grass . . .

All that is left of the warrior's dream?"

and then have I seen the lights go out one by one until darkness joins with silence to make the night.

At any time of day or night I may look down upon a building of unpainted timbers, steep, overhanging roof, wooden-latticed doors, sitting as close to nature as the rocks and the trees, and see kneeling before my image a solitary peasant praying for a sick child or an aged parent or a militant (mayhap a group of them) offering a basket of fruit or a dish of burning incense at my feet. In the woods I do love to wander, gravely sensing my eminent presence. But my honor is greatest on a hill where often I do gather together my many selves and unify my powers to answer supplication. I can feel my essence surging through my children. It is as a draught or vibration sweeping through me on and into them.

But, alas, few of my followers ever reach the essential goal. They overstrain or fall short or drop like moths into the lamp, intent upon the seen and heard. They cannot look within themselves to find in their minds and thoughts the answer to the very question they ask a thousand times. Ah, no, they must be taught. And for that reason I left behind me my several followers to carry on where I left off. And they have served me amply, they and their descendants, monks of shorn heads, gray- or black-gowned, and priests, black-coiffed and linen-vested. They have not

shirked their duties, they have not forgotten, they have plodded on.

The world is now in a state of chaos where destruction and deterioration are creeping in, but the followers of my faith have not only strived to make the faith at peace with the new government; they have endeavored to make it an integral part. Ah, yes, my children have not forgotten the wisdom and logic of my teachings. This warms my timeworn heart.

But now must I ponder upon the way of the world. Why is it that there are several races who scorn and laugh at my faith of perfect wisdom? Is it possible that they, in their inferiority, think themselves superior? Are they stupid, or are they blind? Well do I know. They do not understand! They flee to me for consolation in their bitter disillusion. In my way of truth they find an outlet for their melancholy. But they fail to catch the appeal to the mind with which I have been so careful to flavor my conclusions. I offer vast fields wherein the mind may wander in the utmost enjoyment of its findings. Is it possible that in this day and age, in the life upon which I look down, never quiet, never peaceful, ever taut, that there is too little time to think, too seldom a chance for reflection? Is it possible that meditation is passing out of date? Is it possible that thinking is becoming too tedious and painful to interest the earth's inhabitants?

Who may this Usurper of Time be who dares to steal even one moment of that I myself have claimed, and more, to flaunt it in my face? How hard his laugh, how detestable his ugly leering countenance! He is the cause of countless unsolved problems. for he will not allow my poor children time to think and weigh questions carefully. He is the cause of

(Continued on page 17)



Boogie-woogie bugle boy
Sat upon a chair
Bang—the boogie-woogie boy
Found it wasn't there.

—EMILY THORNTON, '49

I love the leaves upon the trees
But, oh alas, they make me sneeze

—EMILY THORNTON, '49

ELFIN

Prone i am to temporize
Impossible to moralize
Peccable i may be
But never, never peccavi.

—DOT BOTTOM, '49

I own a funeral parlor
In that there ain't no harm
It's the way I get my patrons
That causes much alarm.

—EMILY THORNTON, '49

Thorns Among

The Unseen

It lasted all day,
Lasted all night,
Unseen by all,
Hidden from sight.

It is forever,
Never to go,
Never will change,
Will always be so.

Some will not see,
Or notice at all,
See not the tall,
Only the small.

It lasts all day,
Lasts all night,
Hidden from all,
The Pilot Light.

—RITA MURRAY, '50



The Roses

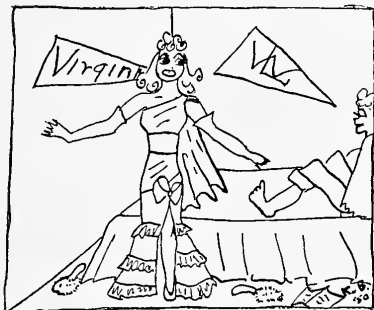
Why Fleas are Unhappy

A flea should be a happy thing
With nought to do but eat and sing
He never slaves on problems knotty
But gaily leaps from chow to scottie.
And yet his life is sad and drear,
(Excuse me while I dry a tear.)
For while each flea is biting pup,
He too is being bitten up
By smaller fleas which on him prey
And nip him badly every day.

So found the ancients to their credit
And this is how they must have said it:

Big fleas have little fleas
Which viciously do bite 'em,
Little fleas have smaller fleas
And so *ad infinitum*.

—SALLY MELCHER, '49



Will he think it's too conservative?



Lament to a Swollen Face or Ode to Ivy

*All over and around
This poison doth abound
On my body.
It itcheith everywhere;
'Tis even in my hair,
more the pity.
My face it was quite swollen—
My happiness 'twas stolen.
Evil ivy.
My eyes e'en were closed.
For days in class I dozed,
a true fathead.
'Tis so horrible to see—
It looks like leprosy,
or something.
Oh, the hours alone I've spent
In order to lament
poison ivy.
Though the S. B. C. girl sings
Of how the ivy clings,
I abhor it.
I'm still miserable and itchy,
And if I'm being-well, witchy,
'tis owed to ivy.*

—DOROTHY BOTTOM, '49

Literary Quiz

A. Below are quotations from seven well known poetic works. Can you identify the work in which each is found, as well as the poet? Answers on page 22.*

1. Yea, I am desolate and sick of an old passion.
2. But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!
3. She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.
4. 'Twas brillig and the slithey toves
Did mire and gimle in the wabe.
5. Thy lips, . . . drop as the honeycomb
Honey and milk are under thy tongue.

6. A lover and a lusty bachelor
With locks curled as they were laid
in press.
7. Earth felt the wound, and Nature
from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave
signs of woe
That all was lost.

B. Here are eight characters from famous dramas, poems, and novels. What can you do with them?

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. Eustacia Vye | 5. Esmeralda |
| 2. Bronwyn | 6. Roxane |
| 3. Nora | 7. Christian |
| 4. Hickey | 8. Regan |



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SHADOWS IN THE MOONLIGHT

(Continued from page 2)

Maybe it meant rain, or what was it they used to say—death or somethin'?

He came to a little path that led down through the woods and turned in it. Here it was darker and the moon just glanced down through the branches of the trees. He came to the clearing and sat down on a stump. The music from the store came faintly to his ears and he caught the beat for a minute—then it faded away again. Junius looked around him fearfully. The little pockets of darkness between the trees looked frightening enough. A chill crept up his spine. The few leaves on the trees waved back and forth in the breeze, making strange shadows there in the moonlight. They flickered and shifted . . . sometimes deeper, sometimes lighter. Junius watched them idly . . . pretty the way they trembled there . . . somethin' Reverend Holmes had said in church Sunday came to him—funny because he usually didn't pay much mind to what he said . . . somethin' 'bout people bein' shadows . . . no that wasn't it . . . was their lives that were like shadows. Funny when you got to thinkin' 'bout it, it sorta' looked that way . . . Mama, Papa, Aunt Rosa . . . all those people that had died sho' seemed like shadows now . . . just remembered a little 'bout them . . . lot here, little there . . . sorta' like those leaves. Wonder if Josie and me will be like that to little 'Gustine. Little 'Gustine wanted that doll in Mr. Lacy's store. Maybe he'd win enough tonight to get it for her birthday.

Junius straightened up. There were the others coming down the path "Thought you won't comin'," he called softly.

"Couldn't come when dey all was lookin'," Big Ben grumbled, and they sat down to play.

Big Ben threw first and lost the throw.

Then it was Junius' turn. He held the dice lovingly for a minute and, half-laughing, he murmured an old charm over them before he threw. The dice came up for him. Then James threw and Lorenzo. Both lost and the money went to Junius. After that the play went faster. Junius won almost continually. A little stack of money piled up beside him. The three others became more and more quiet. They followed each movement intently. Junius won again. Suddenly, Lorenzo stood up. "You're cheatin'," he shouted and grabbed the heavy stone jug that was sitting near him, swinging it at Junius' head. There was a smashing sound and Junius rolled to the ground.

The other two sprang up, their faces ashen, "Oh, my Lord, now you done it! Oh, Oh!"

"Get 'im on the road, quick! Make it look like a car hit him, quick, quick," Big Ben shouted dragging the lifeless body over the underbrush toward the road.

The Wasp

(ANONYMOUS, '50)

*A wasp,
A tiny beast with wings of gauze,
Was caught inside my window and beat
against the glass.
Little he knew, it opened—a foot above
his head.*

*A man,
A human animal with brain to think,
Was put upon the earth, and tried to scale
the heavens.
Little he knew that stars were got upon
the earth.*

They pulled him out on the side of the road bed and separated with frightened looks. Junius was left lying there, his stark face staring up at the moon and shadows changing fitfully over his body, now heavy, now light.

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WHITE HILLS

(Continued from page 5)

majestic ridge on Cannon Mountain, and are high above Echo Lake, which lies nestled in the notch like a piece of liquid poetry.

The Flume was a piece of the devil's work; a deep, narrow canyon in the earth through which rushes at all times a torrent of water. One of the greatest attractions of the Flume was the huge boulder which was lodged for centuries between the opposing sides of the ravine. Thousands of spectators passed under it without fear of its falling. Then, in 1883, it was swept away by an avalanche crashing down the Flume.

The midsummer of 1826 was characterized in the White Mountain region by high temperatures and drought. Under the continually hot sun the soil dried out to such a depth as to be easily acted upon by any heavy rain. About the middle of August clouds began to gather; permanent clouds which gave only scattered, light showers. Towards evening on August 28th, the clouds began to mass low in the sky, and just at nightfall they slowly began to relieve themselves of their burden. The storm which followed will always be remembered for its disastrous consequences. It was some time during this deluge that a slide occurred on Mt. Willey, burying an entire household. Just how the family met their death will never be known. The slide did not destroy the house, but one guesses from the evidences of hasty departure—an open Bible, disarranged beds, and scattered clothes—

that they heard the frightful noise of the oncoming avalanche and rushed from the house to be buried alive in tons of rock and soil. If they had remained in the house they would have lived; for the slide split around a huge boulder which stood about 100 feet from the back door and left the house completely untouched.

One of the most fantastic figures of The Hills is the Doctor of Moosilaukee. The story of how he tried to find a serum which would give eternal life and how he kidnapped a young boy with whom to experiment, has been told often on a stormy night around a fire whose eerie orange glow casts grotesque shadows about the walls. How the Mad Doctor was pursued up the slopes of the mountain in the teeth of a blinding snow storm and never seen again only adds more mystery to the fact that every shelter which has been built on the summit of the mountain has been destroyed by some manner or means. The Mad Doctor is taking his revenge!

I have heard this story on such a night and in such surroundings in the last of the Moosilaukee Huts. I have looked in awe at the Great Stone Face and have stood enclosed by the walls of the Flume and stepped across its torrent onto a very slippery log. I have been caught in fog, wind and rain above timber line. There can be no other air as fresh, smelling so sweet of balsam and decaying wood; no other in-

spiration that makes you want to rise and take flight to the highest peak; no comfortable and satisfying weariness like that you feel at the end of a day on the trail with a heavy pack.

Truly, these, as Richard Watson Gilder says in his poem on the White Mountains. "These, O these are for memory to life's ending hour."

MEDITATIONS AT MIDNIGHT

(Continued from page 9)

hatred and misunderstanding, for he will not allow the time for meditation and the inner growing which may flower into toleration and consideration for fellows. Who is this fiend who defeats all my teachings? Let him come forth into the light!

But, alas, it is foolish to call forth this evil spirit, for how can Man come forth from himself? If this curse might be destroyed, *then* the world would be different. Man has yet one essential lesson to learn: to lose consciousness of himself. He must learn to understand the basic principles of his fellows; their joys, sorrows, needs, excesses, and to look at these with tolerance and understanding.

Is it I who have failed, I and that Other One who died on Calvary Hill? For I have often heard mortal mouths compare my doctrine to that of the Christ. I

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have often heard them say that my Eight-fold Path is similar to His Sermon on the Mount. The Christians even say that next to Jesus I am the most pure and touching figure among the founders of religious faiths. At this I can only smile. I do not scorn the Christ and his teachings, but I can see clearly that they lack some small shade of true conception. But I and my children do not count them less for this. We look upon them with understanding as is most surely due them, for I see the Christ as a kindred force, moving toward the same goal and we are weary of the struggle against man's self-interest. Many blessings have we given him, not only religion, but even ourselves. It is not we who have failed, but Man himself. I know that I have done all in my power and can hope to do naught but wait.

And I will be content with waiting, for I know that there will come to the earth in the ensuing centuries a generation that will understand, one whose foundations will be rooted deep in unselfishness and toleration. Forever shall I sit, worshipped, adored, exalted, deep in fathomless meditation, for I am the silent, impassive, all-powerful *Buddha*.

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I Hate The City

VIRGINIA MANN, '50

*Busy, buzzy city on the morning that I
mention,*

*Half of it is on the ground and half is in
the sky.*

*The twinkly-eyed shop windows wear an
air of new invention,*

*And the omnibuses grunt with pure de-
light when passing by.*

*Policemen start and stop and start the
multicolored hoards,*

*Of people rushing everywhere with every-
where to go.*

*Tomorrow is tomorrow, but today is on
the boards,*

*So hat and coat and hurry up, my God!
we'll miss the show!*

*Red and green and gold and black and
orange colored cabs,*

*Honks and horns and whistles, swirling,
glittering of doors,*

*"Around the corner, Darling . . . there's
a little man with crabs,"*

*Or won't you have a necktie, or a pair of
underdrawers?*

*Ashcans, tugboats, magazines, and dirty
men with brooms,*

*Dogs and dung and dishwashers and
everybody's brother,*

*Happy, hurry city day in streets and
stores and hotel rooms,*

*Go dash around the corner dear, there'll
always be another.*

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FORTUNE

(Continued from page 6.)

"Fortune"? I will tell you, Human Echinoderm. It is because no one knows what fortune is, and everyone wishes to find out. "But they haven't read it," you say. "Yes, I know. They knew the magazine could not tell them, but they bought it anyway." You say, "That is silly. I know what fortune is. I know what it means."

It means Tiffany silver, white telephones, blue leather volumes of poetry marked with gold, gold charms in a birthday cake. It means expansive lawns, fresh green grasses, enclosing shrubbery, neatly bordered flower beds and watchmen. It means tennis courts, swimming pools, diving boards, country clubs, beach cars, fitted picnic baskets, ice hockey games, skiing trips, travel to Paris, Mexico City, Manila, Honolulu, Peking, and Rio de Janeiro. It means a fortnight's rest at Pinehurst, Palm Beach, Skytop, or Sea Island. It means a sun tan in February. It means prints from Schiaparelli and bright wools treated by Carnegie. It means star-shot sapphire earrings and long, flaming red nails.

But does it, dear Human Echinoderm? Does this mean fortune or just money? Mr. Webster says fortune is "the good or ill that befalls mankind." Do you really know what fortune is?

Why "Fortune"?

Why, indeed!

GENTLE ART OF COOKERY

(Continued from page 4)

the minority group are pop corn, chocolate fondant, cinnamon toast and cocoa (both hot at the same time), hot spiced cider, and marshmallows toasted on coat hangers.

The adventurous attitude in cooking also teaches the would-be cook *how* to explore. By the time honored method of trial and error they learn what can't be done as well as what can be, thereby establishing definite limits to hot plate cookery as an abstract science. One learns to reject that which is indigestible. As a noteworthy example let me announce that it has definitely been established that one cannot bake peanut butter cookies in a saucepan greased by vaseline.

In conclusion I wish to *imply* that much good and much learning can be gleaned from cooking on a hot plate. I wish to point out the danger of stunted development, as well as the pitfalls in adventurous cooking so that the beginner may not be overly surprised and impeded by them. Finally, it is my desire that you realize that cooking is an art, a science, and that the enlightened ones who practice it as such derive from their activity a thrilling creative experience, as well as many new exercises for the taste buds.

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ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

A.—

1. *Cynara*, by Ernest Dowson.
2. *To Lucy*, by William Wordsworth.
3. *Twelfth Night*, by William Shakespeare
4. *Jabberwocky*, by Lewis Carroll.
5. *Solomon's Song of Songs*.
6. *Canterbury Tales*, by Daniel Chaucer.
7. *Paradise Lost*, by John Milton.

B.—

1. *Return of the Native*, by Thomas Hardy.
2. *How Green Was My Valley*, by Richard Llewellyn.
3. *The Doll's House*, by Henrik Ibsen.
4. *The Iceman Cometh*, by Eugene O'Neill.
5. *Notre Dame de Paris*, by Victor Hugo.
6. *Cyrano de Bergerac*, by Edmond Rostand.
7. *The Pilgrim's Progress*, by Paul Bunyan.
8. *King Lear*, by William Shakespeare.

*Give yourself one point for each correct answer.

15—You must be an English major.

14-13—Good enough!

12-10—Fair.

9- 7—Are you majoring in Chem?

7- 5—Better luck next time.

5- 0—Turn to page 12.

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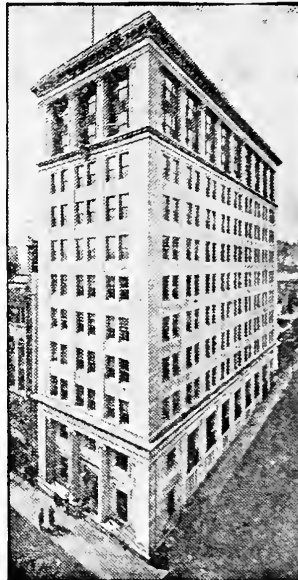
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March '47

THE Brambler

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IN ALL SINCERITY—

Let us take a look at the Sweet Briar girl. She is intelligent, she is attractive, she is popular. But is she an individual? No; she is a conformist.

A number of the faculty members have remarked that they find each Freshman class most stimulating, but that the girls tend to become less interesting as their years here go by. As one's acquaintance with another grows, that person should become more interesting each day, if he had anything genuine to offer in the first place, instead of seeming dull the moment the novelty wears off. So should the Freshmen appeal ever more to the faculty as they become Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors.

The new Freshmen taken in each year have much the same background and come here with many ideas in common. They all have, however, a germ of originality within them. No matter how close any mind may come to being a robot, it possesses distinguishing features that make it unique, set it aside from every other mind.

When a girl arrives at Sweet Briar, she is apt to relegate her seed of originality to the back of her mind and strive to cut herself to the general pattern. This pattern is an unwritten law which one finds oneself observing after a short time. The typical Sweet Briar girl divides her interests between many fields. She spreads herself thin. She starts out doing the things that appeal to her and then is forced to do many others, perhaps meaningless to her, because they are socially or academically required. It seems to be important to do and think pretty much as others do. In the process of popularizing and categorizing herself, she loses sight of her true and vital potentialities. Of course, it is good to learn to get along, to work or play with other people, to inspect new territories; but *not* at the expense of one's individuality.

As the months pass, the pattern, which varies but slightly among the different classes and groups, grows more intricate. The social life, the campus activities, and the academic work are combined to different degrees; but in each case they form a standard which must be accepted, if one is to be recognized as "one of the crowd," by those who help set that standard. This obviously has many advantages. There is much to be gained from pleasant relationships with one's schoolmates and one's professors. A world in which we should each go our own way, with no concern for our fellow man, would be a topsy-turvy one indeed. On the other hand, compatibility need not mean uniformity. The Sweet Briar girl, in her effort to be an integral part of the college life, has a tendency to become homogeneous. Her promise of individuality is too often suppressed. Very soon she finds she can take but little time to pursue her own particular interests; before she knows it, she has had to abandon them completely, or at least subdue their importance, so busy is she making herself a part of the Sweet Briar tradition, academically and socially. She becomes a Jack of all trades, master of none. Her personality has lost its fire; if she has once had the desire to delve more deeply into some aspect of her studies, she has too often not been free to do so; the pattern requires that she

be elsewhere, doing other things. She is led rather than guided, for that is the path of least resistance. Her dynamic, creative self may be (temporarily) stymied.

Instead of constructing new and individual styles with the vivid materials we possess as Freshmen, we conform to our pattern at the expense of a uniqueness and variety that could enhance it. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with the Sweet Briar pattern; on the contrary, it is a substantial and promising basis upon which to build—if we but choose to be builders rather than hangers-on.

Two Poems

BERTIE PEW, '49

I

LIFE

*A star dropped
Into the cupped palm
And there lay to burn
Like fine white sand
There, too, a heart rested
Cold, no tingle vested
In its core from the burning ball.
The moon looked down with watered eye
No warmth there, nor heard the cry
Of bitterness
Embers quenched, the star fell
Smoking, with a single tear
And both lay blackened in the cup.*

II

FULFILLMENT

*One lamp shone there
Through an ice-ed branch;
Disclosed the broken white.
No tread heard
No outward sign
Disclosed the sweet delight.
Blue haze blanketed the sky
No star could overflow
Still from farthest space
Poured sleepless peace
To melt the frozen snow*

Retrospect

EMILY THORNTON, '49

*When I grow aged, I'll remember youth
Without sorrow, without pain,
With only a golden shining
And a breathless eagerness,
And a misty unattainable dream.
I'll remember the joy of living
Each day, a new world, unexplored,
Each thought a precious, brittle thing,
Hugged to an eager heart
Like the treasure it was.
I'll remember the high ideals of youth,
Clean and shameless, like a new wash
Hung to dry in a scorching sun;
Defying the soot, the sweat, the filth
Surrounding it.
I'll remember the strength of youth;
The pushing, the straining of it
To open doors that had been locked for centuries,
And had no key,
And often led nowhere,
And had no rooms behind them.
Yes, I will remember, but now I want to forget:
Forget the terrible sense of insecurity,
Of being but an infinitesimal part
Of a furious, whirling thing
Called Life,
In a strange, mad place called world.
I wont to forget the horror of warped minds
That coll out "brother" from between lips
Stained with human blood, and foul obscenities;
The crying of souls, and their screaming
As they were torn from Heaven
And thrown into bottomless pits,
To be trampled on and crushed between
Huge, hairy fingers of man-like apes;
To be spat upon, and cursed at,
And eaten, while still alive.

When I'm aged, these things will seem as phantoms,
Crawling worms that defaced the rich soil
Of eternity, until a purging flood
Came and swept them away, leaving only
The fresh green shoots of
Newly born hope.*

A Woman's Scorn

JENNE BELLE BECHTEL, '48

Tues., Feb. 6

Dear Diary—

I have been at the Bixby's one whole day now and also a night. It is my first job, which I didn't have to take only now Bobby is in the army he says I have to occupy myself or I will get into trouble. I am such a pretty girl. Of course, I would always be faithful to Bobby anyway but he says I should take a job. Well this does not look so bad yet but not so good neither. Maybe I better tell you something about the Bixby's, Diary.

These people are high society but not too high as I made sure there was not going to be a lot of parties before I took the job, which I wouldn't of had to except for Bobby. There are five of them or rather I should say five and a half as the oldest daughter, Mrs. Harding is going to have a baby. She would be pretty if she was not so fat. Lt. Harding is in the Navy and she is living home although I don't know why as her mother fesses her so much. Jane, that is Mrs. Harding's name, looks like a meanie but maybe she is not so bad but just looks that way.

Well Mrs. Bixby is a killer in an old way as she must be in her forties. Her hair is gray and I can see she will try to boss me like she does Jane only it won't work. I am not so dumb I don't know I am pretty important in this house already.

Mr. Bixby is quite attractive for being old and short and very nice. I like him.

The other daughter I knew was a smart alec the minute I layed eyes on her. She is fourteen and fat without any excuse

like her sister has and also probably won't be as pretty but I am planning to ignore her. Gee I'm glad I didn't look like that at fourteen.

The fifth one is young Mr. Bixby. Bill his name is. He is 4-F but not for anything serious. Anyway he is quite attractive like his father only younger and more so. He is not near as big as Bobby but he is nice looking in a different way.

Well after I had met all these people Mr. Bixby says to Mrs. Bixby which I could not help overhearing. "Well you must of turned over a new leaf. The new waitress is awful pretty."

"Well," Mrs. Bixby says, "girls are hard to get these days."

"O I don't know," says Bill and they all laugh.

Well when I was dusting his room this morning I seen why. I never seen so many women in pictures outside a movie magazine. Some was pretty and some wasn't. Most of them wasn't as most of them was of the same girl who was as ugly as mud only she was at least blonde. Well I was looking at the ones on the bureau when who should come in but young Mr. Bixby. So I begun straightening my cap in the glass planning to ignore him or else give him a dirty look. But he stood in the doorway and says, "Yes, the prettiest one is in the mirror."

Well there's no use putting on the hurt act when somebody says something like that and it's dumb pretending it's a lie, too, so I smiled a little bit and says "Thank you" real cool. Not that I am

bragging or anything but you might as well face the figures, especially when they're as good as mine is, as Bobby says. That reminds me I must write to Bobby so good-bye for now.

Sat., Feb. 10

Dear Diary—

Tonight young Mr. Bixby, Bill that is, brought the girl he has so many pictures of to dinner. Well, like I said, looks is not her big item as she is even worse looking than the pictures. However if all you have to do to get a man is oggle at him she will do alright as she certainly flaps her eyelashes around. She is also always grinning and cracking jokes and putting on the sister act for Jane and Mrs. Bixby who are taken in. Everybody fusses over this girl whose name is Ray Waters. She thinks she is quite a card, as she is always cracking jokes. Well maybe she is but I don't see it.

Well Diary I must write to Bobby so good-bye for now.

Thur., Feb. 15

Dear Diary—

This afternoon as I was polishing the silver who should come in but young Mr. Bixby.

"Mary," he says, "What do you do on your night off?"

I don't even give him a glance.

"Get out of here," I says. I could see that this remark with its double meaning give him the fidgets.

Well Diary to make a long story short I am going to a show tonight with Bill Bixby and I should have much to tell you when I return.

"Meet me in the city at 12th and Chestnut," he says.

Well it does not take much brains to see through that, he does not want it

known he is dating me. Well I am not the girl to be meeting men on street corners but you have to have something to put in your diary besides that Mrs. Bixby is a louse and besides although I am beautiful I am also tough and I would never be unfaithful to Bobby. So reluctantly I consented.

Later—

Well what a night. The Ritz to dinner and then this show and then the Tiger Room where we met two fellas young Mr. Bixby knew. They were a lot funnier than the show but for a 4-F I will take young Mr. Bixby. By the way, at dinner tonight he says, "Well Mary what do you think of Miss Waters?" That is Ray.

"Well," I says, "Maybe she's bright but she's not exactly Venus de Milo."

"Well," he says, "She is a lot of fun."

"O. K. if you don't like looks," I respond.

At that he gives me the once over. I guess I know how he feels about looks.

Thurs., Mar. 1

Dear Diary—

Young Mr. Bixby has now took me out three times with always the same routine,—dinner, show, Tiger Room, fellas. Well tonight we run into this friend of his on leave named Lt. Cadwallader. He is Bill's type only taller and in uniform. He is some animal.

Well the three of us sit around talking when all at once Bill sees this lady who comes to the house sometimes, a friend of Mrs. B.'s. She was heading right our way, just like we was a magnet and she was a hairpin. Well you would of had to be under the table not to take in the situation so Bill says to me, "Keep your mouth shut Mary and we will have a fine time."

(Continued on page 20)

Are You Thinking About Getting Married?

MEREDITH SLANE, '47

ELIZABETH KNAPP, '47

Are you thinking about getting married? If so, stop and consider. Marriage, the Number 1 career of Sweet Briar girls, is one which entails the happiness of two or more people, and one which, despite the old maxim, does not infer that they live happily ever after. A marriage is like two pieces of flint which complement each other so that when struck together they create a spark; but the fire which they produce must constantly be fed.

In entering marriage, both partners must bear in mind that the one they marry possesses human weaknesses and some, though not all, of the virtues of their romantic ideal. It is a partnership for life in which happiness depends upon constant effort, love, and understanding. Marrying is like climbing a gradual slope to a higher level, from which one gets a broader view, but also from which one sees still higher levels to be reached in time and with patience.

In addition to love and understanding, a prime requisite to marriage is adult think-

ing and emotional maturity. By this is meant the ability to accept life as it is, the ability to withstand crises and even petty annoyances, and the capacity for tolerant consideration leading to adjustment with the other partner.

Marriage should be a constant striving to reach an ever-increasing goal and should entail the development of the character and personality of both its partners. It is not a stepping stone in one person's way of life, but rather, a fusion of the pathways of two, on which they will go forward hand in hand.

The theory of the "one and only" for you carries little weight in practical application; marital adjustment can be brought about in widely varied situations. However, bearing in mind that your choice of your life partner is a basic factor in lessening the problems of adjustment and leading to greater happiness, the following questions are presented for your consideration:

1. Is the man with whom you are in love personally as well as physically attractive to you?
2. Would you want him to be the father of your children?
3. Who takes the initiative in making up after quarrels: do you both make up internally as well as externally?
4. Do you have common interests and like to do things together?
5. Has enough time elapsed to make sure you both are in love and not merely infatuated?

6. Do you love him as a person or do you like merely your feeling about him?
7. Are you attracted to him for what he is or for what you read into him?
8. Does he "wear well" with you and your friends?
9. How do you weather a crisis together?
10. Do you feel that, if you "let yourself go" and loved the other person as much as you might, you would become submerged in his personality and lose your individuality?
11. Are you sufficient stimulus for each other when you are together or do you require external stimuli, such as movies, dancing, or a group of people, to prevent boredom?
12. Do you love him in your calmer moments or do you seem to love him only when your "blood pressure rises"?
13. Are you mature enough to tell whether you are in love?
14. Do you love him "faults and all" (noting their significance) or are you holding yourself in check pending his reform?
15. Have you seen him in enough different types of situations and observed enough different facets of his personality to tell?
16. To what extent do you feel identified with him?
17. How much do you think of his welfare and happiness?
18. Have these questions put you on the defensive, as if you were afraid they would undermine something not fully secure?

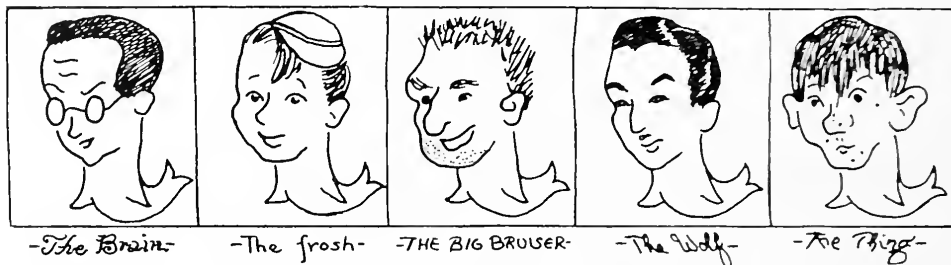
Questions taken from Bowman's, "Marriage For Moderns."

This article is merely an eye-opener to a few of the problems involved in marriage. For a fuller study, make use of the literature in the library by such authors as Groves, Baber, Bowman, and Burgess, and also the "Good Housekeeping Marriage Book." These books are meant to be read, not to gather dust.



BUT MAMM, HE INSISTED UPON A
HAIRCUT LIKE HIS FATHER'S!

THE OLD OAK PRESENTS — A Fish Tale



KNOW HIM BY

His pipe, his near-sighted pre-occupation, and his (he thinks) interesting pallor.

A look of artless innocence, and a tendency to blush.

You can't miss him. He stands out in a crowd. And how!

The cocked eyebrow, the glass in hand, the speculative leer.

A green suit, a low tie, and an Adam's apple.

HIS LINE

You're the first girl he's ever met he can really talk to.

You remind him of his girl back-home.

If he hadn't slipped on the twenty-five-yard line, he'da moldered 'em.

Underneath your veneer you're frightfully unhappy, aren't you?

D'ya utterbug?

HIS TECHNIQUE

Your little hand is like a lily.

Well, he's in college for knowledge.

Take along your shin-guards.

His technique? Ah . . . His technique!

A bud in the hand is worth two in the bush.

TO HOOK HIM

Bone up on T. S. Eliot.

Give him the good old line. He won't know the difference.

Vitamin pills will keep up your strength.

A light line, a sharp hook — He's slippery as an eel.

Do you want him?

"No Negro Ever Killed Himself - - -"

LUCIE WOOD, '49

Moses sat on the doorstep nodding in the sun. Its beams penetrated his clothes and warmed his old bones. A friendly bee buzzed by and he shook him off half in his sleep. The bee persisted in his attentions and Moses roused himself to grab at him with one of his gnarled hands. Awake now, he looked around drowsily.

Funny, he'd been dreaming that he was sitting there in the sun—him and Priscilla; didn't seem right not to see her sittin' there talkin' 'bout the chickens or somethin'. She was always thinkin' 'bout those chickens—it still kinda hurt him to look over there at the coops. Old Bob, the big red thing, sittin' up crowin' his head off right now and 'scortin' himself 'round the hens.

Couldn't help feelin' good lookin' at that land—been fifty years near-about since Miss Julia give him and Priscilla that land when they was married. They hadn't been no common Negroes—Priscilla had used to be Miss Julia's own maid. Him and Priscilla kep' the land she give 'em good too. Ain't never had to go on relief or to the po' house like a lot of them other Negroes—they won't no beggars, they was free and could look after themselves—might as well be dead as have to have somebody give you everything you et and wore. Ain't never had no trouble but once when Jim died. Him an' Priscilla had sent him to the hospital 'cause Dr. Lewis said t'won't no other chance a'tall. They'd had to borrow

money then from Mars Matt. He was s'pose to take the place if he didn't pay in a special time—that was just for business, Mars Matt said. And him and Priscilla done gotten it paid just 'fo she died. Mighty nice of Mars Matt to do that fo' him. He won't none of Miss Julia's folks 'cause they dead long ago, but he sho' was nice to him anyway.

Moses raised his head attentively. Sounded like a car comin'. Don't know who that could be—been many a long day since anybody tried to make it over that road. Moses rose slowly as a long black car came in sight. It groaned a little as it struggled over the ruts. Moses squinted and recognized Mars Matt.

"Well, ain't this, nice," he mumbled, "Evenin' Mars Matt. Sho' is kind of you to come here an' see me."

"How are you, Uncle Moses? I was just down this way and I thought I'd stop by and bring you some fruit. Found some in town yesterday that looked mighty good and I remembered you were just like a child about oranges."

"Lor' bless you Mars Matt. You sho' has been good to me. Ain't none of you all could been no nicer to me."

"Well, you know kindness begets kindness, Uncle Moses. You've been one of the best colored people around here," Matt said with a smile. "How have you been lately? Is everything going all right?"

(Continued on page 14)

Dat Ole Time Religion

JEAN HAZLEHURST, '47

The day was a beautiful one, but the weather became less significant as my travelling companions, the Lees, said, "Of course, you realize that Pine Grove Hollow, where St. George's Mission, with its famous Deaconess Hutton, is situated, is the neighbor of Cabin Hollow. You remember that that was the spot where the government surveyors of the Skyline Drive found three inhabiting families retrogressed to the primitive stage of crawling on all fours. Thus your three hundred mountain folk are not highly advanced intellectually—but enough so as to be on the alert for revenuers! Until quite recently, every car was stopped by a mountaineer and his trusty rifle with, 'Whar ye gein'? How long ye gonna stay? 'N why?' The rifle is still trusty."

I soon forgot my uneasiness as we drove up the insignificant, narrow road between the mountain heights to the church and mission built from local natural rock by the communicants. "Deaconess" greeted me with her unforgettable smile, and with a twinkle in her eye immediately warned, "Always leave this hoe on the porch, for snakes are quite numerous inside and out, this time of year." Oh, for the mice of Gray and the "varmints" of Carson, I thought.

The following morning my fears returned as I walked into the grocery, a stranger. I've never explained my presence more rapidly, for as I entered the storekeeper reached behind the counter to a shelf exactly rifle-length.

In the two short weeks I marked among these people, I saw in practice the so-

called Sunday-School and pulpit theories of Christian living. Deaconess had transformed a community of feuds, moon-shining, prostitution, illiteracy, and superstition, into one of peaceful, law-abiding co-operation and laughter with *real* homes sending their children to school with the Church bell ringing forth to unify and guide. To do this, she had first to gain their confidence and respect. When the people saw the little kindnesses and the seemingly impossible feats she would do for them in spite of her paralysed limbs, they knew what she symbolized was meaningful; love for her is now in the hearts of all who know her, even those who have not yet been brought inside the portals of the Church. When a "miserable failure" discovers her by his bedside after she has crawled, pushed, and pulled herself up a narrow, dangerously rotten stairway, he is on his way to recovery. No hour is too late or too early, no mountain pass too steep or rocky to prevent her from searching for a wayward husband at the request of his frantic wife; nor is she ever too tired or busy to paint a bumped knee or hear the joys and sorrows of a new-woman of sixteen.

One of the best illustrations of how the Deaconess has given to others the spirit of Jesus' teachings occurred soon after I arrived. Deaconess casually mentioned one morning while giving some medical aid to a neighbor how difficult it was to get milk. By noon we were afraid to go out of the back door for fear of finding two more quarts of fresh milk. The news had spread like fire in dry rubble from house

Evolution to a Woman

ERNESTINE BANKER, '47

I am a stray whisp of wind, wandering amidst the brick and columned buildings; I touch each corner as I pass, I run my hand along the edges, I tip the tree tops and whiff of the blossoms, then bend to the violets, cool and waiting at my feet. I embrace each patch of sunlight. I run

into
my
room . . .

I look into my mirror. My hair is lovely: a chestnut brown, a silken gold, a burnished crown; my shoulders are creamy and soft, and blue falls in waves of net around me; I dance on the tip of my toes to streams of violined music. They applaud and I dance on and on—over the marble floor, over the clouds, over

the
white
stone
steps . . .

I enter as I have entered doors before, swinging them shut, swinging them open; I look around, I run my finger along the bindings. I count the minutes, I swing the door; I count the minutes, I swing the door; then slow-ly I start to dig, dig, no longer strive to sink; I taste a craving, I learn of the continuous, of the infinite. I seek

every
day
'til
night . . .

I count the stars in heaven, I laugh into his eyes, I look up at the moon, I hold his hand and walk and dream. I count the stars, I kiss him softly, and it lingers on; I press a dew drop and the liquid runs over my fingers, I press another and absorb the moisture, then feel a growing warmth, overwhelming us in its glow, and I wonder where it lay hidden so guiltily until now. We count the stars until

morning
chores
are waiting. . . .

I am a peasant woman digging into the soil, fingering the everlasting earth, turning the covered clods up into the light. I am a woman waving to my husband plowing on a hill. I stand up in the sunlight and the winds blow my skirt against my knees. I smile as I walk toward the house. I am a peasant.

I am only a young girl
sitting
at my
desk.

“Spicy Romances,” Here I Come

ANN EDENS, '49

Ladies' magazines, you're wonderful! I just bought the current issue of the "Homemaker's Little Helper," which is known fondly to its coterie of readers as "Help!"; rifling through its pages in feverish anticipation, I discovered a Blue Ribbon Story, a Red Ribbon Story, a runner-up, a short novel, a novelette, a short novelette, a sprinkling of short stories, a short short story, and a couple of long, drawn-out continued stories. I was in my element. Ignoring such articles as how to make oyster souffles, or how to bring up a housefull of young wahoos—the usual bunkum which enables the women's periodicals to call themselves "homey," I studied intently the selection of stories, wondering where to begin.

I was at a loss. I was strongly tempted to the novelette, whose illustrations featured a boy and a girl entangled in a passionate clinch. On the other hand, a short story entitled "Cassandra" intrigued me. Its blurb announced in bold 14 point English type: "This story is not for people who are easily disillusioned, for we guarantee that if you read it, you will never forget it . . ." However, I had been keeping up with "The Joneses," a three-part thriller, so I licked my chops and hungrily digested said serial. I suffered right along with Daphne Whetstone, the heroine, who thought she was purposely being driven insane by a shell-shocked veteran who said he was her husband. At the end of the installment, I left a per-

plexed Daphne, who had never indulged in matrimony, feeling herself strangely drawn to the dark-eyed impostor. Then I turned to "Cassandra." I was disappointed as well as disillusioned because it was not as disillusioning as it had been advertised. I quickly forgot it.

"Forever Juniper" was next: it dealt with a whimsical lass named Janey whose equally whimsical cat — Juniper (who else?) — succeeded in snaring her a beau by having kittens in a serious-minded young veteran's hen-house. The veteran was an up-and-coming butter and egg man, and he and Janey lived happily ever after, raising butter and eggs and Juniper's offspring.

In the three succeeding short stories, the heroine's names were Leslie, Sidney, and Bill, "short for Williamette," the author explained cutely, "which Bill *abhorred*." I liked Bill better than Leslie and Sidney. She was a lanky witch of a girl who wore her shining Bronze hair carelessly done up in a functional chignon created by Fromage, her favorite hairdresser. Throughout the action of the story, she was hustled back and forth from the arms of Fromage (business, of course) to the thoughtful caresses of Milo Tapgood, a veteran. A veteran playboy, that is. "Do you think it's going to rain, mon cher?" Bill would moan huskily into the well shaped ears of Milo. It's a sad heroine who can't moan huskily, or at least give out with a throaty murmur once in a while . . .

Night Express

MARY FRANCES WOOD, '47

I
On and on
Through the night
Rushing, roaring,
Thing of night.

II
In the coach
Life unfolds
Rushing, roaring,
Awesome sight.

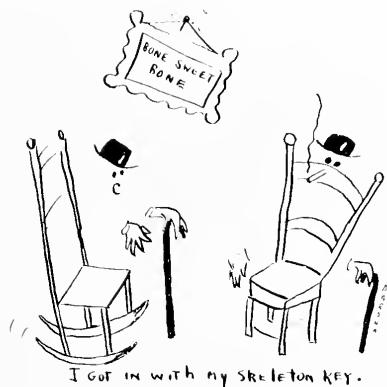
III
One young wife
Whose soldier waits
Rushing, roaring,
Sheer delight.

IV
Drunken sailor
Leave withheld
Rushing, roaring,
Is it right?

V
That young girl
Run from home
Rushing, roaring,
Life to blight.

VI
Race with death
Silent foe
Rushing, roaring,
'Tis God's might.

VII
Lovers sleep
Life complete
Rushing, roaring,
All is right.



"NO NEGRO EVER KILLED HIMSELF - - -"

(Continued from page 70)

"Yes suh. Couldn't be no better 'less some my old friends was livin'. I'se the only one lef' now. But the young ones is mighty good to me. You know I always was right handy 'bout the house and Mr. Dick Clark's daughter, she fixes me bread and little things and comes and cleans up for me. I got my chickens and garden. I makes out pretty good. Don't want for nothin' 'cept I wish I could read my Bible. Priscilla used to read it to me but I can't read you know, Mars Matt, and I does miss it. Sometimes have a hard time remembering it, too."

"Well, I'm glad you are fairly comfortable, Uncle Moses," Matt broke in. "By the way do you have that paper I gave you last time? There's something in it I should like to see."

"Yes suh, I gots it in my box," Moses answered quickly. "Thas' all right tho', suh. You said t'was all paid."

Moses shuffled into the house and returned with a sheet of paper. Here t'is, Mars Matt, jus' like you give it to me."

Matt glanced over it, then looked more carefully and frowned. At last he spoke slowly, "Uncle Moses, there was a mistake when I figured this."

"What you mean Mars Matt? You said t'was all right?"

"I know, Moses, but there was a mistake. I figured this wrong. You still owe me a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars, Mars Matt! I ain't got it! I ain't got but ten dollars to my name," Moses cried feebly, his face ashen.

"Is there any place you can get it, Uncle Moses? It's the law that I have to have it, you know."

"No suh. T'ain't no place, Mars Matt. No place a'tall."

"Well, if you don't have it Moses, there's not but one thing I can do and that is take the place. It says so here and after all I can't go around evading the law just because I feel sorry for you. If those cannery people who want this land knew I did that it would get me in bad trouble. It looks like somebody around here would take you in. If they won't just think of how well off you'd be at the poor house. They'll feed you and read to you and you'll be with people your own age."

Moses had begun to shake. "No Mars Matt! Please suh! Don't make me leave. Me and Priscilla done worked so here. Ain't never done no harm. I ain't got much longer and I can't be 'pendant on no po' house. It would kill me, Mars Matt. I'd die fo' I'd be any trash goin' to a po' house. It would kill me, Mars Matt. I'd die fo' I'd be any trash goin' to a po' house."

Matt broke in harshly. "No Negro has ever killed himself yet, Uncle Moses, and you wouldn't kill a fly much less yourself. To-day is Saturday, so I'll expect you to be moved out by Monday morning." With that he got in his car and roared off.

Moses turned slowly and sank down on the step. His limbs were leaden. Two things filled his mind—he was losing his house and Mars Matt won't his friend. Nobody no more—Mars Matt won't his friend. T'won't nothin' left. The big red rooster crowed and Moses still sat on. Nothin' left—goin' to be a trash Negro goin' to the po' house. T'won't no use livin'. The sun sank behind the trees and a chilly breeze sighed through the branches. Moses rose stiffly and started toward the woods. He couldn't go back in the house where him and Priscilla had been happy. T'won't nothin' to live for, his friends and Priscilla was gone. His place was goin'! The po' house—Moses

Outstanding Americans Quiz

Below are the names of twenty-five well-known American men and women. Can you match each with his occupation or interest? Each answer right gives you four points. A score of 60 is fair; around

70, you're brighter than most; and 80 or above—you're really up-to-the-minute and aware of what's going on in the world! For answers see page 25.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 1. David Lilienthal | a. Outstanding woman reporter for the <i>New York Times</i> . |
| 2. Tina Leser | b. Modern American composer whose music "has the personal quality of the human voice." |
| 3. John Snyder | c. Missouri-born newspaperman; founder of Federal Union, a plan for uniting the democracies of the world; author of <i>Union Now</i> and <i>Union Now with Britain</i> . |
| 4. Leonard Bernstein | d. Choreographer who planned the American folk ballets for <i>Oklahoma!</i> , <i>Bloomer Girl</i> , and other Broadway shows. |
| 5. Georgia O'Keeffe | e. Secretary of the Treasury. |
| 6. John Foster Dulles | f. Designer of women's headgear. |
| 7. Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson | g. Metropolitan contralto of colossal proportions. |
| 8. Margaret Webster | h. Former governor of Minnesota; U. S. delegate to the San Francisco Conference; possible Republican candidate for President in 1948; noted for progressive Republican policy. |
| 9. Carroll Reece | i. New and very young editor of the <i>New York Herald Tribune</i> . |
| 10. Anne O'Hare McCormick | j. Director of Shakespearean plays; recently founded a new repertoire theater on Broadway together with Eva Le Gallienne and Cheryl Crawford. |
| 11. Harold Stassen | k. Chairman civilian Atomic Development Commission; former chairman of TVA. |
| 12. Aaron Copland | l. Plays the lead in the production of <i>Cyrano de Bergerac</i> now on Broadway. |
| 13. Helen Traubel | m. Layman active in the Federal Council of Churches and the International Council of Churches; was head of the inter-church committee to study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace. |
| 14. Jose Ferrer | n. Native American conductor and composer. |
| 15. Whitelaw Reid | o. American artist; interested in movements to bring art closer to the American people. |
| 16. Ruth Gordon | p. Humorist; editor; publisher of The Modern Library and head of Random House; author of <i>Try and Stop Me</i> . |
| 17. W. Averell Harriman | q. Negro president of Howard University, only Negro University in America; working now with UNESCO. |
| 18. Frank Lloyd Wright | r. Actress who wrote the current Broadway show, <i>Years Ago</i> , an autobiographical play. |
| 19. Robert Hillier | s. Connoisseur of Southern beauty. |
| 20. Bennett Cerf | t. Author of <i>Forever Amber</i> . |
| 21. Eugene O'Neill | u. Secretary of Commerce; wartime ambassador to Soviet Russia; later ambassador to Court of St. James. |
| 22. Agnus DeMille | v. American architect noteworthy for his startling and imaginative buildings, his utilization of modern engineering developments, his belief that architecture is a powerful instrument of social progress as a means of bringing about radical changes in man's living habits. |
| 23. Clarence K. Streit | w. American playwright who has just returned to Broadway, after some years' absence, with his plays <i>The Iceman Cometh</i> and <i>A Moon for the Misbegotten</i> . |
| 24. Sam Frey | x. Noted American poet; Pulitzer Prize winner. |
| 25. Kathleen Windsor | y. Chairman of the Republican National Committee. |

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"NO NEGRO EVER KILLED HIMSELF ---"

goin' to the po' house! Dried twigs snapped biting at his face. The hoot owl called mournfully. There was a throbbing in his head—rather be dead—nobody left, nothin'—die 'fo I be a trash Negro—die! Wouldn't be no trash Negro—be with Priscilla again. 'Twas so dark though. There, the owl cried again, mourning, and Moses trembled. Then he stepped unsteadily on the green slime. There was no sound as the muddy water flowed stealthily over him, pushing his old body down; all over. Peaceful, like the swamp.

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Bobbie Brooks

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•

SYNDER & BERMAN

Lynchburg, Va.

to house that Deaconess had no milk. Each woman wanted to help. One by one they came after morning and evening milking to bring two quarts. They would never understand the refusal of even one bottle, so we drank milk, and more milk, made custards; and still more milk came. We almost adapted the Hollywood milk bath to our plight in these mountains where shoes are a real luxury.

Truly my stay is one of my most cherished memories, one of real inspiration. I, who had always revelled in the flat land of western Tennessee, found myself taking in as much of the Blue Ridge as possible as I reluctantly left, with the sound of "Jesus Loves Me," in as many keys as there were voices, rising above the pump organ in the Church to sound down in the hollow.

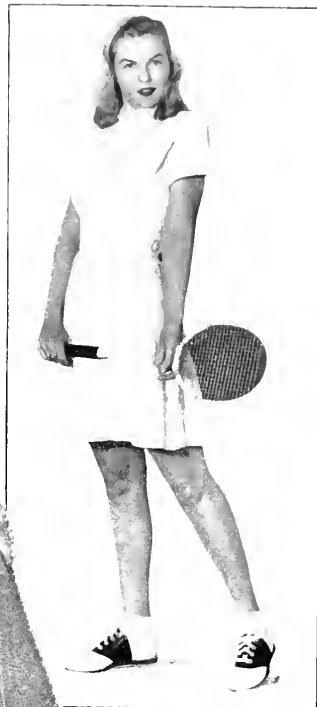
EXCLUSIVES

FOR

PLAYTIME



By Tina Leser



By Tina Leser



Suit by Brigance



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"ALMAY NON-ALLERGIC COSMETICS"

"SPICY ROMANCES." HERE I COME

By Bill Bottomsley

I just wish that Bill could have arranged a rendezvous with Eric Bottomsley, the suave diplomat-hero of "Destination—Kennebunkport." They would have made a handsome couple. Ah, Eric of the flashing white teeth and the flashing hand-painted necktie which glowed. "Vote for Hot-Shot Bottomsley" in the dark. *Bill* would not have let him accept bribes and go to the dogs as did Monica Enescu, the two-timing, hard-boiled, half-breed baggage in the piece. But then, in short stories, things don't turn out so well as a jeté by Danilova. The trend of the writers for women's magazines is realism—stark, bare, ruthless. I eat it up!! Quick, somebody, pass me the new "Spicy Romances!"

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Rugs, and Draperies
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and ELEANOR POTTS

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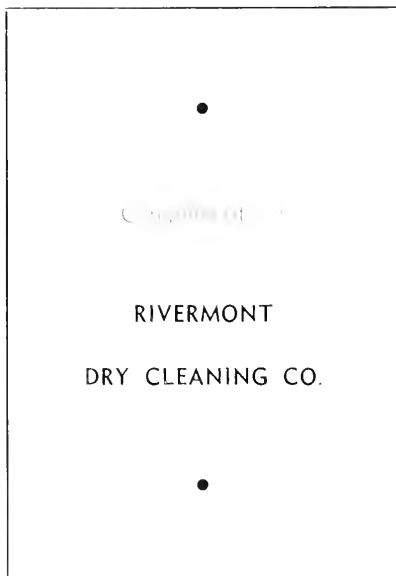
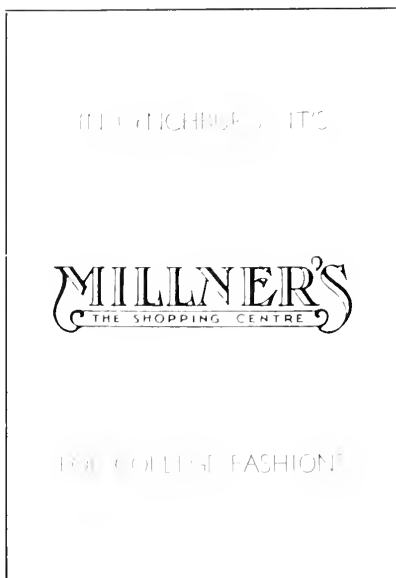
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A WOMAN'S SCORN

Well I'm not the girl to be bossed around as his mother knows only too well. So when Bill says, "Mrs. Woodward this is Miss Higgins." I respond, "O hello Mrs. Woodward, ain't I seen you somewhere?"

I thought young Mr. Bixby was going to have a heart attack as I could see him turning lavender. However before anybody said anything Lt. Cadwallader had asked me to dance and we was whirling across the floor so I do not know what was said thereafter, only when we returned to the table Bill was back to normal and Mrs. Woodward had left although she parked herself where she could make faces behind our backs.

When we sat down, the Lt. says, "Well Bill I guess you have got yourself a torch."

"Yes I guess so," says Bill smiling at me.

Well Diary I have not wrote to Bobby in sometime so shall go now.

Fri., Mar. 2

Dear Diary—

This morning at nine minutes to ten the bell rings and who should be there but Lt. Cadwallader.

"I come to see Mrs. Bixby," he says. Well this is the day she spends at Red Cross and both Mr. B.'s had left to work and the brat had went to school so there was nobody home as Mrs. Harding sleeps all morning.

"Will you wait?" I says not cracking a smile.

"You bet," he says and walks into the library so I knew he was a old hand at the house. Well I went on cleaning up the hall when all at once I hear this voice

"Hay I've wrote your name all over the furniture in here." I went in and sure enough there was my name on the table tops and radio and everywhere wrote by his finger in the dust. Well there was nothing to do but wipe it off and dusting is one job you can't start without finishing so, as the library is a big room, there I was alone with Lt. Cadwallader for sometime.

"Say," he says, "Why do you stick to a job like this?"

"I don't want to be in the movies," I respond thinking it was the old line.

He laughed and says, "No," he says, "what I mean is how is it going to look me taking out the Bixby's waitress?"

"Well," I says, "it is going to look better than taking out the Bixby's cook, who is a nigger. But what I would be more worried about if I was you," I says, "is how is it going to look you taking out young Mr. Bixby's girl?"

He laughed and says, "O Ray and I are just old friends." Well I did not see what she had to do with the conversation but supposing it was a joke laughed also.

Then he says, "Well why don't you at least try a defense plant?"

"Listen," I respond, "I am not that patriotic." Then I explained how I did not need a job only on account of Bobby, who was afraid I'd get into trouble.

"Yes," says the Lt., "you are a very pretty girl."

Well I'm not the girl to have my head turned and besides I've heard a lot better lines than that but you can see this fella means business and young Mr. Bixby if he's wise will look out.

Mon., Mar. 5

Dear Diary—

Lt. Cadwallader was here to dinner tonight but he did not get the chance to talk

(Continued on next page)

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to me. He gets about the same fuss made of him as Ray Waters does but him I can see why. He is quite a man and between him and young Mr. Bixby it is hard not to be unfaithful to Bobby.

Sun., Mar. 11

Dear Diary—

Well there have been two engagements in this family today although I don't know why I say this family, as I mean that family for I have given the Bixby's the air. This morning I pick up the paper and seen in large letters on the society page "Bixby—Waters" which means young Mr. Bixby is going to marry that Ray woman. Well you can imagine I was near purple not being told by any member of the family and all the time me going out evenings with Bill and him acting so cow-eyed. And which is worse Lt. Cadwalader. I could of died. Only as it turned out I am not the girl to be deceived. I right away sat down and wrote to Bobby announcing our engagement and saying, "Bobby I am tired of being a good girl. You will have to marry me quick less I am unfaithful to you." So tomorrow I am leaving for Kansas where he is stationed.

Yes this has indeed been a big day for several people. Mrs. Bixby was having



**KELLER
AND
GEORGE**

the Waters and Ray to dinner and I took the chance when I was supposed to say it was served to instead say I was leaving. I wore my best black suit and carried my genuine leather suitcase. I must of looked like Lana Turner. Anyway I felt like Betty Davis standing in the doorway making what you would call a surprise ending for some people at least.

"Mrs. Bixby," I begun, "I am too bored here and anyway I am leaving tomorrow to get married to a army officer." Bobby is a sergeant, which is the highest non-com officer you can be. "However," I went on, "before I go I would like to do you a good turn and tell you the next waitress you get make sure she is different than me in one way and like me in another. Make sure you don't get a pretty one and make sure she is a honest and upright character as there are many temptations in this house. Mrs. Bixby," I says, "I feel you ought to know. I have been dated by your son and one time when I was serving your husband he pinched me." Well Diary of course he never did as I am not the girl to stand for that but which is just as bad he always looked as though he wanted to.

(Continued on next page)

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So with that I left the Bixby house mid much excitement and sometime when Bobby and I are in the city we will go to the Tiger Room and maybe see young Mr. Bixby and Ray his ugly wife. I hope we do as then I will snub them and Lt. Cadwallader too if I see him and I will of had my revenge.

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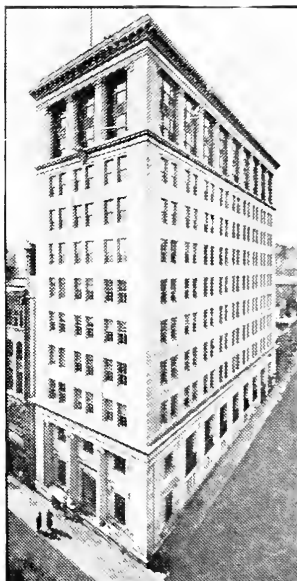
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TOWARD ONE WORLD OF KNOWLEDGE—

"Sweet Briar is a liberal arts college." When you read that in the catalogue, did it occur to you that the extent of human knowledge is so vast that no one can assimilate all there is to know as Aristotle did in ancient times? Yet, by enrolling in a liberal arts college you admitted that you desired to understand the growing complexities of modern life: for you had chosen the road to integration rather than to specialization.

The ideal product of a liberal arts college should be a student gifted with mental poise in any field of knowledge when she has finished her four year training. The group requirements, which are so often criticized as another sign of faculty domination are vital because they serve as a guide to the immature mind which might not otherwise realize the necessity of studying and then coordinating all fields of knowledge; for all is one.

A liberal arts college must stress the idea that all is one. Man has arbitrarily divided knowledge into particular fields to be able more easily to analyze the complex universe. At Sweet Briar we are taught phases of all knowledge. That in itself is to be commended; but the fact that this material is never integrated properly is to be condoned.

Each field of study presents the student with a set of supposedly integrated concepts with which to observe, to understand, and to formulate ideas for controlling the world with which she comes in contact. The economist teaches the student to approach the study of such a phenomena as war from an economic point of view; the sociologist, from a sociological point of view; the government professor, from a governmental point of view. Even religion, philosophy and social psychology delve into aspects of the subject. Each field gives only a partial account of the picture and no where are the parts so integrated that all the knowledge available on a subject may be integrated into a *comprehensive* picture of the large problem, war.

Without specialization, knowledge would be superficial. Yet, specialization often costs the perception of the unity of knowledge. We are not saying that knowledge should not be studied by diverse approaches and that students should not learn these approaches. We are saying that students are prone to pigeon-hole their knowledge under the present method of learning. Each student studies a course and then wraps it into a neat little package—in her head labelled "Unwrap for religion" or "Do not open until psychology class."

Interdepartmental majors, science seminars and so forth have tried to break down the barriers between fields of knowledge and courses within a field. But they in themselves have not been the answer to the need for certain courses to be organized in a manner that will help the student untie the neat little packages within her head so that their contents may overlap and merge to form an integrated approach to personal and social problems.

When a junior was heard to remark that she could not use material she had learned in American government on an international politics test because she felt as though she were cheating, the need for integration of our knowledge is made startling clear. Let us hope that courses which teach us *how* to integrate will become a part of the Sweet Briar curriculum, as well as courses dealing with integrated material.

—S. A. McM.

The Trial in Her Mind

MARGARET MUNNERLYN, '47

She read the closing paragraph again. "Your age must solve the crisis of all civilization. Will the wheels of history keep turning in the direction of power and force and final destruction, or will they in your century find a new path for peace? The greatest chapter of the human mind is yours."

The girl looked up from her book. She removed her glasses and placed them on the chair beside her. She blinked once—and then again. Slowly she closed her eyes.

Her young troubled mind became the stage for the play "Of Peace." She played the leading role, The Inquisitive. The other player was The Wise One. As the curtain went up the characters stepped out upon the stage, and the trial began.

The Inquisitive (defending herself): We seek peace in my century. At this moment the statesmen are around the conference table trying to solve this crisis of civilization.

The Wise One: Yes, the statesmen are working and the people are working, but social peace cannot be obtained without the only real peace—peace of mind. A better world can never be fashioned by men and women immature, deformed by their own selfishness and pride. No society of security can come so long as individuals like you and I are economically and spiritually insecure.

The Inquisitive: But how do we obtain peace of mind? It cannot be through fame, I know. I wonder—Can one ex-

perience it listening to a symphony on Sunday afternoon, by falling in love . . . or perhaps dancing with champagne? I really cannot believe that any of these confer the peace of mind of which you speak. Where do we find it?

The Wise One: We shall find it within—within ourselves.

The Inquisitive: But how? How do we find it?

The Wise One: We can only find it by beginning from within. This is certainly not a new idea, surely it's not mine. It's been known for centuries. Recently a Jewish Rabbi has written a book which he entitled *Peace of Mind*: Matthew Arnold wrote a poem, *Empedocles on Etna*, in which the Greek philosopher gazing down upon the troubled world declares,

*We would have inward peace
But will not look within.*

The Inquisitive: Recall that the Psalmists say: Lord heap worldly gifts at the feet of foolish men. But on my head pour the water of serenity. Give me the untroubled, calm and peaceful mind.

The Wise One: We, as Human beings can so easily convince ourselves that we have happiness and security. It is so easy in our world of ten cent stores and "through trains." All the material things at hand if we have the change at our fingertips. But, if we really look within and examine our lives, what do we find? Is there a real purpose, a real meaning in life or is there only frustration?

The Inquisitive: Even I, kind sir, realize that there are in this world so many people, youth and adults alike, who are frustrated and corroded by desires and limitations. I've always wondered why and how and even when.

The Wise One: I have read a passage in a book which has helped me and many men like me in thinking. Let me pass it on to you. Perhaps it will answer your question. "Man identifies himself, as we say with what he loves most. Where a man's treasure is, there is his heart also. If then, he loves the wrong things most, or the right things in the wrong way, frustration is inevitable."

The Inquisitive One: But what exactly does that mean for us?

The Wise One: And so it means if we center our lives around a purpose in life, the years ahead will not be ones of endless frustration. Each activity can be related to a central theme or a central purpose. I know you have heard "Integrate your study and your work." That integration is for a purpose.

The Inquisitive: But then I may ask how can we achieve a purpose. Where do we find it? How can we construct a starting point of life? People have tried for ages; men have searched for it all their lives. Thousands of people like you and I continue to search today.

The Wise One: It is a simple answer but not a simple task. You can find your purpose by adjusting your desires to the will of God.

The Inquisitive: I am just as bewildered as before . . . What is the will of God and how can we know this?

The Wise One: The first step in such a process is admitting our own limitations. We cannot know all of God's will, for as Nietzsche has said, "The Realm of Values is an infinite sea and no man can

fully cross it." And so it is with God. God's mind is just as infinite and we can only know a part of his will.

The Inquisitive: And then?

The Wise One: And then adjusting our will to as much as we know of God's will is trying the very best we can, using the capabilities God has given us, to live a good life in our own society. Jesus has shown us that man can live perfectly under God's will. There is nothing unique about Christianity, but Jesus is unique in Christianity.

The Inquisitive: Then if one considers God as a central current of activity or a central reality in the scheme of things, adjusting our desires to His will can be identifying ourselves with this central current.

The Wise One: That is a very realistic way to express exactly this. Combining our purpose with His purpose cannot be achieved by sitting where we are. We have to get off one train and get on another. In the act you know as salvation we must meet God half way. And so it is with this. We must reorient our own lives. It is not going to come by just a little more thought on the subject. Action is necessary.

The Inquisitive: I know I have heard that very often in our lives we battle headwinds. If our lives were touching this current of God how much easier our task. Mother used to say that each little death of life would be my practice in dying. Each little set back or sorrow of life would be a sign post along the way to my maturity.

The Wise One (gazing into her bright eyes, he smiled and sighed): Yes, Yes.

The Inquisitive: But isn't it the most difficult task in the world to realize our purpose in life—even if we have found it?

First Person, Present Tense

JOAN LITTLEFORD, '47

LOUISE SEVIER CURRY, '49

Eduard Herriot once remarked that "to disarm" was a verb which had no first person and only a future tense. This definition of disarmament has, unfortunately, long been applicable to the policies of the nations of the world. It is essential that disarmament acquire a first person present if international security is to be achieved, and disarmament is inseparably linked with atomic control.

Recently Russia has given in to the United States' pressure on two of the most important issues on control of atomic energy. As opposed to her stand last fall, Russia has agreed with the United States that the atomic bomb must be outlawed by international agreement, and that there must be some system of international inspection and international authority to punish violators. This represents a big step forward in cooperation, but there are still vital differences which must be resolved before any real basis for security can be reached.

The first of these disputed issues is that of timing. The United States believes that the existing bombs and the "know-how" of production should be surrendered only after the system of international control, inspection, and punishment of violators has been set up. Russia, on the other hand, demands first the outlawing of the atom bomb, and only then the establishment of international controls.

The charge that the plants at Oak Ridge and elsewhere are still turning out atomic bombs has never been denied. Why

is this so? If the United States believes in disarmament for security (and armament has certainly proved that it is not conducive to security and peace), then our first step should be to cease making bombs; or, if production has already ceased, to issue an official statement to that effect. If science will benefit by another Bikini experiment, then a bomb might be delegated to this cause, but the remainder should be destroyed. This is the only way that we can express our confidence in international control and at the same time convince other nations of our own good faith.

The second area of disagreement arises over the question of international inspection control and the veto. The United States feels that it is essential to eliminate the veto in questions of atomic control, whereas Russia is unwilling to sacrifice the great powers' right of veto gained at San Francisco. We are firmly convinced that the United States is justified in taking this particular stand—that the veto should be eliminated in matters as serious as atomic energy control. For no nation has a right to jeopardize the security of the world by a veto.

The disagreement over the punishment of violators also centers around the veto question. The United States believes that the veto must not block punishment of any violator either by the Security Council or by the atomic control agency itself. The U.S.S.R. favors punishment by the Security Council with no change in the present use of the veto. This way of looking

A Year

ISABEL DZUNG, '48

Nina pulled the curtain away from the window. Icicles were hanging down from the roofs of the houses opposite the narrow passage, smoothly covered with thick snow. Only a few foot prints and two thin tracks of a rickshaw had been left earlier in the morning. In Shanghai the patrician and plebian districts interweave, mingling rich and poor, race and sect. Nina Karasov lived in one of the innumerable dingy tenent houses patronized by Irish custom men, Portuguese trademen, Korean spies, Indian policemen, Jewish Jack-of-all-trades, Russian refugees, etc. Nina was a white Russian herself.

"Nina, drop that curtain, you are letting in a draught," expostulated Sophia to her daughter. The wind coming through the warped window was sharp.

"Mother, the snow is knee-deep. It is almost like Russia."

Sophia's mind, for the ten thousandth time returned to her sumptuous house in Imperial Russia. This time of the day, she would have been still in bed, perhaps getting up, head reeling from a gay evening. Sophia had been a society woman: either entertaining or attending receptions, dinner parties and balls. In Moscow the ambition of a social satalite was to inveigle him or herself into Sophia Karasov's guest list. She suddenly felt acutely miserable, having already been put into a temper by the ill-tasting barley coffee at breakfast. Moodily she scanned the second-hand furniture, the mouldy walls, her silent family. At this inopportune moment Tamora, the younger daughter, remarked:

"The snow reminds one of home."

"Indeed not! Home was never like this. Look at this ugly light bulb. At home we had chandeliers. This dreadful straw mat; does it feel like Persian rugs? My rags, ha! your nurses were five times better dressed. . . ." Through the corner of her eye, Sophia looked at her husband who was pretending to read, thinking that she would have liked to add:

"Your father, instead of a helpless, beaten, old pauper, was Count Karasov then." Nina flushed at her raised voice. Tamora frowned; but kept her tone even when she said:

"Please, mother, someone is coming up the stairs. It may be Nina's pupil."

The pupil came in without knocking, leaving the door ajar as she put her fiddle on the table with a thud and took off her overcoat. She was a girl of fourteen, still wearing a short pageboy bob, though large for her age. She was dull and, of course, tedious to teach. But she paid her ten yuens a month regularly—the rent for the three-roomed flat.

Despite five years of residence in the country, Nina had a meagre knowledge of the native dialect. She relied on pantomime in dealing with the peddlers at the market and her few violin pupils. She pointed out the much repeated lesson on the music book, at which the girl started to fumble with the bow and strings. Tamora shivered.

"I cannot endure it." Mumbling in Russian, she left with her knitting. In the

(Continued on page 20)

Dreams

MARIA B. GREGORY, '47

It was just an ordinary looking day, and I was definitely bored with it. I wandered by the P. O. on the way to the Inn for a coke and a cigarette, and was momentarily pleased to see my box was not totally empty. There was a postcard from the News, a bill from Millner's for two pairs of nylons and some toothpaste, yesterday's newspaper, and a letter addressed in an unfamiliar hand to my full baptismal name. I deposited the newspaper in the nearest trash can, filed the card and the bill in my obscurest pocket for future reference, then ordered my coke, said my hellos, and ripped open the letter. It was formal—and somewhat intriguing. It was from somebody named Frank Barnes, who had been on a ship in the Pacific with a cousin of mine. The cousin must definitely have been hard up for conversation, because he mentioned his then-Freshman cousin who was at Sweet Briar. Anyway, this Frank was going South on a business trip and had to stop in Lynchburg, and wondered if I would like to have dinner with him Tuesday week. Then he wrote some rather corny or subtle excuse for asking me—it was a rather cutting remark about my complaints to my cousin about college food. Was he that dumb? Didn't he realize that I had had to fill up my letters with something, and that it was awfully hard writing to an older cousin, especially when it was just to show your friends that you knew a Lieutenant Commander on an aircraft carrier. He was probably going to be mighty dull, especially if he was willing to date a total stranger whom he didn't even know. Why, for all he

knew, I might be inches taller than he, and he might be years older than I! But I'd probably be hungry by then, so why not go? We could eat at the Columns, and then I'd have to study for a test or something. And dates were rare for everyone those days.

I don't remember that day too well now; it was quite some time ago. I must have chatted it over with a few people who alternately sympathized with or claimed to envy me. After all, someone said, he might be a dream. . . .

I don't remember that day.

That day, in its dullness, was right for dreaming, so I, like Thurber's Walter Mittie, completely forgot the Inn, my coke, the—nabs—

We hadn't known each other many months, Frank and I. I couldn't quite visualize his looks, but everyone said that we made a perfect couple; in every way we were each a perfect foil for the other—looks, personality, everything. He must have been wonderful to make up for all my defects. But people said it was a match made in Heaven, and that's just what we thought it was. We were so in love. Goodness! what happened to the boy from Virginia that I was going with? He was the young executive type, very promising. He liked red ties on rainy days, Van Gogh, and Mozart. Naturally, I would stop school in the middle of the semester, before my English term paper was due. The wedding would be very large, and everyone would be there; the reception would be huge. I'd dash up and change to a pink suit (he loved me in pink

and brown together) and then we'd run to where his car was parked. It would be a long blue convertible with the top down . . . I'd get in, and . . .

It was time for the Inn to close, so I alias Walter, returned to reality and faced the prospect of an even duller day on Tuesday.

Amazingly enough, when I look back on it, I forgot all about my cousin's friend when Tuesday came. If it hadn't been for the reference to the Navy in my history assignment, I would never have remembered to have left the libe in time to dress for the date with the great mystery. I dressed hurriedly. He called from the

Info office while I was still in the tub. I grabbed my flat black shoes and the first dress I saw, last year's rose wool. I can't remember too well, but when I first saw Frank, I was somewhat relieved. He wasn't bad looking; on the contrary, he was rather nice looking, the type of looks that grow on anybody—and he was inches taller. I wondered whether he had a taxi waiting; or could he be in a car? I fumbled around at the strangeness of filling out the date slip. Nothing was amazing, or catastrophic, or dreamy.

Then we walked out to where his car was parked—and—it was—a long, blue—convertible—

With the top down.

Conflict in Counterpoint

VIRGINIA MANN, '50

*Fingers strumming on the table,
Criss-crossed sunlight on the pane,
Tangled branches, jerking, yawning,
Twisting in the sunlight stain.*

*Searing, hissing, gasping fire,
Tempest music, shackled flame . . .*

*Long green lawns reach on and on
To pale horizons . . . shame . . .*

*Angles, shadows, shifting prism,
Light, dark, a bursting star . . .*

*Falling fragments, shadows lurk
Where pastel gardens are . . .*

*Fingers clenching, steel-white strength,
Crescendo soaring, cymbal crash!
Long lawns, vanquished, weep pale tears,
The counterpart of victory's ash.*

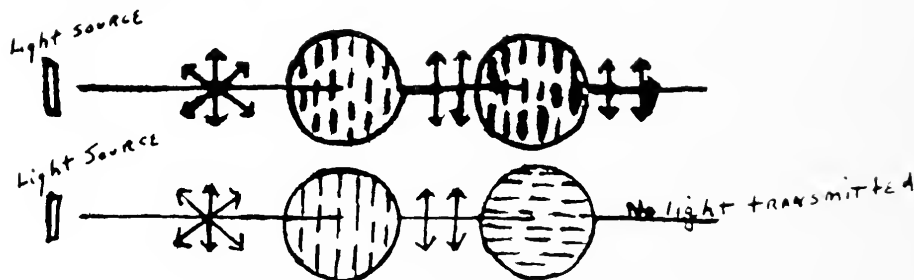
The World of Wonder: Polarized Light

RUTH STREET, '48

ED. NOTE: This is the first of a series of articles intended to bring vital scientific knowledge to the understanding of the lay reader.

Light waves are transverse waves—waves in which there are many vibrations in all directions in a plane perpendicular to the direction of propagation of the wave. They are electric and magnetic in character. Ordinary light radiation, such as we get from the sun or an incandescent lamp bulb, is composed of just such a mixture of vibrations lying in all possible directions crosswise to the beam of light. This type of light is unpolarized light. Polarized light is that light composed of waves in which vibrations in one direction

The unaided eye cannot distinguish between polarized and unpolarized light, and unless we look for them with polarizing filters, we are likely to remain unaware of the many examples of polarized light in nature. In three basic ways nature produces polarized light—by reflection, by scattering, and by double refraction. When a beam of light hits a piece of glass or a body of water or such, at a certain angle, different for each, the reflected light will be polarized. When a piece of calcite is placed on a printed page, letters



predominate over those in all other directions in this plane, crosswise to the source.

Polaroid Glass is a transparent material which lets through only light vibrating in one certain direction, that is, it polarizes the incoming wave. The direction along the glass in which vibrations are transmitted is called the polarizing axis. Figure 1 illustrates the action of such a polarizer. Two polarizers with their axes parallel let through polarized light while two with their axes at right angles extinguish the light.

seen through it appear doubled. Each beam of light entering the crystal is broken up into two beams and both of these beams are polarized. This is the phenomenon of double refraction. And, when sitting in a darkened theater, the path of the projection beam is visible due to light scattered sideways from dust particles in the air. This scattered light is also polarized.

There are countless uses to which polarized light has been put today. Polaroid sun glasses is one of the most common applications. Except for direct sunlight,

Afternoon in March

LUCIE A. WOOD, '49

Wind came rushing across the fields in great gusts. Then it was quiet for a minute while the sun touched the road with warm fingers. Swoops of wind again, screaming wildly through the naked branches, playing happily with the sand in the road, whispering shrilly in the reeds to annoy the croaking frogs. Oh, it was spring again and March — laughing, sweeping all signs of winter away.

Marion drank in the feeling of spring. The wind was in her, sweeping her along, then making her stop for a minute to look around. The grass was still brown from last winter but the wind was brushing new life into it. The trees reached up to the sun and the frogs gurgled happily away in their deep green pools. Mourning doves murmured their limpid calls down by the creek.

Marion scuffed along the road. School had been good that day—she had managed to get through science and math without any very obvious mistakes and English had been wonderful. Miss Campbell had read her theme to the class and said it was very good, especially the last sentence about "courage, loyalty, and purity woven into our flag." Marion smiled to herself — perhaps she really could write someday, a great novel that would tell people what living was all about. She'd tell them what people fourteen years old were like, what they dreamed of and what they wanted.

Marion caught a glimpse of a blue bird in a tree and tried for a minute to think of an apt metaphor. Perhaps something like a bit of the sky fallen down on a branch.

The frogs now, they were the voices of Greek nymphs and urchins in a city street all proclaiming spring.

Ah, this was a day for dreaming, though. To see all the countries of the world — the palaces of India and the slums, Westminster Abbey, Versailles, Shanghai. She must see them all. Such wonders could not exist unless she knew and loved them, too. She would write, she would teach—and all the world would worship her. Or better, she would be a doctor and cure the sick and the blind. She must help people, give them some of the joy that was running over in her, to love the beautiful and want to hold it close.

She turned in the gate and saw her mother out working the flowers. They would soon be up now, ready for summer.

"Oh, what a marvelous day," her mother called. "How was school?"

"Just fine, Mama," Marion smiled. "She liked my theme and I had my math right."

"Well, good. Are you going to stay out now, or going in to practice?" her mother asked.

"Oh, I think I'll play. A day like this puts music in my veins. Just wait, I'll be a pianist yet."

Marion ran in and began to play gaily. She thought of the sands of India and dancing slave girls, of courts and ladies in fine dresses courtseying and smiling over their creamy lace collars to courtly gentlemen. Of slaves singing in low, sweet voices in their tiny cabins.

(Continued on page 32)

Obsolescence

ALBERTA PEW, '49

*rain fell last night
each drop a world replete
lonely damp the puddle formed
with my heart, both obsolete.*

Phoenix

BRANTLEY LAMBERD, '49

*Let soft-blown fields of tall tanned grass
Hinder your stride.
Look skyward!
Be smothered under a bowl
Of deep unclouded blue.
Let lashing winds whip and beat you
Down a hillside.
And your spirit will spring defiant
To the sky.*

One Life

ALBERTA PEW, '49

*Steel-laced box
Again undo thyself
To let me in.
Bright-eyed air
Has been today
Life short lived.
Limits --infinite elasticity
Stretched to burst
The full-blown heart
Now to shatter
Keen-edged slivers
Against thy walls.*

Illusion

ALBERTA PEW, '49

*Golden idol
remote and bloodless
bend they head to a word of praise.
Blind devotion
heat so endless
drown thy embers in a foot of clay.*

Sensitivity

ALBERTA PEW, '49

*Like a snowflake
Crystal life
Infinite white
Hold thy hand upward
Still—thy caress stay
Fleeting purity
Will melt away.*

To Love

ALBERTA PEW, '49

*Urgently
i must ask your silence—
bitter quiet to absorb
each tear.
Calmly
i must ask your absence—
hollow rest to quench
each spark.
Coldly
i must ask your hatred—
still contempt to scar
each dream.
Endlessly
i must ask you to deliver
eternal fugitive—with you—
my being.*

Impressions of Youth

ACHSAH EASTER, '50

*All youth has ideas that are never known;
 To climb the roughest rock,
 The largest hill.
 Crouch, where the locust limbs and heavy hemlock
 Entwine to trap the last slim rays of sun
 Upon the mountainside.
 To laugh, as the wild rip-tide
 Tugs at the thin moon,
 And the bleak breakers
 Crash on the cracked cliff.
 Scream with the storm
 While the green sea flings its foam
 In the face of the wet wind.
 To sleep, deep in a meadow,
 Where the silver stream ripples the gray grass
 Over the quick fish,
 And pale dragonfly hovers on many wings
 Around the bent reeds.
 Dream, while the cool breeze
 Touches your hair with silk fingers
 And sighs in a small voice.
 To cry with the hawk
 Whose young body tips, and slips
 Beneath the black cloud.
 Whose froil feathers flutter defiance
 Before the legions of lightning,
 And hooves of the thunder.
 Whose cry rings clear,
 Like little bronze bells in a lost temple
 And breaks,
 Against the steep rock side of the valley.
 And above all, to sing.
 Sing, and make the tumbling tones
 Of a brown bobolink,
 Who tips on a sharp, purple thistle
 And shakes the cold dew
 From his wet wing,
 As he raises his small head
 To the dawn.*

Campus Correspondence

ED. NOTE: Reprinted from March 1947 *McLennan*

Perhaps the newest aspect of modern education is its emphasis on aiding the handicapped student. Much has been said and done about the education and re-education of the soldier, the veteran. Since Pearl Harbor, the Government has found that 1,500,000 men and women in the civilian population have some disability constituting a barrier to their fullest physical and economic usefulness. This means that for every disabled American soldier there are five disabled American civilians. Through accidents and illness, or from congenital causes, this number increases by 200,000 each year. Returning GI's have not initiated a new problem on our campuses; they are merely re-emphasizing an old one. Their growing numbers, however, have brought about a huge expansion program of college services for the handicapped. The Federal Government and the states have organized jointly to restore handicapped veterans and civilians to the highest possible vocational rehabilitation, and the schools have come through with remarkable ease and speed. Where a single office for a handful of "special" students once served a university's needs, a coordinated system of expert psychological, vocational, educational and medical counseling and a battery of tests have now been set up to aid the veteran. Civilian students are, of course, given the same services.

Syracuse University, for example, now offers routine hearing tests, remedial instruction in lip-reading and corrective

speech, and hearing devices for veterans with service-incurred or -aggravated hearing disabilities. Civilian students also receive these advantages.

Firm in their belief that old methods of segregating the handicapped belong back in the days of Peter Minuit and witch burning, today's colleges expect disabled students to undertake the regular curricular and extracurricular activities with only a few minor adjustments.

At New Jersey College for Women, blind students follow regular courses. In the science field, where there is greatest difficulty, it has been found in recent years that botany is most easily adapted to the blind student's needs. Faculty members have devised special laboratory apparatus geared to the tactile sense. Using trays and rubber tubing as principal properties, professors created a series of experiments which convey through touch what the microscope reveals to seeing students. Sightless students learn to "visualize" plant characteristics by touching enlarged wax models of plant anatomy. Instructors dictate the examination questions asked of the class as a whole, and the blind students type the answers. In cases where drawings are required, the blind student holds the model, naming each of its parts for the instructor. Where an experiment is necessary, blind students describe how it is performed, indicating the apparatus involved and its function. According to the faculty, blind students have rated among the highest in their classes. Grace D. Napier,



THE
POET



THE
DREAMER

THE
REFORMER



THE
IDEALIST



THE
ECLECTIC



THE
MUSICIAN



THE
AMBIGUOUS



THE
REALIST

THE
ER-ER-ER

THE OLD OAK PRESENTS —

The Mirror

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

The little man in the derby hat had just got out of the elevator and was walking along the corridor of the apartment house when he heard the scream. It was a ghastly sound, shrill and horrified, somehow more dreadful because the corridor was so ordinary with its red carpeting and the ivory numbered doors and its airless, musty, apartment house smell. When the scream ended, the man stood, uncertain, and he saw the dark floral pattern on the dirty carpet and thought it was an ugly design, and he looked at a frayed cigar butt in the sand-filled earthen pot by the elevator and felt a sudden wave of nausea. All in a few seconds he saw and felt these things, and then he was running towards a door and jerking the handle, his mouth dry with fear. The door was unlocked and opened noiselessly from a little vestibule. The girl was lying on the floor of the vestibule, on her back, one hand clutching at her throat. She was dead. He saw at once that she was dead. Her face was twisted in an expression of utter terror, the eyes staring open, her mouth still as if she had not yet finished screaming. The man stood and looked at her, feeling nothing now, and behind him people began to push and crowd, and very dimly he heard voices asking and shouting in the corridor, and then a woman began to shriek hysterically.

* * *

Mara Wintersley put the mirror up herself. She put it in the little vestibule that she always called the entrance hall, and

she thought it was very effective. It was an odd mirror, elaborately carved in baroque swirls, and gilt-painted, but the gilt was tarnishing in places. It was an antique, a family heirloom. Carl had told her, and very valuable. "Extremely valuable," he said, and his pointed white teeth had flashed in a strange grim smile. It didn't look it, she thought. It reminded her somehow, rather strangely, of Carl himself. Carl had been her first husband, dark-faced and foreign and strange. She had really known nothing about him except that he had glittering compelling eyes and a curiously cold and furious nature. And there was something about him, something uncanny and repellent, so that Mara when she left him felt that she was stepping back to a world she knew, out of a chill and remote and terrifying age long past.

But she kept the mirror, because it added a touch of the unusual to her apartment, which was very modern, gray and white and chartreuse, and typical somehow of brittle, sophisticated Mara Wintersley and her very cynical, witty, very modern new husband. It was, she told herself, distinctive and —she thumbed over her mental catalogue of smart adjectives—unique.

Noel was wryly humorous about it. "How would you like to come home to the blushing bride and encounter first of all a gloomy gift from a gloomy first husband?"

"Well, after all, darling, it's the only thing I kept of his," said Mara. "And it was practically his only gift anyhow."

And she made a rueful smile while all the cocktail guests laughed appreciatively. They had never liked Carl. "I think he was a zombie or something," Noel used to say, describing the collections of antique books of magic, the treatises he wrote on witchcraft and vampires and ghouls. Mara had tried at first to coax Carl away from his morbid books, away from the great dark mansion to the gay habitats of her friends, but he had merely smiled, the opaque dark eyes inscrutable, his sharp-pointed white teeth flashing. "I want to keep you for myself," he said, "I should want to kill anyone who took you away." But he did not contest the divorce. She was free twelve weeks after they were married, and he even came to her celebration party, bringing the mirror.

"Sort of hail and farewell," Mara explained, "off with the old and on with the new," and she laughed up at Noel. She was tired, a little, from the strain of doing over the apartment. When the guests left, she turned and pushed up a stray curl in front of the mirror, and Noel, hearing her exclamation, asked "Trouble?"

Mara Wintersley laughed. "One drink too many, darling. I thought I saw my good old lawyer leering over my shoulder."

"Always thought I was cut out to be a bartender," he said cheerfully. "Let's go out and get you so you can't see at all." And he tossed her coat over her shoulders and they went out laughing, racing each other down the stairs instead of using the elevator.

In the morning it was Noel who saw the note in the paper about the death of Mara's lawyer. It rather shocked them for a moment, and then Mara giggled and dug into her grapefruit. "I'm psychic, didn't you know?" she said. "Your future, two bits." So Noel laughed too, and she

kissed him goodbye and turned back with a happy little sigh. How nice this was, and how different from Carl's huge gloomy place. She turned to the mirror and rubbed her lipstick in with her little finger. She had always felt helpless around Carl and somehow beaten, as if he knew her most secret thoughts. "You are mine now," he whispered when they were married, "I shall never let you go." Mara Wintersley laughed suddenly, because her lawyer had outwitted Carl so cleverly. And of course the judge had been very sympathetic and lenient. A wonderful old judge with those twinkling wise eyes. Mara Wintersley paused suddenly and looked quickly at the mirror. For an instant she felt that she had seen—but no, of course not. It was the sunlight flashing for a second in the glass on the wall.

She went into the living room, and then because she suddenly felt lonely and a little afraid for no good reason, she turned on the radio very loud as she went about her work. She decided she would not use the glass again.

Noel laughed because she wouldn't use the mirror. "So you called them to come and get it," he mocked. "Just because you were tight and saw it making faces at you!"

"I wasn't tight the next day when I thought I saw the judge's eyes," she said, "and that letter about him today. . . ."

"This is a swell goodbye," Noel said. "He was doddering, darling. On his last legs."

"My lawyer was young."

"He was a good lawyer," drawled Noel, straight-faced. "The good die young." And he dodged the pillow Mara threw at him, and picking her up, he carried her into the vestibule. "Now look and tell Daddy what you see."

"I see a beautiful girl and an idiot by

(Continued on page 30)

Movies Quiz

See if you can match the name of the movie with the character featured in it and the star who played the role. Count 2 points for each correct answer. 80 is a perfect score, anything from 60 to 80 is very good, 40 to 60 fair, below 40, you've flunked this one! Answers on page 33.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| (A) Notorious | (1) Jody Baxter | (a) Clara Rafferty |
| (B) Dark Mirror | (2) Vivian Kenway | (b) Robert Walker |
| (C) The Fountainhead | (3) The Swede | (c) Arletty |
| (D) The Yearling | (4) Mr. Gibbons | (d) Tyrone Power |
| (E) It's a Wonderful Life | (5) Danila | (e) Laraine Day |
| (F) Henry V | (6) Nancy | (f) James Mason |
| (G) The Imperfect Lady | (7) George Bailey | (g) Mikhail Breydakov |
| (H) Till the Clouds Roll By | (8) Ann Garroway | (h) Burt Lancaster |
| (I) The Overlanders | (9) Larry Darrell | (i) Lauren Bacall |
| (J) Brief Encounter | (10) Dominique | (j) Laurence Olivier |
| (K) The Razor's Edge | (11) Terry and Ruth | (k) Katharine Hepburn |
| (L) Notorious Gentleman | (12) Henry | (l) Celia Johnson |
| (M) The Happy Breed | (13) Jerome Keir | (m) Ingrid Bergman |
| (N) The Locket | (14) Alicia Huberman | (n) Edward Newton |
| (O) Stone Flower | (15) Garance | (o) Jimmy Stewart |
| (P) Undercurrent | (16) British Auman | (p) David Niven |
| (Q) The Killers | (17) Johnny McQueen | (q) Rex Harrison |
| (R) Les Enfants du Paradis | (18) Laura Jesson | (r) Teresa Wright |
| (S) Stanway to Heaven | (19) Australian Cattle Driver | (s) Claude Jarman, Jr. |
| (T) Odd Man Out | (20) Millicent Hopkins | (t) Olivia De Havilland |

East River

EMILIE THORNTON, '49

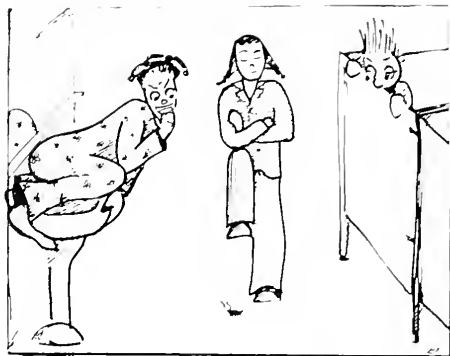
Sholem Asch is well-known to the American public for his two religious novels, *The Nazarene*, and *The Apostle*. In these works he manifests tremendous power in delineating man's conception of his relation to God. From the tragic and momentous scenes of these great books, Sholem Asch now turns his acute perceptions on a much smaller object, New York's 48th street of the early nineteen hundreds. From the life along this minute part of the giant city, he weaves a pattern of rich intricacy, intermingling nationalities, religious, personalities, and purposes, all separate entities in themselves, yet united "by common interest, enforced intimacy and the will to survive."

The 48th street of which he writes is a junk pile of rotting wharves, tenements, and third rate stores, peopled by a bewildering mass of foreign elements. Jew, Catholic, Irish, and Italian faces swarm in and out of doorways, push through the streets, fight for a job, or their religion, or maybe love. But somehow out of this diversity comes a whole, for that was the virtue of 48th street. No matter what your ancestry, your native land, your beliefs—you were an integral part of your neighbor's life, and he of yours. The Jew might hate the Catholic, the Irish hate the Pole, but despite the deep chasms of bitter inbred prejudice, the inhabitants of 48th street "got along," and, indeed, leaned heavily on one another. United in poverty against the capitalists, big business was their hell, Tammany Hall their God.

East River is rich in plot and characterization, but rather than the story itself it is its meaning which interests me. For

Asch probes deep into the problems of modern technological America, problems which have counterparts throughout the world. Through his eyes we see Moshe Wolfe Davidowsky, a pious Hasidic Jew, as he takes into his home his Irish daughter-in-law, and her Catholic grandchild. All the traditions of his faith rebel against this action, yet Moshe Wolfe feels the strong pull of blood ties and family devotion wins out. Moshe's youngest son, Irving, becomes a rich and powerful merchant yet his freely offered help is scorned by his family because Irving has betrayed his family, his ideals and his religion for money, money obtained by the backbreaking toil of the Davidowsky's neighbors. "Davidowsky's Bundles" becomes a term synonymous with pain and sweat, until even Irving's brother, a crippled paralytic, turns against him in public denunciation.

The truthful and devout nature of Moshe Wolfe cry out against the ruthless practices of his son Irving; his Catholic daughter-in-law Mary is torn in two by her church legalities and her devotion to the old man; Irving's abhorrence of poverty fights against his family ties and principle. So it is with every household in the ugly tenements sprawling along the river. Belief against beliefs, hate against hate, race against race. Yet despite the violent, sometimes sail-warping struggle, this heterogeneous mass of humanity live together in comparative peace and accord. Curse and damn each other yes, but harm each other, never. For 48th street, as Sholem Asch knew it, believed in the brotherhood of man. "In so much as ye have done it unto one of them, ye have done it unto me."



THE BRAVE ONE

Be it known to all the folks
I can't help it if you don't grin
The censor always cuts my better jokes
And puts some clean ones in.

"Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?"

"Shocked. He was electrocuted."

He (as his wife is packing): "I really don't think you ought to wear that bathing suit, Helen."

She: "But dear, I have to. You know how strict they are at the beaches."

—The Old Maid.

Professor: Will you girls in the back of the room please stop exchanging notes?

Bonewell: They aren't notes, sir. They are cards. We're playing bridge.

Professor: Oh, I beg your pardon.

Hunter: "How do you detect an elephant?"

Guide: "By the faint odor of peanuts on its breath."

—Too-Do.

"Have you seen Anne's new gown?"

"No. What does it look like?"

"Well, in most places, it looks like Anne."

—Ski-U-Mah.

Thorns And

Wish we had a fifth for bridge.
You don't need a fifth for bridge you dope!

Well, make it a pint then.

—Hayden 5d.

Opposites attract—like tight men and loose women, for instance.

Liquor kills a lot of people. Staying out late kills a lot of people. Smoking kills a lot of people. What the hell kills all those people who live right?

For the fourth time the corporation lawyer conducting the cross-examination led the witness to the accident.

"You say that after the street car passed, the man was seen lying on the ground with his scalp bleeding? Did the car hit him?"

"Naw," exploded the exasperated witness, "the conductor leaned out and hit him as he went by."

—Kitty Kat.



g The Roses

Chinese gardener about to throw fertilizer on his cabbages:

"Dung ho!"

A davenport held the twain.

Fair damsel and her ardent swain:

Headshe.

But then, a step upon the stair!

And father finds them sitting there:

He . . . and . . . she.

—Log.

Alone in the moonlight is more fun if you aren't.

A woman arriving in this country after a short jaunt to Europe came to the customs office on debarking from the steamer.

"Anything to declare, Madam?" asked the official.

"No," she said, "not a thing."

"Quite positive?" insisted the official.

"Quite," she replied angrily.

"Then, Madam," quipped the official,

"am I to understand that the fur tail hanging down under your coat is your own?"

—Rammer Jammer.



this new Gismo!"



She has found her unfocused pattern in the dance.

Someone asked the wife of the minister if her husband wasn't getting a little deaf. "A little?" the wife replied. "Last night he led family prayers kneeling on the cat."

—Cheers.

"Where'd yawl git that Southern accent?"

"Honey-chile, I'se been drinking outen a Dixie Cup."

—Rammer-Jammer.

Father: Johnny, what makes you skip school all the time?

Johnny: Class hatred.

Customer: "I'll take some rat poison."

Clerk: "Will you take it with you?"

Customer: "No, I'll send the rats over for it."

"They all laughed when I stood up in the night club—how was I to know I was under the table?"

—Rammer-Jammer.

We editors may dig and toil

till our fingers are sore

But some poor fish is sure to say

"I've heard that joke before."

A YEAR

(Continued from page 5)

bedroom she shared with Nina, the edge of the grating sound seemed to be toned down. It was very cold there, being unheated. She thought she preferred to be cold. After an hour of intermittent seesawing the door banged, steps went down the stairs. Tamora picked up her knitting to go back to the warmer room. At the same instance something crashed in the living room, then ominous silence ensued. She sighed:

"Father is going to make a scene again." Her prophecy was immediately proved to be true by Anton's hysterical voice:

"What are you whining at, old woman? Everyone lost his property through the revolution. One is lucky if one keeps his head! Are you accusing me of an historical happening? did I bring on the revolution? You think I enjoy working behind the bar? You are insane . . ." Anton ran out of breath; he puffed heavily for a long time. However, Tamora knew that it was not yet the end.

"What have you lost? Your vulgar entertainment and vulgar association! If you are a woman of any understanding, you might have comprehended the intellectual bankruptcy of a scholar forced to wait on drunkards and revolting women . . ." Anton recalled the sickening sight of the American marine sprawling on the floor the night before. He had to carry the heavy mass to a taxi. With smarting rage he cried:

"Curse those Reds! They have no right to exist."

"I seem to remember that you used to sympathize with communists." Sophia demonically took pleasure in the thrust.

"I? Well, I might have been curious

about, or even agreed with them on some points . . ."

"Well?"

"Well, it does not mean that I am thankful to them for driving me out of my own country, for burning up my library, the best private library in Moscow. Don't talk to me like that! I will leave you destitute without even three meals a day and a roof over your head. You may not be a 'Madame' anymore, but it is still I who goes out to earn the bread."

Sophia laughed dryly:

"It really is bread all right." They had barley coffee and plain bread for breakfast.

Nina came in the room where her sister was sitting, and hurriedly put on her coat and hat. Tamora groped for the galoshes under the double bed. Handing them to Nina, she persuaded her gently:

"I wish you would not go out in this weather."

"I need some fresh air."

* * *

In the main street out of the alley where the house was, traffic had worn the snow thin, wet, and muddy. A car whirled by, splashing Nina's shabby but clean coat over with brown spots. She looked down at them and thought:

"I will have to let them dry and brush them off."

Nina walked towards the residential district to the north, where she, knowing no one, often went to have a few private moments. The Greek Orthodox Church stood an imposing structure among the domestic buildings. Its pink and blue domes were shedding melted snow under the sun. Nina went in and knelt down in the back row. She pressed her forehead to her hands and leaned against the back of a seat. The cold touch gave a sudden release to her emotions. Bewilderment and

sadness, hitherto carefully held back, surged from her breast. She abruptly stood up and made her way to the street. She would have to show her face there, which would prevent her from crying.

For the third time in the week, Nina waited in the hall of the clinic hospital. A Catholic sister came out. Singling Nina from the crowd of patients she asked:

"Etes-vous la jeune fille qui parle français?"

"Oui, ma belle-soeur."

"Vous pouvez avoir la position. Venez lundi prochain."

Nina had the same dangerous feeling she experienced in the church; she trusted herself only to say:

"Merci beaucoup." Hastily, she headed for home, for the clock in the hospital pointed twenty minutes after one. Father must have left for the cafe; and mother would be waiting for lunch. After this week Tamora would have to do all the house work alone. Wonder if she can manage it. She went directly to the little kitchen they shared with the other tenants in the house. Tamora asked her to take the soup out of the pot, the stew being already cooked. When Nina mentioned the nursing job, Tamora looked at her oddly:

"Well, my dear sister, it seems we are both anxious to fly away. I have decided to marry Ivan." Ivan was also from Moscow, although they did not know each other then. He had a paying job as one of the four bodyguards of a Shanghai silk monopolist. He looked more like a cadet in his uniform. Nina was fond of him and patronized him from the seniority of two years.

"Tamora, I have expected this. Only what will father and mother say? It seems as though we are deserting them."

"They will probably get along better

without us, having two less mouths to feed. And probably will get along with each other better too, since they must suffer each other's sole company. At any rate, we cannot worry about everything all at once. I will try to economize and send them some money out of Ivan's pocket," she chuckled, "Poor boy!"

"I will not have much salary at first. . . . Oh, mother will be very upset."

"We shall bring it on slowly. I don't mind braving the storms first. Now, let's take the food up. I am starving."

Sophia took the news better than they thought. She was somewhat stupefied, and actually stayed quiet for a whole afternoon. Only once did she speak mildly disparagingly to Nina:

"You have never been able to stand the sight of a bleeding nose. How can you bear operations and dying patients?"

"Mother, one gets used to things."

"I don't know . . . perhaps when one has to." She could have been thinking either of herself or Nina. Tamora smiled:

"Mother is improving."

Anton Karasov did not come back from the bar till after midnight. He was informed about his daughter's plans at the breakfast table. He appeared pleased; and said that he wished that he could give Tamora a dowry, and that Nina was a fine, brave girl. But when Anton was on his way to the bar again he groaned:

"Bartender, bodyguard, nurse! Oh, my God!"

* * *

Nina passed the probation period and the three months of concentrated training. After a few fainting spells she became quite agile and started to help in the clinic. The hospital was managed by Catholics; the staff comprised of Catholic fathers, sisters and employees. Nina's gentleness won her the attachment of Sister Ursula,

FOR SWEET BRIAPITES

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MILK SHAKES

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YE OLDE TRAVELLER'S INN

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FOR THE FASHIONS
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of Lynchburg

the head nurse, and of the employees and patients. She soon outgrew her apprehension for the new life and began to like it. When winter approached patients became scarcer. Nina was given a week-end off. She told Sophia that she was coming home.

It was snowing so heavily the morning Nina went home that she could hardly see. She ploughed cheerfully on, wiping snow off her face with the woolen mittens Tamora had knitted for her. When she approached the house, the door flew open letting out Sophia's excited cry:

"Hurry, you will freeze out there."

The parents embraced Nina warmly. When she entered the living room she found cocoa steaming on a new stove. The table was set for four.

"Are Tamora and Ivan coming also?"

"Yes, is it not nice? I am giving you cocoa, sausage, cheese salad, bread and fruitcake for brunch . . . and butter."

"A grand medley. But it took your mother days to save everything. So do show some appreciation." Anton winked at Nina.

"Oh, mother, have you been feeding yourselves egg sandwiches to meet the expenses for this extravagance again? You oughtn't to have done it." In response Sophia beamed like a little girl. She whispered loudly for Anton to hear:



**KELLER
AND
GEORGE**

"Now ask your father how his dictionary is getting along."

"I meant to. How is it, father? Do you expect to publish it soon?"

"Well, I am getting nearer to it, at least. The publisher says that since there are more and more people studying Russian in this country he supposes my handbook, by the way, not dictionary—I have told your mother three hundred times that it is a handbook of Practical Russian-Chinese Conversation—that my book will sell after all. He is offering me a fairly decent price." Nina saw that the look on his face was happy for the first time in years. He raised one eyebrow sardonically:

"I must admit that I owe a great deal of help to my native colleagues down at the bar. That is the only good I get out of working there."

"I thought you were thinking about changing your job, father."

"Jumping from the frying pan into the fire? Not me. Much as I hate to admit it, this job is really not too bad. Riots can be stimulating."

The musical horn of a limousine sounded twice at the front door.

"Good heavens, what is that?" cried the women simultaneously as they scamp-ered to window. Ivan and Tamora waved up to them gaily by the car. The young matron opened the back door of the car and took out a white bundle; it was a baby. The next minute, the presence and noise of the new arrivals filled up the small room. Sophia took over the baby, worrying that it might have caught a cold.

"Oh, it's all right. We came by the car." Tamora twinkled roguishly, stressing on the word car.

"That's what I want to know. How did you get the car?" Sophia insisted.

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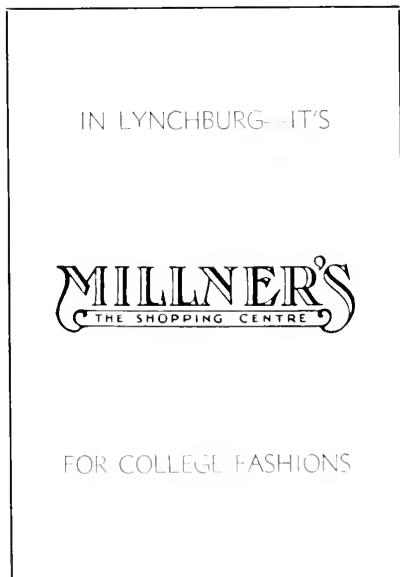
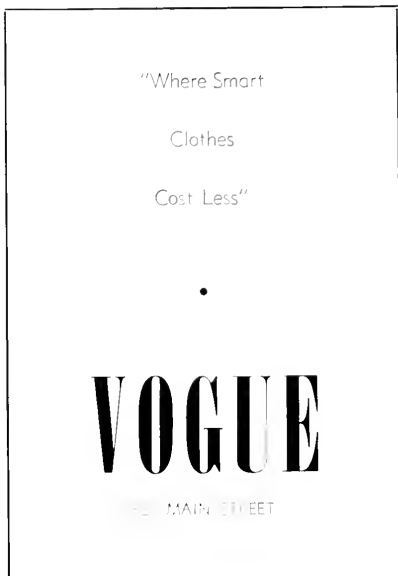
SPAGHETTIES,

STEAKS, CHOPS



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"Well, it belongs to the boss. We kind of borrowed it."

"Oh, how nice of him!"

Ivan burst out laughing. He checked himself with marvelous control, and apologized meekly:

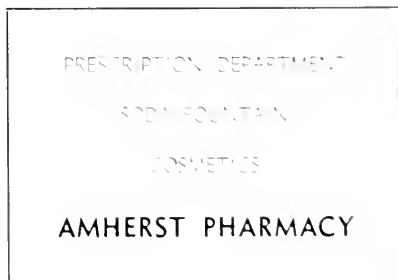
"I am sorry, mama."

Everyone was smiling by then. Sophia good-naturedly smiled along without quite catching the point. She felt young again with the baby in her arms, like when she had Nina the first year after her marriage. The baby wet on her clean skirt; and she was overjoyed to be able to change its diaper while the relatives were looking on with fascination. Tamora leaned back on the armchair. The faint black circles around her eyes were noticeable when she closed them. She was such an energetic person, however, that no one thought of her being tired. It was a vacation for her to watch the baby being taken care of. The warmth in the room, the drone of familiar voices had a lulling effect on her.

"It feels so good to be home again!" she cried.

"We are glad to have you home, dear," Sophia solemnly stated.

The snow continued to fall heavily. Soon the deep tracks left by the limousine were covered.



THE TRIAL IN HER MIND

(Continued from page 3)

The Wise One: Yes, girl, it's so easy to go on living on the pleasure level convincing ourselves of happiness in life. There are so many men today wearing youth's clothing and so many women masquerading in their daughter's dresses. They have not renounced immaturity or opened the door to adult achievement. Instead as Carl Sandburg says "We must be big enough to loosen our hands and say goodbye." How can we find the true meaning without giving ourselves away?

The Inquisitive: Oh, Wise One, exactly what you say has been written by another. Let me read to you what I have found in my father's library. Father says the author of this book is a Quaker—and a great man. (She begins to read softly.) "The true meaning of life is outliving. It is ever growing out of itself. The fruit clings to the stem, its skin clings to the pulp, and the pulp to the seed, so long as the fruit is immature; so long as it is not ready for its course of further life. It's outer covering, and its inner core are not yet differentiated, and it only proves its life by its strength of tenacity. But when the seed is ripe, its hold upon its surround-

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ings is loosened, its pulp attains fragrance, sweetness and detachment, and it is dedicated to all who need it. Birds peck at it and it is not hurt. The storm plucks it, and flings it to the dust and it is not destroyed."

The Wise One: (Realizes that it is not a child who reads these lines: it is a young girl who is discarding one by one her doll's dresses for the cloak of womanhood.) He thinks to himself: Other persons have experienced this spiritual maturity, she is making her first step along that path. Can we all learn to live not for the fleeting pleasures of the moment, but for the abiding values that are God's. These and these alone are the source of what the world desires—Peace of Mind.

The Curtain slowly falls.

The young girl opens her eyes. A bright sun has now replaced the dark clouds that were bringing rain. Her frown is gone. She smiles a little.

From a Flu Sufferer

ANN COLSTON, '47

*A song of praise I sang to thee
As on my wretched bed I lay
And sniffed and blew and cursed the day.
A song of praise so pitcously
That from my cough-wracked bosom rose
Past parched throat and stopped-up nose.*

*Alas, my song was just a squeak
But, like a child's stolen peck,
Though only scattered sounds were heard
There lay great meaning in each word.*

O Kleenex white, O Kleenex soft—
With joy I hurl your name aloft.

FIRST PERSON, PRESENT TENSE

(Continued from page 4)

at the situation could very easily lead to the violation of the law with impunity—and we would have another armaments race similar to that which has already been a preliminary to two world wars.

The question of who is to be in control of peaceful atomic development is a difficult one—and one on which we believe some compromise must be reached. Russia's viewpoint on this matter is that, with existing bombs destroyed, the "know-how" should be distributed among the nations participating in the atomic control plan. The United States, however, favors the handing over of both bombs and "know-how" to the international agency. This agency alone would build and operate plants for peaceful development of atomic energy. This plan presupposes control of fissionable materials at the source. We feel that individual nations should own and operate the plants for peacetime development, but that there should be a rigid system of international inspection regularly carried out. We also think that periodic reports should be submitted to the international agency concerning the distribution and use of fissionable materials.

In conclusion, we feel that the United States should not be absolutely inflexible in its demands. The objective towards which we are working is not war with Russia, but a policy which will enable the two major powers of the world to live peaceably together. The responsibility for world peace rests squarely upon the shoulders of both nations, but both seem too often inclined to forget this joint responsibility. As long as the fear of the atomic bomb hangs over Russian heads, there can be no real peace. Let us con-

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sider that concessions we may make are not injurious to our national dignity; but on the contrary, are ennobling in that they are steps towards the emancipation of man from the curse of war—war which has become too terrible to contemplate.

POLARIZED LIGHT

(Continued from page 8)

practically all glare comes from reflections at horizontal surfaces such as pavements, sidewalks, etc. Since most of this annoying glare comes from horizontal surfaces, it is composed largely of light whose vibrations are horizontal, and it is stopped by viewing the surface through polarizing glasses whose axes are vertical. Polarizing screens are invaluable in eliminating glare from the headlights of cars.

There are also polarizing eye glasses which transmit or cut off light of two different colors or which regulate intensity and color at will by rotating lenses. The rotatable lenses are superimposed on the regular polarizing glasses and consist of two polarizing films with their axes crossed at ninety degrees. Each polarizes on a particular color instead of just white light. If, for instance, the colors are yellow and blue, when turned one way yellow light is admitted and when turned the other way blue light comes through. Midway between, the light is neutral or without color.

Properly controlled polarized illumination has been found to be especially helpful to draftsmen who find glare from pencil lines very disturbing. It is also being used for the lighting of oil paintings in museums to stop annoying reflection from individual pigment globules in the surfaces.

On ocean liners' windows in deck enclosures are of polaroid glass to give the

same type of visual comfort as that of polarizing sun glasses. Airport control towers have polaroid glass windows to eliminate glare from runways.

In some club cars on trains there are polaroid windows of which the outer glass is permanently set with its axis vertical to stop horizontal glare while the inner glass may be rotated to adjust the amount of light admitted. Windows of this same type are in some private airplanes.

One of the most fascinating uses of polarized light is that applied in some colored advertizing displays. If several thicknesses of colorless celophane are inserted between polarizing filters whose axes are crossed, the sheets become luminous, and colored. Different thicknesses show different colors; and for a ninety degree rotation, these colors change to exact complementaries. The display screens consist of thin sheets of transparent plastic material on which the desired designs are produced by sticking on pieces of clear, doubly-refracting cellulose tape of desired shapes and thickness. Then one of the polaroid screens is rotated to produce the changing colors.

Polarized light is now being used in identifying organic chemical compounds. Colored interference patterns are created by passing polarized light through crystals of organic compounds and these patterns are then compared with known standards to determine the exact compounds being analyzed. It is very inexpensive to convert any microscope into a polarizing instrument.

Polarized light may be used to reveal strains in transparent materials; for, when under strain they become doubly-refracting. When viewed between polarizers whose axes are crossed, the doubly-refracting areas appear colored. If there is a varia-

tion in color the strain is not uniform. This makes it possible to verify the correctness of the shapes of structural and machine parts.

In photography, polarizing filters are used on camera lens. A highlight in a scene may be suppressed by photographing it at such an angle that its glare is polarized and by then turning the polarizing filter to reduce it as much as desired. This is the same principal as crossing the axes of two polarizers to let in varying amounts of light.

In motion pictures, sometimes scenes are faded in and then faded out. To do this, two polaroid discs are set in the mounting over a camera lens; and to fade in a scene, the axes of the polarizers are first crossed so no light enters, then slowly rotated until the maximum amount of light is admitted. Just the reverse is done to fade out a scene, the axes being parallel at first, then crossed in the final position.

Just a few of the many uses of polarizing filters and polarized light have been mentioned here. It is a field unlimited in its fascination and practical application.

REFERENCE: Grabau, Martin. *Introduction to Polarized Light and its Application.*

Lines

ANN COLSTON, '47

*They lie inert between the shelves,
Blind to all that passes:
Helpless, useless by themselves—
A pair of reading glasses.*

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THE MIRROR

(Continued from page 15.)

the name of Noel Wintersley." And then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed his forehead. "I do believe you're getting bald, darling," she said.

"As I believe I announced before," he answered with dignity, "this is a swell goodbye. Let me go. I'll be appreciated in Cincinnati."

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"Fool," said Mara tenderly. "I'll come with you to the taxi. I've got some shopping today to do." But first he kissed her goodbye there, and then catching up his briefcase, he offered her his arm and they marched solemnly out of the apartment, whistling the Wedding March off-key.

The man did not come for the mirror all day, and Mara was getting angry. You'd think they didn't *want* charity, she thought, and was just getting ready to telephone them when the doorbell rang. It was a telegram, and she took it eagerly, because she knew that Noel was telling of a safe landing and had probably written something funny and insulting. She read it in their bedroom. For a long time she stood staring at it, not moving, barely comprehending, and then with sudden dreadful clarity she saw again that scene in front of the mirror in the vestibule. "I see Noel Wintersley," she had said. And she had seen herself. And two other faces. And now they were dead, and Noel was dead. "Noel," she whispered and then Mara Wintersley turned her set face towards the hall and began walking slowly towards the mirror. A little smile flickered, because she knew that Carl had beaten her at last, somehow; she dared not think how.

The mirror hung on the wall above a little table, and Mara Wintersley waited until she was directly in front of the little

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table before she looked up. She saw the door behind her reflected and part of the living room through the door, and the wall behind her, the *whole* of the wall behind her. But her own reflection was not in the mirror on the wall.

* * *

The house physician laid down the telegram. "Probably a heart attack," he said. "And no wonder," and he tapped the telegram.

"Judas," said the little man in the derby hat. "Judas, I was right outside the door and I heard her scream. Like she was being murdered. Judas, just like she was being murdered . . ." And he jumped and cried out himself, for just then the mirror on the wall slid to the floor with a loud crash and broke into silvery little pieces on the floor and on the body of the girl.



King Arthur: "I hear you've been misbehaving?"

Knight: "In what manor, sir?"



A toast: Here's to the pictures on my desk—may they never meet.

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AFTERNOON IN MARCH

(Continued from page 29)

Voices seemed to be coming out of the music—rising above it, but that was impossible. It was certainly a colored man's voice moaning, though. She stopped playing and ran to the window. Her mother and old Uncle Nat who lived on the place were standing on the porch talking. There was something wrong with Uncle Nat. He was bent over—and he was crying!

Marion ran out on the porch. "Mama, Uncle Nat, what's the matter? What's happened?"

"Oh, Lordy, Miss Marion, po' child, po' child. My baby, she daid. My Sarah fell down the cellar stairs and haemoraged and now she daid. Oh, Miz Step-toe, come wit' me. Oh, my Lord, my Lord."

"I'll come with you, Uncle Nat, right now. You see about supper, Marion," her mother said quietly.

Marion turned in the house. Sarah who had been so kind and thoughtful, dead! She looked outdoors. The sun didn't dance—it was a brazen glare. The wind was sweeping everything off the earth. She could never do anything either. It would all end like that.

Then the wind was dying away, sighing sleepily in the pines, and the doves called. Marion smiled a little. All the brilliance and sadness of the day had faded into peaceful twilight.

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(B)	(11)	(t)	(L)	(2)	(q)
(C)	(10)	(i)	(M)	(4)	(n)
(D)	(1)	(s)	(N)	(6)	(e)
(E)	(7)	(o)	(O)	(5)	(g)
(F)	(12)	(j)	(P)	(8)	(k)
(G)	(20)	(r)	(Q)	(3)	(h)
(H)	(13)	(b)	(R)	(15)	(c)
(I)	(19)	(a)	(S)	(16)	(p)
(J)	(18)	(l)	(T)	(17)	(f)

She: "How about giving me a diamond bracelet?"

He: "My dear, extenuating circumstances perforce me to preclude you from such a bauble of extravagance."

She: "I don't get it."

He: "That's what I just said."

Private Detective: "I trailed your husband into three night clubs and two bachelor apartments."

Suspicious Lady: "Good grief! What was he doing?"

Detective: "Trailing you."

—*Voo-Doo*.

A recently discharged Navy gun captain was home dogging peacefully in front of the stove. The door of the stove came open and flames shot out.

"Fire!" shouted his wife.

The captain leaped to his feet, grabbed the cat, shoved it into the stove, slammed the door, opened the draft and shouted up the stove pipe, "Ready Two!"

—*Voo-Doo*.

The tragedy of the flea is that he knows for a certainty that all his children are going to the dogs.

1st Prisoner: What are you in for?

2d Prisoner: Rockin' my wife to sleep.

1st Ditto: But they can't put you in here for that.

2d Ditto: You ain't seen the size of them rocks.

—*Voo-Doo*.

Friend: "Did you get the job?"

Model: "Yes. Everything came off as I expected."

—*Voo-Doo*.

First Burglar: "Where ya been?"

Second Burglar: "Out robbing a fraternity house."

First Burglar: "Lose anything?"

I once met an inebriate zebra,
Whose diet was straight cuba libre.

When asked why his motto

Was "Semper, hic, blotto,"

He replied, "Why, it helps my *vers libre*."

—*Rammer-Jammer*.

CAMPUS CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 12)

music major, '44, and an accomplished organist, won a \$440 scholarship for graduate study at New York University. Mary Kravetz, also '44, was another N.J.C. scholarship holder, majored in economics and sociology, and served as treasurer of her dormitory for two years. Both students took notes and read books in Braille, rented talking books and the machines to play the records. Both were assisted by Morristown Seeing Eye dogs. In many cases, readers, or student-tutors, are provided at Federal-state expense.

According to a recent survey at Mount Holyoke College, it was found that crippled, blind and deaf students fulfill the same admission requirements, carry the same academic courses and maintain high academic averages with less absence than non-handicapped students. Two disabled girls were graduated recently with special honors in psychology and French, and the placement records on those who sought jobs has been 100 per cent.

At their Bureau of Psychological Services, the University of Michigan tests and counsels veterans, provides services for the blind, deaf and hard-of-hearing, and trains persons with all types of speech disorder. Services for students with serious speech and voice defects have also been included in the University of New Mexico's schedule. At their Speech Workshop it has been found that approximately 5 per cent of all students have serious voice and speech defects such as lisping, stuttering, stammering, speech blockage or nasality. GI's are among the highest percentage of those with speech defects, with fourteen of the one thousand students tested this year suffering defects caused by in-training or battle-front injuries.

Although these services for the handicapped are conducted at regular colleges, the totally deaf cannot take advantage of them. In 1894, Gallaudet, the only college for the deaf in the world, was founded in Washington, D. C. It has grown from a seven-student venture to a Government-supported school for one hundred and forty-five. Fifteen others pay seven hundred dollars a year for tuition and board. Chosen on a competitive basis, students take regular liberal arts courses, with men favoring dentistry, ministry, chemistry and drafting, and most girls home-making and teaching. A preliminary year in the preparatory class insures a normal well-rounded high school record before going on to four years of college work. Gallaudet students have come from the forty-eight states, Canada, Ireland, Wales and Scotland, have their own sororities, fraternities, newspaper, play productions, athletic teams and cheer leaders. Due to the inability of linemen to hear signals, Gallaudet college organized the huddle system in football.

What's new, what's the newest, greatest element in education today, if it isn't its increased ability to lend itself to more who deserve its benefits? Aware that Beethoven could never hear the *Ninth Symphony*, that young Tom Edison's ears were boxed until he was deafened, that Elizabeth Barrett Browning was a bedridden woman most of her life and that blind John Milton made a world see paradise, society is being prudent as well as benevolent in educating its physically handicapped youth. Educators have made a fine start; they can never rest, however, until what's new becomes, in practice, an old, old story.

—LEE CHARELL

Ode to a Dish of Mushroom Soup

NANCY KEITH, '49

*She met it on Monday,
It tasted so grand.
She saw it on Tuesday,
It seemed more like sand.
Wednesday night,
It was hiding in the sauce.
Thursday noon—
In the church they mourned her loss.*

"Oh, darling, I've missed you," and
she raised her revolver and tried again.

Throttlebottom: "Terribly sorry you
buried your wife yesterday."

Asquith: "Had to. Dead, you know."
—*Voo-Doo*.

Jinks: "How are you doing in your
studies?"

Binks: "Derriere."

Jinks: "What do you mean?"

Binks: "Behind in French."

Scene in an English barroom:

Limey: "'Alo, Mary. Are you 'aving
one?"

Mary: "No, it's just the cut of me
coat."
—*Yellow Jacket*.

DON'T BE AN AMBLER - - -

READ THE

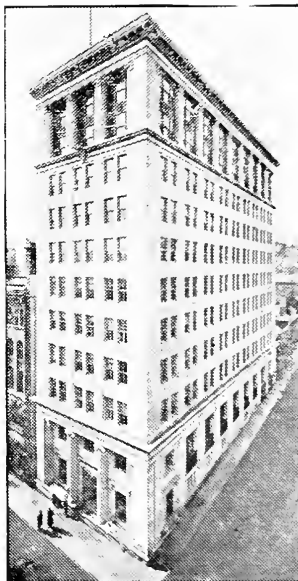
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Summer '47

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MAY, 1947

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As I Think of God

NATALIE CLAIRE HALL, '47

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This paper was prepared for Religion 212 by Nat Hall who will receive her degree this year in Religion and Sociology. The viewpoint herein expressed is the result of her work in the department of Religion here at Sweet Briar and at Union Theological Seminary.)

I think of God as a personal being. By the term "personal" I mean having the attributes of personality such as consciousness of self and self-direction but not being limited to human qualities of personality as we know them. At the same time I think of God as being able to will, purpose and love. I do not think of Him as having the destructive emotions of jealousy and hate, nor do I conceive of Him as having limited intellect and understanding such as we possess. God, I believe, is the one perfect and typical person and Man as yet possesses personality only in a rudimentary and imperfect way. By the term "personal" I mean too that God is a Being with whom we can have a close, personal relationship. Because He has qualities that are analogous with human qualities it is possible for us to commune with Him and share a give and take relationship with Him.

I think of God as the Creative Force behind the universe Who manifests Himself in and through the universe. He is manifest in the order of the motion of the planets and in the consistencies of nature that man calls natural law. Certainly He is manifest in beauty, in the perfection of a snowflake or the magnificence of a starry night. To me the miracles of Life, Thought, Conscience and Love are all manifestations of Him. While I believe God manifests Himself in these various ways and is not far removed from the universe, I do not think of Him as in the

universe as a pantheist does. To me He is distinct from it as a Reality in Himself. Still God is self-imparting and expresses Himself in the universe at every stage of its evolution. However, as Henry Sloane Coffin points out in his article *How I Think of God* like any true artist the medium in which God works limits the degree to which He is able to reveal Himself. He expresses as much of Himself through inanimate creation as it can manifest but this medium cannot embody His Conscience or Heart. With the creation of man God has more adequate channels for self-expression and He expresses as much of Himself through Mankind at every stage in human history as He succeeds in inducing men to receive and incarnate in their lives. That was the supreme incarnation of God's heart and conscience I will discuss more fully later on.

The idea that God created the universe and then left it to run its course like the mechanical working of a clock does not appeal to me. I think of Him as eternally creating and sustaining it and guiding the creative process in the universe with His divine initiative and control toward some constructive end. In deciding what I believed this end to be I found M. J. Benedict's *My Belief About God* very helpful. She states "The process of progress in the Universe finds its goal and its significance in the progressive creation of spiritual values." In accordance with this I believe God's ultimate motive in the

universe is Love. In the life of Christ we see God revealing His love and desire to impart Himself and all good to other beings and to possess other beings as His Own in return. The process of progress in the universe works toward the progressive creation of spiritual values which in turn provide a clearer manifestation of God and enable us to better know and love Him. Men by virtue of their ability to think, purpose and love and be co-workers with God in this process of creating spiritual values and can share in the realization of God's ultimate purpose by responding to His love and by letting Him possess them. Without Man's help God's purpose cannot be fulfilled. Does this mean God is not infinite and omnipotent? It need not. I believe He is self-limited but not inhibited by any power that does not proceed from His Own will. God has given Man free will and the ability to distinguish between good and evil. He does not coerce Man but seeks through love to bring him into harmony with Himself. As M. J. Benedict so well expresses it, "If God has given men free will, He has staked the outcome of His Purpose for the world upon the responsiveness of free beings to the power of Love alone. God is as weak or strong as Love."

The question naturally arises does Man have actual freedom of moral choice or are his decisions determined by heredity and environment? I found the ideas of E. E. Aubrey and Archbishop Temple and the points brought out in our class discussions very helpful in answering this question to my personal satisfaction. If one thinks of moral freedom as an inwardly determined tendency toward goodness that is powerfully enough developed to constitute an emancipation from serious temptation, as Dr. Aubrey suggests, then the free man is the integrated man, the man

whose character (habits) enables him to consistently direct his personal actions so that he is free from the control of present stimuli. It is true that when a person's Self is integrated in a specific direction he acts according to his character and it is difficult for him to do otherwise. But I believe the Self has volition in the formation of the kind of character it desires. The term "relatively free" brings in the influence of environment and heredity. Heredity provides the element out of which you can build yourself; it determines what you have to react with. Environment on the other hand determines the kind of stimuli that will affect you and what you have to react to. Still within the range of alternatives that environment presents you, you can make free choices and direct your attention and purposes where you will. So heredity and environment determine the stage on which you play your part in life but within the scope of that stage the individual has moral freedom. Within this scope I believe the greatest amount of freedom comes when one is so integrated around a core of goodness that he is free to do good without the pull of inferior forces. The highest quality of self-integration is gained, of course, by putting God at the center of one's life.

The problem of free moral choice brings with it the problem of sin. Man has free choice in the face of the alternatives which environment and heredity present, it follows that I believe Man has the power to choose between good and evil. Knowingly and voluntarily choosing evil is sin. I particularly like Josiah Royce's way of defining sin. "Whatever willful deed that does not spring from love of God and man and especially whatever deed breaks with the instinctive dictates of wholehearted love is sin." The essence of sin is selfishness, pride and egoism on the part

of man. In the light of this what is important in the historical fall of Adam and Eve is not the fact of their fallenness but the acknowledgement that man is not all he should be, that his actions do not always spring from love of God and fellowmen and that he is capable of selfishness, egoism and pride. Sin is a barrier to intimacy with God. God does not withdraw from man but man breaks the relationship from his side. I think of sin as leaving its mark on an individual's character in terms of increased tendencies or changed attitudes toward evil. How then can man be changed for the better if his sins are a part of himself? Through penitence. Penitence if it is sincere and wholehearted involves a change of purpose of heart and mind and consequently a change in character. This reformation is wrought within us when we recognize our responsibilities and our failings and when we realize how sorry we are for them and come to appreciate God's love and forgiveness that is constantly extended to us. Only then can a harmonious relationship with God be established. As Dr. Lyman so well expresses it, "Only as an individual's pride, self-will and resentment melt away can forgiveness reach the center of his soul where the springs of action reside." While God's forgiveness involves His loving acceptance of penitence and the establishment of a right relationship between the sinner and Himself I do not believe it cancels the consequences of the evil done. These go on to affect not only the sinner himself but his fellow beings as well.

What is Christ's role in relation to sin and forgiveness? I believe God's love as related to sin finds expression in the life and death of Jesus. Christ's life and suffering give physical symbols of the agony that God endures until sin is no more and all men are brought into harmony with Him.

Is there any suffering deeper than that caused by the failure of a loved one to respond to a love that cares so much? As we discussed in class, men cannot realize the seriousness of these sins until they see the suffering their failures bring to someone who loves them. God in Christ had to pay the price of the Crucifixion before men could see the cost of their sins in terms of God's suffering and so feel remorse and penitence. And only because God acted first to give sinners something evident on which to base their hope that God's love is available to forgive sins, can men make a response on faith and penitence, and let down the barrier that blocks their relationship with Him. In this turning to God and to a wholehearted life of love I believe men find salvation.

As I conceive of God He has such a variety of qualities and functions that it is difficult if not impossible to think of them as belonging to one Being. He is both an immanent, personal Being and a transcendent creative Force; a Suffering Servant as well as an Almighty Father. Yet I believe in *one* God. The doctrine of the Trinity makes room for all the things Christian experience needs to say about God and I found our class discussions most enlightening in attempting to understand the meaning of "Three Persons in One." I believe the term God the Father denotes the transcendent aspects of God. God as the Supreme Being, the creator of the Universe and the source of moral principles is implied in the First Person of the Trinity. The conception of the Holy Spirit or the Third Person of the Trinity makes room for man's attempt to express God's immanence in human life. The Holy Spirit is that aspect of God that works as an energizing spirit within us to make us Christ like. Paul called it "Christ in you." Our inwardly given capacity to respond

(Continued on page 24)

The Intruder

AGNES EASTER, '50

*The sharp-shinned hawk
 With flustered wing,
 Beat through the broken branches of the oak
 Where I had startled him.
 And he me, with unexpected scream,
 And quick turn of his small head
 To know who trespassed.
 While the birds blood shone
 Still bright, in a crimson drop on his beak
 And knife-sharp talons
 Clutched a shape with blue feathers.
 Before he flew
 His black eyes glanced at me
 Scornfully seeing that I would like to follow
 I with arms not made for balancing
 Against the shock of rain-gusts,
 And body unshaped for diving
 Like swift arrows of the sun
 Past tumbling cloud-banks
 Screaming at the sky.*

Summer 2:30 p. m.

DOROTHY E. BOITON, '49

*The window shade guards against
 the glare of summer noon,
 Tapping drowsy to and fro, I hear
 its gentle rustle dimly, far away
 Like the rustle of a half-remembered
 paper-starched nurse of childhood
 Lulling me to sleep.
 Now the gleeful breezes come to urge it
 back and forth more quickly, tantalizing.
 Enamoured, duty forgotten, it twists and snaps
 and beats at an impassive screen
 Like a desperate lover.
 It cracks, then trembles in wild ecstacy
 till the breezes laughing leave it
 Pressing after them despairing.
 When hope has gone it hangs limp, listless
 Its vigilance ignored, luffs dull then slack,
 Snatches of sunlight and bird's song wander
 in around the edges
 to tease reluctant eyes.*

Gustavo Adolfo Becquer

(1836-1870)

10th Selection in his "Rimas"

Translated by SHIRLEY GUNTER, '47

*The invisible atoms of air palpitate and burn all around me.
 The sky unfolds itself in rays of gold.
 The earth quivers and trembles.
 Floating on waves of harmony, I hear the sound of kisses
 and the beating of wings.
 My eyelids close . . . What is happening?
 'Tis love that passes.*

A Few Words on a Big Question

BARBARA GOLDEN, '47

The immediate need for open, receptive minds towards the question of the relations between the white man and the colored man has come with the end of the war. An ever present, only partially solved problem up to this time, has now become a question of how the American white people will act towards the Negro returning from the battlefield where he has witnessed colored men and white alike, dying for the same ideals under the same flag. He has fought for a democracy and expects democratic treatment upon his return and it is his right. Due to mounting troubles in race relations in this country during the time of the war, particularly in the south in connection with the servant problem, the white person has tended to take a firmer, more obstinate, stand than ever against any idea of a fraternal feeling toward the colored person.

Many white people and again, especially those in the south, have remained as narrow in their attitudes towards the Negro question as people were twenty-five or fifty years ago. They give the same old arguments in attempts to keep the Negro in his "place." His so-called "place" in their minds is definitely inferior to their own, his being of a humble servile status, with inequality in politics, business, and society. The white person would claim that if the Negro were treated on a basis of equality his first desire in this new freedom would be for intermarriage. The Negro does not want intermarriage and this is not his goal in striving for equal rights. The colored man in general scorns the idea of white blood in his family as

much as the white man scorns the idea of Negro blood in his own.

The white man in his attempt to keep the Negro in his humble position and in trying to prevent his rising invented the Jim Crow laws. There are many Negroes who believe in segregation, but not as it is practiced now. There are some who would prefer divided societies—but only if all things in these two separate societies are equal. The Negroes would not be given poor accommodations in the galleries of theaters, but would have the accommodations that should be open to anyone who pays the price of admission, either by having their own movies or by having a part of the downstairs in a mixed theater. They would have their own means of transportation or would have good separate sections in mixed transportation. There would not be the embarrassment of the separating curtain in the diners of the southern trains. They would have their own well-equipped diner. Then on the other hand there are the Negroes who do not favor segregation and these are probably in majority. Neither, however, do they favor intermarriage but they believe in working together with the white person in business and politics without the barrier of color discrimination. This idea of the two races working together has been tried during the war and has been successful. There is no reason why it should not be continued in the future on a larger scale successfully, if the white person will swallow an empty pride and the colored person

(Continued on page 26)

Desert Night

JUDY CAMPBELL, '50

Mesas tower up, up into the darkening sky, and their flat, flaming surfaces grow dusky and cold as the shadows spread. Crumbles of rock lie at their feet, and about them, surrounding them and continuing to the horizon, the desert sand flows, golden-red, golden-grey, silent.

I love you, my desert. In the morning you sparkle and sing. The moon is as pale as a cloud. Through the wash runs a stream; it's free and alone and burnished with early sunlight. Gladly it dies in the desert, as all things turn to dust and sand save their composite, the mesas and buttes. How long have you stood, mesas Walpi, Orabi, Hotevilla, Polacci? The Conquistadors mentioned you. Today the sun leapt and reflected and rebounded from your rocks. The clouds far above you did waft and sway gently, then scudded across the sky.

You are immense and ageless, my desert, secretive and alone. There is none like you. A few roads run to you from

the highways and the busy places far away. They are worried with your sand which you fling across them, the deep holes which appear, the high centers which never go away.

You are a delight to the eye: a dazzling blaze of color, a burst of soft emeralds, rubies, topaz, flung from the sky by a generous hand. At night your colors fade and no longer speak to me. But why, oh desert, does the moon seem so large tonight? Why does the desert moon cast such strange shadows? It streams into my hogan and far-off I can see the Muscalida's yellow blossoms beckoning softly. You treat me well, my desert: I who am a stranger here, who soon must go. The shadows are too black tonight, the moon too bright. The sand lies restless and gleaming; thin fingers of air float between me and the moon. You no longer are ancient, indifferent, incomprehensible. You are alive tonight, my desert, and I am going to leave my hogan and come to you.

Reflection

ALBERTA PEW, '49

*My love is like the sun
A living orb complete
And I am as the harvest moon
Reflecting beams replete.*

Black-out

CONSTANCE TUNNELL, '48

*Twinkle-twinkle little minute
For there will be
Pond'rous hours
To obliterate
The gleam.*

Shadow of a Dream

SALLIE BAILEY, '47

Can a man be sure a woman loves him for himself? I don't know now. I knew once, or thought I knew. Alicia changed all that and much else, too. I had seen her every day for six months; she was my secretary. She was lovely in a quiet, blond way, always calm; somehow, when she came into my office at the end of a tiring day, she could say, "Here are some letters that need your immediate attention," in a way that made me forget how tired I was and how much I wanted a drink; indeed, I soon became glad that Alicia came into my office at the end of a day, regardless of the reason. I began to wonder about my feelings for her and decided to take her to dinner. She refused the first time, offering no reason; yet, there was a tension in her face when she refused, and she seemed glad that I had asked her. I was encouraged.

After we had had dinner together a number of times I felt strongly attached to this dreamy, quiet girl who seemed so rare in New York. There was nothing coy about her, no mention of attentions she had had from others. She made me know she enjoyed being with me, and she seemed to appreciate even my smallest favors. She accepted the attention I gave her, asking and apparently wanting nothing more. This disturbed me, for I wanted to feel that she was as interested in me as I was in her. I tested her by ignoring her for three weeks; she was not in the least disturbed, but when I did ask her to dinner again she seemed glad and smiled quietly. At dinner I asked her

frankly, "Are you at all glad to be with me again?" "Yes, of course," she said cautiously, but I could not tell from her tone whether I mattered or not. She was so reticent and self-contained that I felt challenged to know more about her. "Tell me more about yourself, Alicia. You seem to live in a beautiful dream-world remote from this one, and yet at times I feel as if you are including me." I knew this statement would have been treated casually, explained simply by any other girl I had been with as much as I had Alicia, but *she* looked away frowning, then turned to me suddenly as if to say something—and looked away again. I could not understand this reaction. "Alicia, did I offend you? I certainly did not mean to. You must know that I am more than fond of you. I wasn't criticizing. I just want to know you much better, that's all." She responded with a faint smile of forgiveness, and I felt in that moment that I would never know any more about her than I already knew. That night I thought about it. I liked her, knew she liked me; but we were not friends. She seemed not to want the closeness of friendship; we never had any private jokes, nor did we ever exchange glances that were meant just for each other. I took her to a few parties, for I wanted to see how my friends reacted to her. They liked her. She was lovely and, as always, a little aloof. Terry Carter liked her immensely; I left her with him most of the evening, though I knew it was dangerous, for women find

(Continued on page 30)

The Problem of Obtaining Political Unity in India, (Condensation)

MARY FRANCES WOOD, '47

The problem of attaining political unity in India is a question which in recent years has concerned not only the British Empire, but the entire world. The question of how political cooperation and unity can be achieved in India, a land which presents such striking contrasts of wealth and poverty, of recent rapid progress along lines of industry and transportation, and backwardness in methods of agriculture used by a majority of the people is linked with another problem. Is this unity possible under British rule, or even within the Empire if India were to be granted Dominion status? Those who agree with the Indian nationalists say never! If India is to achieve political unity and settle her problems; it is essential that she be free from foreign influences while doing so. On the other hand there are those who say that if British military control were removed, the Hindus and Moslems would battle until one group gained ascendancy at the price of complete subjugation of the other, and that without British industries and industrialists, India's economy would collapse. Can political unity be achieved throughout India under any conditions, however favorable? There is no neat solution to the problem, and many compromises will be made before success is achieved.

However, the idea of a people who have no common heritage, no cultural interest, no true understanding of a coun-

try ruling over that land is outdated in our age. The British realize this fact and are willing to remedy the situation, provided a solution, acceptable to all the interested parties, can be reached.

One encouraging fact is to be found in early Indian history . . . there has been political unity of most of the territory we know as India today. In the second century B.C., Asoka, controlled all of India except the extreme southern section. Within a century after his death, the empire had disintegrated, and no large portion of India was again under one rule until the fourth century A.D. when the Gupta emperors united northern India for a period of over 200 years. In 1526, under Babur, a Turk, a Mogul Empire was established. Thus it can be seen that most of India has been united politically for longer or shorter periods of her history.

Geographically, conditions in India are favorable to unity. The country has a fair degree of geographical isolation, good natural boundaries, and access to trade routes which are beneficial to her economy.

Under British rule India is divided into two parts: the eleven provinces which constitute the area which is ruled directly by Britain, and from which come the strongest demands for independence; and the Indian States which are governed by native Princes. These states, most of which are very small with minute annual bud-

gets, break up the unity of the area under direct British control.

The concept of India as a unit is not held by all those who have made a study of the country. Some students feel that the differences in race, progress, and way of life among the varied elements of the population are too great to be overcome.

What are some of these differences? One of the most fundamental is the variety of languages. In 1931 there were in India eleven main groups of languages spoken by more than 10 million people each. Another hindrance to Indian advancement, and thus to the achievement of political unity is the high illiteracy rate. Certain caste restrictions, the seclusion of young girls and the traditional early marriages, all of which are very gradually being overcome by the progressive element in India, have hindered the educational movement throughout the period of British rule.

The varied and diverse religions of India, each having its own goal of life, its own code of conduct and its peculiar restrictions upon its followers, hinder the attainment of unity among the people of India. Some of the larger religious groups, notably the Hindus and Moslems among others, have acquired political aims which conflict with those of other racial and religious groups, spreading the lack of unity from cultural to political fields.

How these and other differences are to be solved is a question which remains unanswered at the present time. The inability of the Hindus and Moslems to find a basis on which to form a constitution tends to substantiate the view that it would be to India's advantage to remain under English rule until an Indian government is agreed upon and placed in office.

This last statement logically leads to another question . . . what has been the

effect of English rule and government on political unity in India? There are opposing views which must be considered in any discussion of this controversial subject. First, that held by the Indian nationalists; English rule has curbed the development of democracy, initiative, and economic enterprise in India; second the British view; England has brought a common language, political unity and industrialization to India. These are extreme views, but there is apparently much in the history of British rule in India to substantiate both of them.

The first World War marked a very definite changing point in Indian political history. In 1917 Lord Halifax announced the new policy of the British government toward India. . . . "The gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire by gradual stages."

Today the British are making a definite attempt to help India to gain political unity and establish a government which will enable India to take dominion status in the Empire. If possible, the dominion would include all of India. In September 1946, a provisional government, with the Viceroy as its President, and Jawaharlal Nehru, leader of the Hindu Congress Party, as its Vice-President was formed to rule until a constituent assembly, representing all of the principal government groups in India can find a basis on which to establish a government, and to prepare a constitution acceptable to the British, as well as to the Indians themselves. The Moslem League has failed to cooperate and support the Interim Government or the Constituent assembly which met early in December. It is over the question of Pakistan, a semi-autonomous Moslem state

(Continued on page 28)



The Inn-habitant
HAVEN I SEEN YOU DOWN HERE OF
LATE! WHERE YA BEEN?...STUDYING!
HELL, THE TERM'S JUST BEGUN.



The Debutante
SWEET BRIAR? WELL... THE CLIMATE'S
NOT BAD FOR RECOVERING



The Small Townie
FROM TEXAS. THEY, YOU MUST...



The Social Outcast
I NEVER THOUGHT HED GO FOR THAT
TYPE... OF COURSE SHE HAS GOT
BLOND HAIR, BIG BLUE EYES AND
LOTS OF MONEY.

TYPICAL TYPES



The Unlimited Cuten
CLASSES? BUT WHEN WOULD I GET
MY SLEEP? AFTER ALL, HEALTH COMES
FIRST!



The Senior
HOW CAN I BE A BIG WHEEL ON
CAMPUS - WITHOUT A CAR?



The Know-All
HI THERE, ER... JANE, HI... BETTY, ER... DEHR
HOW ARE YOU.



The Gourmet
A DIET !! BUT VICHITION'S TWO WEEKS OFF.

ON CAMPUS

We Recommend to You . . .

The list of books presented below have been submitted by a number of students. The list is partial and incomplete, we truthfully admit, but it represents a response to the questions, "What books have you read that stimulated your thought, absorbed you completely—that you have checked for future reference? What are a few of the books that you have thought about and talked about with your companions?" Here are some of these books and we have grouped them generally under the main types of thought with which they are concerned. They are volumes we hope you might like to browse through this summer when you will have the opportunity to catch up on the extra-curricular literature you have been putting off all year.

Psychology

McComas, *Ghosts I Have Talked With*
 Huxley, *Brave New World* and
The Horizontal Man
 Holt, *The Freudian Wish*
 Hall, R., *The Well of Loneliness*
 Randall, *The Making of The Modern Mind*

Sociology

Znamecki and Thomas, *The Polish Peasant in Europe and America*
 Spengler, *The Decline of the West*
 Wright, Richard, *Black Boy*
 Dollard, *Costs and Class in a Southern Town*, and *The Criteria of the Life Histories*
 Horney, Karen, books in library on psycho-analysis
 Shaw, *The Jack Roller*
 Johnson, Charles, *Growing Up in the Black Belt*
 Addams, Jane, *Twenty Years at Hull House*
 Fink, *The Field of Social Work*

Religion

Bowie, *The Master*
 Clarke, *An Outline of Christian Theology*
 Aubrey, *Present Theological Tendencies*
 Lewis, C. S., *The Screwtape Letters*
 Niebuhr, *Beyond Tragedy*
 Barton, Betsy, *And Now To Live Again*
 Asch, Sholem, *The Apostle*
 Pratt, J. B., *Pilgrimage in Buddhism*
 Douglas, Lloyd, *The Robe*
 Bowie, *Which Way Ahead?*
 Van Dusen, ed., *The Christian Answer*
 Waddell, Helen, *Peter Abelard*
 Sir Edwin Arnold, Trans., *The Song Cycle*
 Lao-tsze, *Tao Teh King*
 Frings, *God's Front Porch*
 Bates, F. S., *The Bible Designed To Be Read As Living Literature*

Philosophy

Plato's Dialogues
 Silone, L., *Bread and Wine*
 Gibran, K., *The Prophet* and *Sand and I*
 Mann, T., *The Magic Mountain*
 Tagore, *Fireflies*
 Maugham, S., *The Razor's Edge*
 Marquard, J. P., *So Little Time*
 Hockings, *Types of Philosophy*
 Edman, *The Philosophers' Quest*
 Wyhe, P., *Generations of Philosophers*
 Lieberman, *Peace of Mind*
 Canell, A., *Man The Unknown*
 Burton, R., *The Kálsidák*
 Csernys, *Persistent Problems of Philosophy*
 Denos, R., ed., *Path*
 Bertrand, R., *History of Western Philosophy*

Art

Maphet, *A History of Modern Painting*
 Vaillant, *Indian Art in North America*
 Evans, Sir Arthur, *The Pictures of Man*
 Knepps

Waterman, T. T., *The Mansions of Virginia*
 Helm, *Modern Mexican Painters*
 Rewald, *The History of Impressionism*
 Grigson, G., ed., *The Arts Today*
 Museum of Modern Art publication, *Art in Progress*
 Pearson, R., *Experiencing American Pictures*
 Giedion, Sigfried, *Space, Time and Architecture*
 Rynd, Ann, *The Fountainhead*

*General (History, English,
 Drama, Poetry)*

The plays of Plautus
 Channing, *History of the United States*
 Trevalyan, *English Social History*
 Murray, G., ed., *Fifteen Greek Plays*
 Poe, E. A., *Tales*
 LeGallienne, *Passages From Pepys' Diary*
 Lamb, Charles, *Essays*
 Tennyson, *Songs and Poems*
 Fitzgerald, ed., *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*

Barzan, Jacques, *Teacher in America*
 Ives, S. B., ed., *Essays of Montaigne*
 Wells, H. G., *The Time Machine*
 Hamilton, Jay, Madison, *The Federalist*
 Kane, H. B., *Thoreau's Walden, A Photographic Register*
 Holme & Forman, *Poet's Camera*
 White, S. B., *The Wild Flag*
 Boswell, James, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
 Rhay, Philip, ed., *Great Short Novels of Henry James*
 Flores, Angel, *The Kafka Problem*
 Donne, John, *Love Poems*
 Keats & Shelley, *Complete Poetical Works*
 Pope, Alexander, trans., *Odyssey of Homer*
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From a Tree at Nightfall

ALBERTA PEW, '49

*Light shone
 Translucent through the leaves
 Polka-dot shadows.
 Merged into night on the outer ring of green
 Small cricket
 Violined his song of life
 Unmelodic sweetness
 Merged into night on the lazy breath of air.
 Moon glow
 Etched in pastel warmth,
 Misted clouds,
 Merged into night on the farther edge of heaven.*

The Comtessa's Customer

ANN EDENS, '49

The receptionist of the beauty salon was almost as haughty and languid as the stranger who had just entered. But not quite. For, try as she would, Opal Terwilliger still remained the Natural Type, despite her access to the Comtessa de Jonez' albatross oils and Rejuvenesco cremes. She reconciled herself, however, by always wearing her eyelashes at half mast and sneering coolly. She greeted the stranger with a cool sneer, and opened her eyes long enough to observe the raven locks piled high on the well-shaped head in intricate curls, the oval face which was an alabaster mask accented by, of course, carmine lips and mysterious Nile green colored eyelids with slacks of diaphanous chiffon to match.

Right then and there, Opal Terwilliger said to herself, "Watch me put *her* in her place!"

"I should like a liter of orris root powder and enough henna to fill a hollow amulet," said the stranger.

Opal concealed her surprise very well. She merely shrugged her padded shoulders carelessly and said without expression, "We carry only the Comtessa de Jonez' powder for dry skin, oily skin, adolescent skin, matron skin, thick skin, thin skin, and rough skin."

"By Ptolemy's old house cat!" the stranger muttered this diatribe under her breath. "What about henna?"

"What about henna yourself?" Opal said scornfully. "We feel," smugly, "that not only are orris root powder and henna dated, but that they are harmful to any but

the most *callous* of skins, and besides that, only tacky people use henna. But of course, if you are desirous and determined to obtain these preparations, I suppose you could get them at any old corner drug store."

The stranger narrowed her eyes, and said relentlessly, "I want some henna and orris root powder right now, and I'd better get what I want. I'm not used to being foiled by cross insubordinates."

"Don't you call me no names!" howled Opal, stung.

Her shrill voice attracted many of the shop's patrons, and the Comtessa Herself quickly appeared between the chartreuse portiers, swathed chicly in tangerine-colored pongee and a bunch of grapes.

"Is something the matter with you, Miss Terwilliger?" said the smooth voice, just lately cultured at the Binswanger School of Elocution.

Yes, something was definitely the matter with Opal, who stood frozen in her footsteps by the menacing stares of the stranger.

"This woman is a fool," said the stranger dryly, "and she is also quite rude. I suggest that you send her away . . ."

The Comtessa was never one to deny a customer a wish, so, murmuring, "There, there, now" soothingly and a bit reprovingly to Opal, she pulled a lever in the form of a woman's leg and Opal was dropped efficiently into a trap door. "It goes to the street floor beneath," she explained, "and now, won't you come with me this way . . ."

The stranger felt her bosom, and noted that her jewelled poniard was still there. She merely wanted to be on the safe side.

* * *

They came into a nifty little room—panelled with reproductions of Grandma Moses burnt into cork, and rigged up with gold plated hair dryers and things of that sort.

"This room is for my own especial customers," said the Comtessa to the stranger knowingly. The stranger smiled pleasantly. This was more like it.

"I'm truly sorry about that little upset . . . it's so hard to get nice, capable girls these days. Miss Terwilliger means well, but she does have a hot head." She reached into a hidden drawer and produced an embroidered smock, eye pads, and other requisites to beauty. "If you'll just put these on, I'll fix you all up!"

The stranger had never spent such a pleasant afternoon.

"Dearie," said the Comtessa, "your skin is very smooth and all, but I feel that my Herbo-Infra-red, Ultra-violet Sun Bath Treatment would restore more life and color to it. You are very pale, you know."

"Yes," said the stranger proudly, "I am the palest of the pale."

"But don't you worry . . . we'll fix you up," the Comtessa said, as she clipped the stranger's tresses into a piquant feathery bob.

The stranger relaxed in the comfortable chromium chair and meditated on her friend Tony, with whom she had an appointment in the evening. She would show him that her beauty was eternal; lately he had seemed a little indifferent. How careless of her to run out of her much needed cosmetics! Especially when they were so hard to get up there. Helen was so dreadfully selfish when she had wanted to bor-

row her powder puff, and Octavia hoarded her oils as if they were gold. But no matter. She would show them all.

The lovely odors and the friendly warmth and the lull of the Comtessa's voice ushered the stranger into dreamland.

Several hours later, she felt herself being shaken by someone.

"Wake up, wake up, my pretty, lucky one! The Comtessa has finished!"

The stranger leaped from the chromium chair and said fearfully, "Oh, Isis! It must be late!"

The Comtessa twisted her hands with pleasure and beamed at the stranger. "It is only 5:30. Here is a mirror . . . don't you want to see the new, breath-taking you?"

The stranger clutched her throat, and said, feverishly, "I must go. I'm late for an appointment. I haven't the time, really. I'm sorry." She ran gracefully out of the room.

* * *

"You're late," Tony stated brusksly, without looking up.

"I'm sorry, dear love," she murmured throatily. "I went to New York today. For you."

"New York!" exclaimed the other. "Great Caesar's ghost! How in heaven's name did you do that? And whatever for?"

"I asked His Permission, and as I said before, I did it for you."

Tony looked at her curiously, and slowly removed her travelling cloak so that he could see her better.

"Good Lord, Cleopatra! What have you done to yourself?" he shouted, recoiling in horror.

She felt a sinking sensation in her stomach, and with trembling hands reached for her mirror of burnished metal.

(Continued on page 25)



Look — ONE IN UNIFORM!

Mother—"Every time you stay out so late I get another gray hair."

Daughter—"Geeminy, mom, you must have been wild. Look at granny's hair."

—The Log.

And then there was the man who refused to help his wife dye her hair. He just didn't want to give the old henna rinse.

—The Log.

It is not natural to shrink from kissing. If it were, most college girls would be nothing but skin and bones.

—The Log.

"I didn't know she was a golfer when she asked me to play around."

—Yale Record.

Thorns

She—Look, mister, how long is this ca going to keep stalling like this?

He—Just as long as you do, baby.

—Yale Record.

Two little rabbits were being chased by a pack of wolves. One little rabbit turned to the other and said, "How about stop ping for a minute and outnumbering them?"

—Medley.

As one strawberry said to the other "We wouldn't be in this jam if we hadn' been in that bed together."

—Yale Record



To Be or Not

ing The Roses

Ad in College Topics: For lease, one R.-M. girl if my Sweet Briar date can't come.

She (coily): "You bad boy, don't you try to kiss me again!"

He: "I won't. I'm just trying to find out who has the bourbon at this party."

"My heart is in the ocean," cried the poet.

"You've gone me one better," said his seasick friend, taking a firmer grip on the rails.

She was only the Carnival Queen, but she made a lot of concessions.

—The Log.



e — ?
is the question...



THIS IS NOT GEORGE - and
I AM IN THE PARLOR

"What is a metaphor?"

"For the cows to graze in."

—The Log.

Girl: "Say, haven't you heard of the honor system at the university?"

Boy: "Sure. They have the honor and we have the system."

First Kangaroo—"Annabelle, where's Baby?"

Second Kangaroo—"My goodness, I've had my pocket picked."

—The Log.

She fell upon the icy pave
And a man who watched her whirls,
Said, "There'll you have to lie, my dear;

I never pick up girls."

—The Log.

The Journey

SARAVETTE ROYSTER, '47

Jimmy had passed by this road every time he and his mother had ridden on the bus to the neighboring town to see his aunt; he had always wished that the bus would turn there, but it never did, and his mother said it never would. It was such a pretty road. There were just millions of trees, and they were so big that their branches touched each other across the roadway; it looked shady and cool beneath them, as if you might walk forever there and never be tired or lonely. He had once seen a rabbit dart in front of the bus and scamper into the woods; he had wondered then what it would feel like to be able to run there and know that no one would ever make you stop and go to school or wash the dishes. And now he was walking here, all by himself, and he didn't have to worry about Papa shouting or Mama crying, or how he was going to finish his homework. Every thing was just as he had wanted it to be. The grass looked bright and clean, the smell of the pine trees tickled his nose and made him laugh. Then he heard a bird singing somewhere, and suddenly he wanted to cry; but instead he began to run, as fast as he could, down the long road. He liked the sound of his feet hitting the pavement, the feel of his body moving so swiftly along.

He soon became tired, though, for he hadn't run in a long time. He fell down by the side of the road where the grass looked softest, and stretched out there, resting himself. Only two hours ago, he had waked up in his hot bed at home,

and lying there, listening to the trolley rattling by, made up his mind to run away. After he dressed, he had crept into his mother's room, and got \$5.00 from her purse. Her room was small, crowded with over-large furniture, on which a week's mess of dirty clothes was accumulated; on the floor, a large rug, spread thin over the room, did not succeed in hiding the tufts of dust scattered about. He had seen this room every day for twelve years, had gone to sleep every night hating its ugliness, had lived through every day fearing return to it. This morning, even though he knew he was looking at it for the last time, the heat choked him more than ever before, the brick building next door, seen through the open window, seemed to press itself tighter against the room, to shut out all light.

He turned over quickly and burrowed his face in the earth. He wouldn't ever go back, ever. He would wander along this road the rest of his life, and live where everything was free and beautiful. Maybe sometimes he would stand on the edge of the highway, and see his mother ride by in the bus; she would wave to him, but he wouldn't care. He would live to be a real old man, and he would be happy always.

"What on earth are you doin' there, young feller?" asked a deep voice from above. Jimmy turned and stared up, startled, into a pair of blue eyes which were well set, deep into a large, bony face. The man burst out laughing.

Kaleidoscope

DOROTHY E. BOTTOM, '49

*Racing horses gallop madly
to an orange sun's death
(A pale child lies abed and crying
frantic sucking each last breath.)
Sweating, shining horses shimmer
on the dusty plain . . .
Tiny fishes stab the ripples
Violet slivers—liquid flame.*

*The huge black desert beetles circle
crazy with the heat
Night falls night falls
with a pulsing, throbbing beat.*

*And soft green Luna moths are flapping blindly at my eyes—
(Like a fragile dying song I hear your faintly whispered cries)
Waft silent past and loose their velvet petals on my brow—
(I stand with you at hell's edge, forgetful of the now.)*

*While the thick deep night sounds thread thinning to the dawn
I hear the crickets murmur you are gone
you are gone.*

Entities

CONSTANCE TUNNELL, '48

*The stars and stripes forever—
Christ can you see
Between the bars
The skies hang
Fogged
The stripes we bear shall
Never
Fade
Nor will the splotch of sin.*

Wry but Gingerly

CONSTANCE TUNNELL, '48

*For lo—unto us is born this day
An endless thirst
To gorge ourselves in scalding floods
(Two more-double
Forget the chaser—
Waiter! Jesus
Where's that
Sob)
And it shall be wrapped in bitterness
And layed in a prison cell
And known henceforth
To all our kind
As blessed
Escape.*

THE OLD OAK PRESENTS —

Leopold Stokowski

MARGARET ROPER, '39

Many years ago a gentleman who rather fancied himself as a phrenologist visited an English school for small boys and had a number of the boys called up for his inspection. After a while he ran his hands over the head of a fair-haired, blue-eyed youngster with a big nose and abnormally large hands.

"This boy," he predicted, "will be a great musician. His artistic bump (only he used a scientific and much longer word) is remarkably developed." At first the young boy was amazed at the stranger, but now Mr. Stokowski says, "When I found out that he had been in chapel for the morning service and had heard me play, I did not think he was so very wonderful after all!"

Soon after that incident the incipient musician decided that he needed a holiday, and curiously enough this decision coincided with the fact that there was a hard frost on the ground and a possibility of excellent skating at his aunt's house in the country. He took French leave by night and appeared before his aunt the next day, having tramped across country to avoid being caught. His aunt was led to think that the holiday was granted by the kindly school authorities and the truant got three days of "simply ripping sport" he says, before he was duly discovered, thrashed soundly and returned to the school. He worked quietly for a time but the wandering-spirit was too strong and a more serious attempt at liberty resulted in his leaving the school for-

ever and joining the long list of boys who were to some day become famous after an apprenticeship in the streets of London. Young Stokowski was about fourteen when he set out to make his fortune; the March weather was cold and raw and the park benches were neither comfortable nor warm, but he stuck it out, picking up a few pennies here and there, doing odd jobs, and dodging relatives who would have kept an eye on him and trained him for the legal profession. Perhaps something of the musician's success has been that he has always known exactly what he wanted and has gone after it single-handed and single-minded, no matter what the cost might be. Leopold knew that he was not meant to be a lawyer and he was willing to suffer for years rather than follow the wrong trade. He has the ability to endure physical and mental pain like a Stoic, and a corresponding contempt for those who falter and hesitate in order to save themselves and their friends an inconvenience.

"If my dearest friend stood in my way, I'd walk right over him if I had to get somewhere," says Stokowski. "I'd be sorry to do it, but you simply can't turn aside when you have a goal to reach."

Just what this goal is may be safely conjectured as nothing less than the greatest perfection in his musical art and the development of a technique that is at once powerful and subtle. This element of "bitter-sweet" comes, in part at least, from the life he has led. He himself tells the story of his early successes.

"One night I was frightfully miserable. It was cold and wet and I was hungry and down on my luck, and was feeling all the depression that a raw London night can give a homeless boy. I wandered into the heart of the city and, coming to a little church whose door was open, I stopped because of the warmth and light. They were singing a thing that had a tremendous influence on me. It was hymn 511, and somehow those lines,

"The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast,'

had the power to drag me into that shelter and I felt as if I would like to kneel down and sob. I had had so many fruitless dreams of a triumph and each day that triumph seemed farther and farther away from me. When I heard those choir-boys, weak and miserable though they were, I resolved that I would be one of those to sing the festive song. After the service I went back to the choir-room and found that they were looking for someone to take charge of the music, and perhaps because I was so desperate looking, perhaps because it was the scheme of the fates, I got the job. I was nearly sixteen then and I offered to fight any boy who made trouble for me. I did fight a few of them and after that you should have heard them sing! Mind, you, they weren't paid, and as most of them came from the poorer districts of the city it was quite a job to even hold them together, but I used to tell them that after we'd had a good practice we'd go out and have a game of cricket, and you should have seen them work then. I loved the work but as it did not pay me enough to live on I got a job playing in an orchestra three nights a week in a rotten little music hall on the lower side of the city. I played everything that no one else turned up for (incidentally Mr.

Stokowski can play any instrument made but he can't whistle, and nothing annoys him more than for someone to whistle an intricate tune which he can't master), and while I was there an awfully jolly thing happened. I was going home one night about twelve o'clock and it was raining. I stood on the corner for a long time hesitating whether I'd take a bus home or have a hot sausage now. I had only tuppence in the world and couldn't make up my mind whether I was colder than I was hungry, when a cab came by and a big white face with crimson streaks on it stuck out of the window and a loud voice said, 'It's the boy with the musical hands! Come on boy.' It was the clown who was playing that week at the music-hall and he took me home and gave me the most wonderful supper I have ever had. I was grateful for the meat and the champagne for years to come."

One notices that in the London period there is great stress laid on meals, for it is the record of a hungry boy whose ambition and stomach were always at odds. He was working hard at his music, practicing at the big organs, and now and then managing to save the money for a lesson from a really good teacher. He learned to know the thrill of sitting down at the great organ and of having the congregation wait anxiously for the rich tones he had learned to produce. Little by little the boy fought his way up. The rector of the church paid for a course at the College of Music and later Leopold took a musical degree at Oxford. An eager reader with an insatiable capacity for work, he learned more in his vagabond existence than most boys learn at school and college combined. If anyone asks him why his handwriting is so large and so curiously composed entirely of capital letters, he replies with a

(Continued on page 34)

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AS I THINK OF GOD

Continued from page 17

to God and our potentiality for being inwardly made in the likeness of Christ is evidence of this Spirit within us. Jesus, I believe, incarnates God the Son or the Second Person of the Trinity. God's immanence was focused to such a degree in the person of Christ that His life seemed to be an open window into the heart of God. However, this outreaching quality of God did not begin at the time of Jesus' earthly life. I believe it has always been extended but not until men saw it reflected in the quality of life that Jesus lived was it recognized. For those who saw it during His lifetime and for those who have seen it down through the ages there is the realization that this was not a life but *The Life*.

"I told him I worshipped my figure, and he tried to embrace my religion."

—*Yale Record*.

She's just a chimney sweep's daughter, but she soots me.

—*The Lee*.

FOR THE FASHIONS
YOU SEE IN
LEADING MAGAZINES

Guggenheimers
of Lynchburg

THE COMTESSA'S CUSTOMER

(Continued from page 17)

She looked at herself—saw the brown skin, vibrant cheeks, and short curly hair. She had never felt so deflated in all her life. Slowly, she turned her face away so that Tony would not see her anguished tears. All was lost. Tony would spurn her and probably start going with that wretched Helen. She would never be able to hold up her head again.

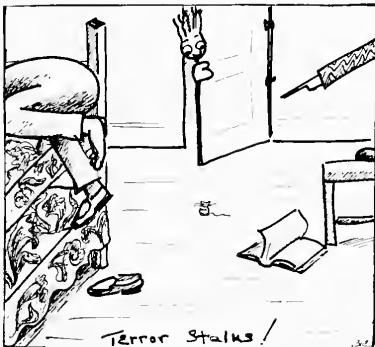
"Ahh, Cleo," said Tony softly. "It isn't *that* bad. Your hair will grow, and see, your tears are washing off that brown goo."

She looked at him and stopped crying.

"And just think, Cleo, you've been to the world. You'll have so much to tell us all."

She hardly remembered anything in the world except that stupid girl and the tangerine pongee, but she could always make things up.

She looked at Tony and smiled.



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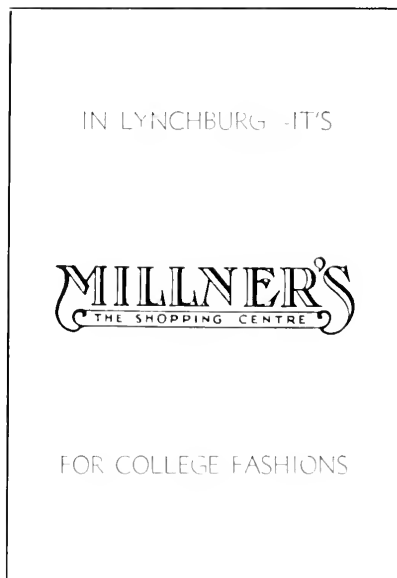
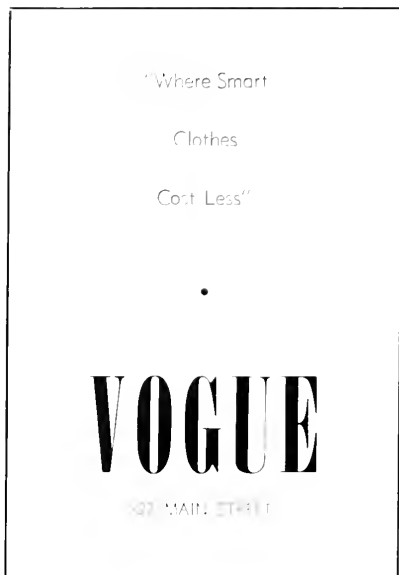
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A FEW WORDS ON A BIG QUESTION

will put aside his heritage of bitterness and suspicion.

One of our greatest problems in the whole Negro question is the white person's ignorance in general of the Negro's accomplishments and progress since he was given his freedom. Many white people never look upon the colored person as anything other than a cook, a butler, a yardman, or as a worker in some minor trade. Many do not know that from the ranks of the Negro have come statesmen, congressmen and representatives, capable soldiers, authors and poets, big business men, great educators, scientists, athletes, and many fine musicians who have given to America a music all their own. They have helped to advance our society and with greater educational facilities will in the future undoubtedly have more and more to offer.

The white person seldom stops long enough in his anti-Negro arguments to try to see the problem from the colored man's side of the fence. He condemns him immediately upon seeing him spending large sums of money on flashy automobiles and fancy clothes, now that he has more money than he has ever had before. He argues against educating the Negro if this is the manner in which he will use his education. But if the Negro is what the white people call "uppity" at this point, it is not entirely his fault. A background of slavery and of servile status such as his immediate ancestors have had does not properly fit him to be dropped right into our more developed culture and be expected to react as we do. He will naturally behave in many cases rather foolishly with his sparse education, more money in his

pockets than he has possessed before, and with a taste of success intoxicating in its novelty. But time, and patience on the part of the white people, will temper him down until he becomes adjusted and well-integrated in this new society.

Another important point in the whole issue is the fact that the white people have a very misconceived notion about the colored person's attitude towards his background in the old south. There are many good, very lovable colored people it's true, who have known nothing but a humble life before the white person, and have been satisfied with it, but the Negro of our times, yearning for a different place in the world of today, does not like to be reminded of this past, nor is he sentimental about it. The Negro's attitude toward his former master will for a while be suspicious, but if he sees the white man's attempting to treat him justly and with tolerance, he will meet him halfway. But the white man must make sure that he goes his halfway.

It will be through the work of civic organizations, of the state and of the church that the two races can be brought together to live in peace. But much in this striving for closer harmony will come from the individual white person's attitude. An attitude of superiority and aloofness will solve nothing. But an attitude of kindness, patience, tolerance and the use of a very important thing, common courtesy, can do much to help and will go a long way in the attainment of our common goal—the ideals of Democracy.

She—What's a chiropractor?

He—Someone who gets paid for what I get slapped for.

—*Yale Record.*

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THE PROBLEM OF OBTAINING POLITICAL UNITY IN INDIA

which is the hope of all Moslem leaders to attain that their refusal is based. Above all else the Moslems fear Hindu domination.

If the differences between these two groups, and disagreements within the Congress Party which is the largest political organization in India can be solved by compromise and cooperation, a new phase in Indian history will open, and the culmination of the progressive steps toward independence and participation in government that have been made under British rule during the last century will be reached. From the time of autocratic rule of the conquered by the victor, through education and the introduction of western ideas, particularly on government and politics; "modern" methods of transportation and communication, and machinery and efficient methods of agriculture and industry. England has prepared India, both intentionally and unintentionally, to take her place among the nations of the world, and has given her the tangible requirements of political unity. Whether the

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differences which exist will be dissolved now, and a constitution and an independent government emerge from the present constituent assembly's efforts, or whether it will be a few years before political unity can be attained, I think the creation of a free and independent India will be completed at an early date.

The last stages in the attainment of political unity and independence have been reached. The question of Pakistan, the principal issue over which Moslem and Hindu opinion is split, will, in my opinion, be solved by federation within which form of government, practical autonomy concerning internal affairs would be maintained by each province and state. This arrangement would satisfy the demands of each group in India, and as soon as that fact can be impressed on the various factions this realization will mean the attainment of political unity in India.

"What is home without a Mother?" asked the poetic lad soulfully of his comely date.

"I am tonight, darling," she sighed.

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SHADOW OF A DREAM

him very charming. I was surprised, though. She excused herself from him and returned to me. I hoped she would say she had missed me or at least be angry and ask me why I had left her. She did neither. After that I was determined to know her better. I had seen her with my friends, now I had to see her with her friends. Hoping she'd let me take her to see some of her friends, I asked her whom she knew in New York. Then she told me she lived with a friend . . . "Almost a kid sister," she said. Alicia then was close to someone; there was someone who shared her dream world. I finally persuaded Alicia to let me take her and this friend out together.

I arrived early. Alicia had not come in. I had hoped it would work out this way because I thought a few minutes alone with Frances, Alicia's young friend, might reveal much to me that I had not been able to fathom. Frances took the flowers I had brought to the kitchen to put them in water. While she was gone I looked around the room—a strange room, not the kind one would expect two girls in New

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York to live in. It was centered entirely around one man. There was a gun rack on the wall, a tremendous hawk on the bookcase, tennis trophies on the mantle, a law certificate in a frame; all around the room there were large pictures of the same man—in football uniform, tennis clothes, taking a jump on a horse; on the table by my chair was a photograph of him. It was uncanny; I picked up the picture and saw an almost identical image of my own face. Frances came in, saw me looking at the picture and coming toward me said, "Alicia was right. You are like Josh, you even smile like he did. He was my brother; he was killed in the war." Then suddenly remembering, she took the picture from me, though she guessed it was too late; I had read the inscription, "Alicia, we will belong to each other always."

THE JOURNEY

(Continued from page 20)

"You've got a slab of dirt right on the tip of your nose, and ya' look as if ya' were trying to be a pig, and bury yourself there," he said, and added, "I bet you haven't had any lunch, either."

"No, I haven't," Jimmy admitted, just at that instant realizing that he hadn't had any breakfast either, and was very hungry.

"My name is Simon, what's yours?"

"Jimmy."

"Well, Jimmy, you come along with me. I was just gettin' ready to have a meal myself, and I guess I could scrape up enough for company."

Jimmy got up obediently, and followed Simon down a side path. He lived in a house that was just off the road, but could not be seen from there, because of the thickness of the trees. Jimmy liked it right

away; the main room was large, and the sunshine streaming through the windows made gay patterns on the floor. Jimmy could hear his friend in the kitchen singing lustily to himself; in a moment he came into the room carrying a large kettle of something that smelled wonderful. He set it down on the table and began bringing plates and silver from the cupboard.

"Pull yourself up a chair from over yonder, and we'll see if you like a bachelor's cooking." Jimmy quickly decided that he liked it very much, and shyly told him so.

"If that's true, you eat all you want," Simon said, filling the boy's plate again. Jimmy ate steadily, but looked up every now and then to watch Simon. The man soon finished his meal and began to bring in wood from outside for the stove. He was a large man, but he moved quietly and surely; Jimmy loved watching him. Each time Simon would see Jimmy looking at him he would smile, nod, and go on with his work.

That afternoon, Jimmy went with Simon to the fields to watch him pitch hay. Simon gave him a fork and he helped in the work. He could feel the sun burning into his back. He felt tired, but the smell of fresh hay, the sight of Simon's powerful body, the sound of the horses stamping in front of the wagon made him forget about the blisters on his hands, the sting of sunburn on his body. The cramped emptiness of the home he had left seemed to Jimmy very remote from the freedom of the open field.

At sunset, they drove the wagon to the barn; Simon unhitched the horses and fixed them in their stalls. Then together, they walked to the house. In the light of dusk, the house had taken on a misty hue that made it seem faraway and unreal; there was a light burning in the big room,

•

SEARS and ROEBUCK

•

FOR SWELL PRIZETTES

FAVORITE

STEAKS

HAMBURGERS

MILK SHAKES

•

YE OLDE TRAVELLER'S INN

AMERICAN CUISINE

shining bright into the growing darkness outside.

When they went in, there were two policemen standing by the window. They both grinned at Jimmy.

"Well, Jimmy Carter, now that you've had your little escapade and gotten the whole force in an uproar, suppose you come home with us," said one of them.

"How did you know he was here?" asked Simon.

"Some guy saw him turn down this road, and yours was the first house we came to," the other replied. He looked sternly at Jimmy. "You're awful little to have caused such a bother. We've been searching for you since morning."

Jimmy stood in the doorway listening to their conversation, but not understanding anything except that they had found him, and were taking him back.

"Simon—!" he said, but stopped. Simon couldn't help him, and he knew if he spoke, he would begin to cry. Only babies cried and he would show them he was a man, and didn't need any mother or policeman to take care of him. Outside, he could hear the cheerful buzz of the crickets as they woke up to the night.

As he was leaving, Simon shook his hand.

"We had a good time, feller. You'll be coming back again to see me, and help me pitch the hay," Jimmy nodded, but he knew it was not so.

He said nothing on the ride home, although the two policemen made many jokes, trying to be friendly. He said nothing to his mother when she greeted him at the doorway, and thanked the policemen. Somehow there was nothing to say. His mother gave him some supper, but he couldn't eat it. His back began to hurt him; he wanted terribly to get away from his mother's kindness, get to bed where

he could sleep, and stay there for hours.

As his mother told him good-night, she said, "We won't say anything about today to Papa. He'd be very angry—at both of us." It was the first time she'd mentioned his running away.

He lay awake for a long time after she left. He gazed at the street lamp outside the window. A swarm of gnats flurried around it, hitting each other in their struggle to get away from the darkness. Someone told him once that if they ever found the light, it would blind them, and they would never see it again. In some ways it might be nice to be blind, he thought, turning away. He closed his eyes, trying to bring back the memory of sweet-smelling grass, the feel of the warm hay, the coolness of the breeze against his hot face, the realness of Simon. The worn sheets wrapped themselves around his body, they clung to him; he kicked them off. In a little while, he was asleep.

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Announcement

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We are pleased to announce that the BRAMBLER will henceforth publish literary material submitted by our illustrious faculty. Contributions will be most gratefully received.

THE STAFF.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

(Continued from page 23)

wry smile that it comes from his having learned penmanship from copying the Latin inscriptions on the tombstones in the Temple and other London graveyards. His French and German he learned on trips abroad, made when the rates of travel were lowest. His charm he gets presumably from his Irish mother and his determination from his Polish father, or his grandfather who was given, he says, to much slaughtering of Turks and other infidels. His pessimism is his own, born of early disappointments and denials. He has always been an ardent lover of country life and regrets that most of his time has been spent in cities. He loves what Chesterton describes as "the woodiness of wood," and he loves the sharp edge of steel and the sensation of cutting. On being offered a present once when he was beyond the age for toys, he chose a hunting knife, stipulating that it should be very broad and very long and sharp, with a leather belt and scabbard to go with it. He made this choice in spite of the fact that he was then living in London without the remotest chance of taking to the trail, but something within him wanted to hold firm steel in his strong hands. His hands are an important part of him for they are very large and very powerful. A boxing master in New York says he was the most dangerous boxer he ever met, because the angrier he got the cooler he became, and those tremendous hands which all music lovers have thrilled over when they flexed infinitesimally in signals to the orchestra, hit like sledge-hammers. It is a curious fact that his hands which can produce the softest and most delicate tones on the organ, are so heavy on a

horse's mouth that no well-bred animal will stand them, and Mr. Stokowski has had more than one defeat in the saddle. One time when he was riding a friend's horse in Central Park in New York City, he jerked the reins before his feet were firmly settled in the stirrups. The horse promptly bolted and ran for half a mile, when his rider, seeing a dangerous curve ahead and reflecting that he was due to play at a large church service the next day, decided to roll off before he was thrown and seriously hurt. He rolled off but unfortunately chose a spot where he hit his head against the curb and split it open. He was taken in charge by sympathetic policemen who, as they washed the blood off his head, asked his name.

"I took a long breath," says Stokowski, "and replied: 'Leopold Antony Stanislaus Borisloff Stokowski!' The big fellow who was cutting the hair away from the wound, dropped the scissors and said.

"Poor lad, he's ravin'. Run for the doctor Mike, and get the ambulance!"

"I had a hard time," Mr. Stokowski added, "in convincing them that that really was my name and that I was not either drunk or delirious."

For three happy years he played at the church in London which had given him his first chance, St. James' in Piccadilly, and from there he was called, when he was only twenty-three, to fill the post of choirmaster at St. Bartholomew's in New York. This mixed choir had attained fame in the city, and it seemed a rash experiment to some to bring this young unknown boy to such a position, but the rector had faith in Leopold and when he left England there were many far-sighted ones who said, "There goes the coming English musician."

After three years of great success in New York he went abroad to study for

a time and returned to this country to take the position of conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra. It is a matter of history that he put Cincinnati on the musical map, and from there he went to Philadelphia where his work has won only the highest praise. Those who have heard him know the beautiful tones he creates, and if one judges him by the music which he interprets best we must class him among the older masters rather than among the ultra-modern. The German and Prussian schools are his chosen fields, a fact which can be better appreciated when one knows something of his character, which is a combination of fire and ice in water-tight compartments. The flames of an ardent temperament are never allowed to melt the ice of a resolution in which there is much of the heroic, nor does the chill of a single devotion to the very best in his art quench the flames of enthusiasm. In his conducting there may be seen the breadth of a deep interpretation combined with the ability to seize the critical instant and give it the very finest shade of delicate meaning. There is something panther-like in the crouch of Mr. Stokowski's figure as he

hovers over the orchestra, pouncing on the very fraction of the second when the critical note is to be played. A discussion once arose as to how a certain picture should have been painted. The scene was that of a banquet given to the Saxons by the Danes, at which festival the hosts suddenly murdered their guests in the cheery fashion then in vogue. Mr. Stokowski asked several people in turn how they would have treated it, and all agreed that they would have painted the moment when the daggers were flashed on the unsuspecting guests.

"Oh what rot," groaned Stokowski with scorn. "Of course the instant to immortalize is the one when the Danes slid their hands beneath their cloaks and waited, with weapons grasped and muscles tense, for the signal. That's the dramatic moment!"

The next time you hear a concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra think of that story and see how well the conductor manages his climax. When the suspense is almost unbearable the crash comes, and not before! For Stokowski, the willful child of the London streets, is an artist.



KELLER AND GEORGE

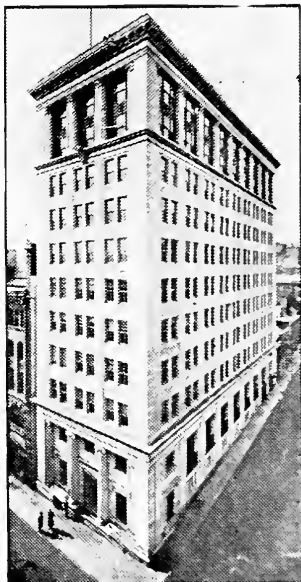
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THE BRAMBLER

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

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St. Michael's Spire, Charleston	Miss Martha von Briesen
New England Landscape	Miss Martha von Briesen

An Ode to the Boys of Virginia

The boys come from all around
To take Briarites to Lynchburg town.

And so we get to know them all

The fair, the dark, the short, the tall.

We seem to know their every line

We can tell if they mean it any time.

The dashing Cavaliers will say

Let's party at the White House today.

From Lexington they come en masse

They know the Briarite is no lass

To fall for anything they may

Suggest in such a coy way.

So from W. and L., V. M. I.

The lads suggest we go and try

The White House to get our feed

That good food's just what we need.

The Hampton-Sydney lad maintains

That White House food on top remains.

Say all the boys at V. P. I.

The White House we will not pass by.

And Richmond U. and W. and M.,

And lots of others, just all of them

Know the best line they can pull

Is a jaunt to the White House to get full.

And so we laud the Virginia lad,

With the idea above, his line ain't bad.

In fact, he usually snags his fish

When tempting her with a White House
dish.

He gets his punches pulled with might,

His passes completed, his touchdowns right.

He's an all right fellow; he's really O. K.,

When he says, Let's head the White
House way.

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NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE

I was thinking, as I scuttled through crisp leaves the other day, that adolescents seemed to be more subject to moods than grownups. By a coincidence a precariously held-together model T jerked by. Symbol of The Younger Generation, I thought, with supreme snobbishness, my thoughts still following this trend. Whether they know it or not, they have taken to notoriously haphazard cars probably because they are like that themselves, always having major and minor crises, very seldom running smoothly, always having either flat tires or too much air in them, gears that have just been lined or that won't shift at all. Everything is un-coordinated in the adolescent stage. If one part runs smoothly, another breaks down. Perhaps, I thought, carrying the idea even further, as we get older we get smoother running emotional chassis, just as these kids grow out of the salopy stage into the Buick convertible one.

A LESSON IN LIVING

FANCHON LEWIS, '50

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Last Summer two of us from Sweet Briar taught Vacation Bible School at Pine Grove Hollow, a mountain mission of the Episcopal Church. We went to teach—but we learned far more. I have given my impressions of this unique community.

Come with me to a new world—within three hours' drive of Sweet Briar. Past Amherst and Charlottesville, into the Skyline Drive, take a turn off the main highway and you have invaded the serenity of the "Hollow."

Some forty years ago missionaries of the Episcopal Church turned up this road. It was literally an invasion, because they encountered a primitive people with weapons. It was not "healthy" to stay in the "Hollow" very long. Today the scene has changed. Instead of cave-like abodes there are modest bungalows. A firm paved road replaces the rutted path of those times, and visitors are greeted with welcome rather than warning.

Forty years of the church's influence has brought a great rise in the standard of living through social, economic, and spiritual development. Somehow those words seem out of place in Pine Grove—much more at home in a text book, for they denote growth that is cold and impersonal, and what has grown in Pine Grove is far from that. Out of those years has blossomed a uniqueness of atmosphere, a manner of every day living which is, to a great degree, out of reach of the world's web of culture, and free from the bonds of society's "musts." In this community there have blossomed the flowers that often are trampled by our society in its hurry—love, generosity, and neighborliness.

Community centers vary. Yours might be the city hall. Another's, the drug store or beer parlor. At Pine Grove it is the church and mission house. For medical care, for recreation, for marriage advice, for religion, all eyes and feet turn toward the mission.

They turn toward the mission because there is found their helper, and their guide, Deaconess Hutton. "Deac" as she is fondly called, has lived among these people for seventeen years. There she has done everything from teaching school to preparing the dead for burial. Her wonderful spirit has been the pattern for the attitude which has developed in Pine Grove.

The greatest community project is the Clothing Bureau. Boxes from all parts of the United States find their way to the "Hollow." There clothes are assorted and priced. Once a week the rusty hinges of the Clothing Bureau's doors bend back for the crowds. People assemble long before opening time to hear the latest news. With babies in arms and dogs at feet they enter. Of course prices are extremely low, and to an outsider the system of distribution might seem too much like charity to bother with bookkeeping. But each citizen of the "Hollow" has an account. This process of paying twenty-five cents for a pair of shoes is far from a "give away." These people believe that they are supporting themselves, assuming obligations and meeting them. That twenty-five cents not only buys shoes; it buys self-respect.

The family unit is a strong one. The greater their hardships, the stronger is their love for each other. Sons and daughters who go to work in nearby cities never get "too good" for the "Hollow." They come home at every opportunity—proudly.

One of the negative factors is the lack of a strong moral code. It is a matter of not understanding what is wrong. For instance, unwed mothers have little conception of society's ban against them. With large fam-

ilies living in small quarters, children learn "the facts of life" before they learn rules of practice such as are expounded in the moral code of more cultured societies. But there is no element of secrecy or shame attached to failure to live by a conventional rule of "right."

Tragedy has knocked at almost every door. A mother dying of tuberculosis, a deaf and dumb daughter, an unfaithful mother or a similar situation has brought sadness to each member of the community, but the people are not prone to talk of their misfortunes.

The individuals as a whole are different from other people. But not because of their dress, their language, or their mannerisms. They are different because they do not pretend. They mean what they say, they do what they feel, and they are what they are. There are no complicated forms of deceit, flattery, trickery in their lives. Greatest of all, they are humble. They are good, but they would never suspect it. A gift from a citizen of the "Hollow" is really worth its weight in gold, for it is a gift of pure love with no motive except love.

They take time to appreciate what God

and men do for them. One Sunday afternoon we visited a man whose health was such that he could not come to church. Tears of gratitude for our simple kindness and consideration filled his eyes. Walking back up the path past his house, we met Granny, seventy-six years young, whose wrinkled yellow face formed a background for her twinkling blue eyes. When the country side was pure and beautiful after a summer shower, she had hobbled a mile up the road to see if "anything had growed" in her garden after God's rain.

They are simple, unpretentious, not faultless, and very human. "Granny" transplanted to the "wrong side of our tracks" would be another piece of poverty-stricken humanity through society's eyes. I am thankful that she is protected from that. She is an equal in a community where values are different, and life is less cruel.

Living at Pine Grove, one might long for the conveniences of a more modern society such as we are accustomed to, but I do not wish so much that I could bring the outside world to "The Hollow" as that I could take back to our way of life a few of the real values of life that grow there in abundance.

Snowfall

Rusted leaves lay quiet
Embracing chilled dew
The crisp moon
Edging out a star
Vanished the glow
Of a sleepy sky:
Froze a ruff of cloud
To a snowdrop,
Forming a pattern—
With a lacy branch—
Of purple ecstasies
Transformed with dawn
To virgin white.

—Bertie Pew 49.

Lots of Love and Kisses

JENNE BELLE BECHTEL, '48

From Miss Margie Foss to Mr. Edward Craig
Hickry, Ohio
September 2, 1927

HONEY:

Its just after I seen you off on the train and honey I am so blue I had to right you right off the bat. Honey make sure you right me right away you are situated so I can quit worrying as I am pretty worried already. One reason I had to right you so soon was the funny feeling I got when you was leaving. I guess maybe you feel like that anyway but I wished you didn't want to go so bad. Honey why didn't we get married like I wanted and go to New York together instead a me staying here waiting while you go off and get your break? I wish you would of at least let me tell the folks we was engaged as that would of made me feel a little bit better. Only I know you are always in the right and it will take no time till they find out you are in New York and then they give you the lead in some big musical and then I come and gee it will be fun being the wife of a famous actor. But don't get me wrong hon as you know it would be wonderful to be married to you here in Hickry too or anywheres even a dry goods clerk like you was at McCoys as I have told you many times and remember I wanted to get married last winter but you says no you had to go to New York and get famous first. Well honey it is alright as I know you are going to be a big hit from the minute they know you are in town. Well, honey I got to go as Mama is yelling for me to husk the corn for dinner. I hope they ain't wormy as I do hate worms.

Lots of love and kisses ever yours

MARGIE.

From Mr. Edward Craig to Miss Margie Foss
New York, N. Y.
September 9, 1927

DEAR MARGE:

Well old girl received yr. 1st letter when I put into the hotel and yr. 2nd day before yesterday and yr. 3rd yesterday and yr. 4th one this morning. Glad to hear you miss me and keep it up as that is what the big boy likes to hear when he is far from home. This is some burg Margie and you sure would get a kick out of the avenoos. Theres quite a number of them and every one is twicet the width and about a 100 times the length of Broadway in Hickry. About our Broadway here in New York she is something all lit up like your old man on Saturday night. And you ought to see the dames. However as I guess you wouldn't be interested in no dames suffice it to say there ain't nothing in Hickry looks like these dames here. A different breed of cows you might say. Well Marge, been here just four days now and put in the time at a swell tailor's getting outfitted to do the rounds as I seen right off if yr. going to make good you got to look good. Doing nothing till the new suit comes but tomorrow I begin the rounds. Found this tailor you pay on what they call time signifying every 2 weeks you ante in a couple of bucks till the whole duds gets paid for. They make everything easy for you here in the Big Town, just a matter of signing on the right dotted lines. Ought to get my break any day now as I bought a paper they call *Cue* and seen a million calls for song and dance men. One looks hot which I am going after tomorrow when the new outfit comes. Well Marge got to sign off now. There is some dame works in the cigar stand in the lobby keeps giving me the eye and I'm going

down and give her a hard time a while prior to dinner. Since I been in New York easy 20 dames has tried stunts to pick me up but they ain't none of them had enough class for me to bother with. So don't you worry kid I am safe. See what kind of a particular guy you got? I guess that really sets you up don't it hon?

Love

EDDY

From Miss Margie Foss to Mr. Edward Craig
Hickry, Ohio
September 11, 1927

HONEY:

Received your letter today. Gee honey it sure was good to hear you are getting a long so good. No doubt by this time you landed that job or a better one and I can soon be packing up to come east and marry Miss Helen Hayes leading man. Gee I can hardly wait. Only hon I don't care if your a leading man or not I just want to come east and get married. What say hon? Meanwhile hon would you send me a picture of you in them new clothes? Gee I bet you really are the ritz. I bet there ain't no swell on Fifth Avenue got shoulders like yours. Hon you could show off anything. Well hon there is no news so I better close. But before I do good luck on your new job and be sure to tell me when the opening night is so I can figure you out a surprise.

Lots of love and kisses ever yours

MARGIE

From Mr. Edward Craig to Miss Margie Foss
New York, N. Y.
September 16, 1927

DEAR MARGIE:

Find enclosed picture of me taken on Broadway. Disregard the dame beside me. She is the skirt works at the cigar stand. Only had her along because the dames keep pestering you if a half way good looking guy walks down the street by himself every dame in town keeps trailing after if he don't have some skirt along to show he can't take care of no more. So I take this cutie from the cigar stand along when I don't want to be bothered. She is a good looking kid but she ain't got enough class for me so

don't you worry Marge. Didn't get that job previous referred to as it was already filled. However the producer says he will keep me in mind which is a mighty good sign. He is a big boy in this business and being kept in his mind is practically as good as being on the front line of some other guys show. So I sure ain't worried. Well lion time for the old feed bag. Met some guy in a office today also a song and dance man and we are taking dinner together in order to do some talking. He's been on the boards a long time and a good contact. Thats what you need in this business. contacts.

Love

EDDY

From Miss Margie Foss to Mr. Edward Craig
Hickry, Ohio
September 1, 1927

DEAR EDDY:

Just received your letter and picture. Hon I understand about the reasons for that dame in that picture but hon why did you have to have your arm around her waist? Hon don't you think maybe I better come and take care of you as I agree it is dangerous for a guy like you to walk around the streets alone when there is so many women in the town. I can see how they would bother you when you are only trying to get some place and not be bothered. Hon my mind is made up. I'm coming east right away as soon as I can get my suitcase packed. You need me and I need you. I'm going right now and pack up. See you soon.

Lots of love to my hon

MARGIE

Telegram from Mr. Edward Craig
to Miss Margie Foss

New York N Y Sept 19

UNPACK BAG DO NOT COME TO
NEW YORK LETTER FOLLOWS

EDDY

From Mr. Edward Craig to Miss Margie Foss
New York, N. Y.
September 19, 1927

DEAR MARGIE:

Marge for Pete's sake whats got into you?

(Continued on Page 23)

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

A Cursory Glance At Ourselves

The opening of college this fall seems to have initiated a new era of introspection on the part of the students. The seeds of this movement in attitude were sown last spring when our Student Government Association began reorganization. As members of the Student Government each girl was and is called upon to thoughtfully consider the principles underlying our community. This fall the analysis has gathered impetus in community, Student Government, and house meetings.

The BRAMBLER, aware of this trend, recently sent out questionnaires with the hope that we could help clarify some of the points currently under discussion. The questions upon which we based our survey were answered by ten members of the faculty and ten students from each class. Thus we hoped to attain a representative, though not authoritative, consensus of opinion.

Here are the questions we posed in our attempt to discover how we of the Sweet Briar community think of ourselves:

1. What is your general concept of the Sweet Briar girl? What are her attributes?
2. What is your opinion of the student's intelligence?
3. Does the Sweet Briar girl have good manners?
4. What is your idea of the Briarite's morals?
5. What are the chief shortcomings of the Sweet Briar girl?
6. Is the Sweet Briar girl fitted for responsibility? Does she fulfill her responsibilities?
7. Would you send your daughter to Sweet Briar? Why so, or why not?

Here are three of the points we hoped to investigate. Are Sweet Briar girls future good World citizens? Are we ready for more responsibility and greater exercise of individual discretion under college rules?

Do we reflect a change in the traditional moral code of our culture?

The Faculty replied, in answer to "What is your over-all concept of the Sweet Briar girl?" that we are too individual to be able to give a real generalization. Still, they managed to draw a prettier picture of ourselves than we did. The Faculty sees the typical Sweet Briar girl as a refined, co-operative individual with outgoing habits, a bright mind and an attractive appearance.

The overall conception of the four classes presents her as attractive and poised, cooperative and friendly. However, though intelligent, she doesn't fully use her capacity, and furthermore, tends to hide it.

The Seniors were the only class to emphasize the individuality of the girls, or to point out that many girls have outstanding ability in one field or another. The Juniors present a party girl. The Sophomores feel that her friendliness may not be altogether sincere, though they also mentioned her democratic attitude toward all girls at school. An interesting point emphasized in their answer, is that "Too few girls have responsibility here, perhaps because of laziness or a timidity which makes them afraid to be recognized as an individual. Yet those to whom we give responsibility are girls who stand out, often because of a good individuality." The Freshmen stressed her friendliness, evident good-breeding, and general common sense.

It seemed that many answering this question felt put upon to give only the complimentary side of the Sweet Briar girl's personality and to save her shortcomings until they were questioned about them. In later paragraphs you will see her viewed more critically; and since certain shortcomings were fervently stressed, we feel that only by taking this paragraph together with the others will we be given the most overall picture of her personality.

All classes and faculty were of one mind as to the Sweet Briar girl's intellectual capacity and ability: we have a high capacity and ability which are not used to the fullest. In other words we are bright, but not intellectual types. We do not apply our knowledge received from the classroom as aptly to non-academic questions as we should; nor do we go out of our way to educate ourselves. A very interesting point was made on one paper by a person trying to account for this lack: Sweet Briar girls have no professional aim, in fact, no aim beyond marriage. This may partly be accounted for by our lack of competition with girls who are using college as a stepping stone for a paying job: girls who have not always accepted the fact that they will be going to college.

What do you think of the S. B. girl's manners? Again the Faculty were more flattering than we were, thinking with only one exception—our inattentiveness to students and faculty in class—that our manners are high. One male faculty member commented, "Best mannered women I have ever met."

The students qualified our manners as *generally good*, but that we tend to forget, particularly around our contemporaries. Several people felt manners to be a bit "put on," particularly to faculty and our elders; while others thought our manners genuine and sincere.

As to her morals: all classes and faculty felt they were high, but each class put its own reservations upon this. The Freshmen felt that a generally good morality was lowered by the actions of a minority of girls. A comment apropos the honor system by one freshman will probably be eye-opening and startling to upperclassmen. She wrote, "The Honor System is adhered to very well in spite of *many jokes made about it*."

The Sophomores were the most evasive, several girls feeling that there was such a great reserve in the class as to discussing morals, that it was very hard to judge. This shows, however, as was pointed out, that few breeches of a conservative moral code

have been noticed or discussed, and that therefore the standards are high. Lack of swearing was emphasized by sophomores, someone adding, "nor is it considered 'smart' to broadcast dirty jokes." Neither a high regard for, nor a breakage of the Honor System was mentioned.

The Honor System was mentioned most frequently by the Juniors who felt it is upheld academically but is not fool-proof socially, particularly in so-called small breakages. The Juniors generally fell into two groups: those who said the moral standard was high, and those who said it only appears to be so: "We exercise more freedom than we think we do." Both Juniors and Seniors commented, the latter particularly strongly, that the universal moral code is accepting more freedom and more individuality in interpretation. Most felt this to be a temporary state which some were affected by, they maintained. Sweet Briar girls on the whole accept the more conservative standards. However, a smaller group believe the trend for more freedom will be maintained, and they condone it.

As regards our shortcomings, there was an overwhelming feeling from the faculty and students that we tend to be a lazy group: we do *not* fulfill our responsibilities to our work at college; we fail to recognize our responsibilities to others and to the world at large because we are too wrapped in ourselves.

The Freshmen emphasized a lack of self-discipline in study habits; the Sophomores a too great uniformity in superficial personality traits. The Juniors laid tremendous stress on lack of sincerity and a party-girl outlook; the Seniors pointed up an overall apathy and forgetfulness of real values, and the faculty touched rather gently on superficiality.

Above all, the response shows us to have a generally superficial outlook which is undoubtedly the reason for the criticisms that we are selfish, we lack ambition, and that we fail to realize our responsibilities. The picture is not a flattering one; and it is a surprising one when we are so conscious

of Sweet Briar's "country-club" reputation, and so eager to challenge it! Although Sweet Briar is no country-club as regards the amount of work we must carry, it would seem that a country-club atmosphere prevades our thinking, both in failure to apply our knowledge and to recognize our responsibilities. If we feel that superficiality is our chief shortcoming, how should we expect others to react to us?

The sixth question gave rise to much conflicting thought. In regard to our chief shortcoming, most people thought that it was a lack of responsibility, yet in answering this question many noted that the girls met their required responsibilities fairly adequately. Another view held that too little it required, perhaps not enough has been asked of us here.

To particularize, the Freshmen thought that the Sweet Briar student was well-fitted but did not fulfill her responsibilities with enough enthusiasm and spirit. Generally they thought that we were careful when attending to the small details of college life. There seemed to be the opinion that one must fulfill her scholastic responsibilities to maintain her standing here in college.

The Sophomores were radically divided, some saying that though we had never been required to prove our capability, we were well suited for responsibility. Others maintained that Sweet Briar did not give freedom enough for real personal responsibility and yet we shirked or avoided the duties or opportunities that we had. There was also the feeling that too much responsibility was given to too few people while the majority had little chance to display their abilities.

The Juniors were not complimentary either. Some mentioned that even if a girl was not fitted for responsibility when she came here, she usually aquired a respect for it during her four years, but the majority expressed the opinion that unless we were pressed we shirked the responsibilities that we should assume.

The Seniors also held conflicting ideas. Some said, in accordance with the Juniors, that after four years here the Senior was

better fitted for and more willing to assume responsibility. But for the most part they felt that while we were adequately capable, we avoided responsibility because of lack of interest, or perhaps, laziness.

It is interesting to notice on the other hand, that while we generally do not live up to our academic responsibilities, the consensus of opinion is that we do respect the Honor system and the majority of students do make an effort to live up to it.

While the students tended to be very severe in criticizing themselves the faculty was in general more lenient. They mentioned the fact that it was the common failing of youth in all colleges to avoid responsibility and that we were better than the average in facing our problems and duties. While some said that although we did make an effort to fulfill our required responsibilities, these were not really sufficient. Also we acted in a self-centered fashion, not with the good of the whole community in view.

As to the last question "Would you send your daughter here to Sweet Briar?"—In answering this both faculty and students were in hearty agreement: Yes—though there were several who said that it would depend largely on the type of girl she was.

The Freshmen came forth with their usual spontaneity—Yes: because Sweet Briar offers so much in many fields of activity. They liked a liberal arts school since it is not overly specialized and gives a rounded perspective of many varied subjects. They mentioned too, its small size which gives opportunity for more personal relationships and school spirit, and the friendly atmosphere which is such a big asset.

The Sophomores also emphasized the well-rounded education and high academic standards while at the same time mentioning the chances given for physical development and outlet in sports.

The Juniors spoke of the advantage of sending a Northern girl to the South or a city girl to the country and the fact that it was unusual to find a place offering both a

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More About Mirrors

Lost, Strayed or Misplaced

While we are gazing through the looking glass, we might as well attend to one especially lamentable blemish on the Sweet Briar physiognomy. Let's qualify this flaw as a cavity, an incomplete portion of our make-up that wants filling. The lack looms quite as large as if we had but three teeth or one eye, and is as necessary to a whole personality as the missing molars are to the physique. The deficiency is *not* inherent . . . we've allowed this part of us to shrivel. The mystery of the situation lies in our passivity at the loss.

Missing, missing, missing! Our creative genius! This is truly a remarkable loss among scholars. It appears in our unoriginality of thought and in the absence of much spontaneous creative effort here on campus. Why is Sweet Briar not a school of poets, writers, artists, free thinkers? Is it because we have no thoughts to express? College students are mythically thinkers. We constantly employ our thinking apparatus to assimilate the intellectual attainments of other men. It is quite probable that we have some response or reactions to what we learn. Yet we seldom reach beyond our "book learning" to discover new ideas for ourselves. Maybe the sharpness of our perceptions has dulled with lassitude. Perhaps we have trained our minds to receive only such ideas as are essential for a B.A. degree. If this be true we think only passively, not actively. We must scrape away the slime of passivity that thwarts sensitive observation, the fertile earth of creative expression.

Let's assume that we do have something worth while to say. The mystery remains of our failure to produce the fruits of creative thought. The crux of this problem may lie in our indolence. We are too lazy to record our ideas, or to be original in expression. We permit ourselves to bog down in pre-established phrasing. What we need is mental calisthenics. Even on a strict diet of B.A. ideas, we can tone our intellectual muscles with exercise. Accuracy of expression is acquired only through expression. With practice, one achieves ease of phrasing; one's muscles don't stiffen after a work out. Sweet Briar has reached that time of life when the cavity of our creative genius should be filled in by a well-rounded line.

The chief aim of THE BRAMBLER magazine is to reflect the creative genius of Sweet Briar, through the presentation of our literary products. Its secondary purpose is to stimulate effort on campus. We hope that our new face will inspire a feeling of friendliness in you toward original endeavor. THE BRAMBLER wants the support and the contributions of Sweet Briar. We desire this year to realize our aim and to give a democratic representation of work, eliminating the customary procedure of a magazine by the few, for the few. If this condition has existed in the past it is through dearth of support on the part of the many. We believe that each of us has the potentiality of creative work. Let us shake off our lassitude and indolence, and reveal ourselves as sensitive thinkers.

Just the Written Word

THE BRAMBLER has definite plans for the forthcoming year. We now go to press four times per annum instead of five. By dropping one issue we can be more selective in our material. Some of this will be new.

In addition to the usual poetry, prose poetry, articles and short stories, we have initiated several features, discarded several more.

The use of photography is an innovation for the present BRAMBLER although it has appeared in past years. It was discontinued during the war. In this issue there are two especially stunning photographs by Miss Martha von Briesen.

THE BRAMBLER survey is an experiment. *Through The Looking Glass* was compiled by our editorial staff with a maximum of effort and labor. We are rather pleased with the result: if you too like it, we might be persuaded to try another.

Also this year, we have adopted the policy of publishing faculty contributions. The next issue will feature an article by Dr. Crawford, head of the department of Philosophy.

The casualties of reorganization include the Old Oak and Thorns Among the Roses. For the latter we have substituted anecdotes scattered through the book. The literary quizzes were also junked in favor of book reviews. There are none in this issue but we plan them for subsequent editions.

We regret the necessity of discontinuing cartoons for the present. They added, didn't they? However, the cost of printing has so increased that we are unable to foot engraving bills. Should we find a few more advertisers, cartoons will be immediately reinstated.

Perhaps the newest and most obvious changes are our cover and our typography. Have you noticed? The cover we think is nicer this way. Your editor and Mr. Penny of Brown-Morrison (our publishers) conferred at length on the type. The face lifting job "picks up" the pages and adds variety for the reader. We hope you like it too.

As a matter of fact, we hope you're happy about the entire magazine. We've enumerated our alterations for your edification and pleasure. Now you know what kind of literature to write for us.

Of course we have failed to mention quite a lot that comes under the heading of literature, and too, we didn't let on to some of the other plans knocking inside of our wise little heads. But you have the general idea . . . we want to print the well-written word.

We like to think this issue contains a few, but we expect to do even better when you submit your literary fruits. Before the deadline, please!

One of the Bum Chums had something of a shock the other day. She went over to fix the coke machine and found herself preceded by a freshman, nickel in hand. The freshman inserted her nickel and the machine, with its usual roaring and crashing, delivered the coke; whereupon, the freshman exclaimed in a rather startled tone,

"Goodness, it certainly does remind you of that movie, doesn't it?"

"Why, what movie?" said the pleased B. C., expecting a tribute to the scarlet and chrome magnificence of her charge.

"The Birth of a Nation!" came the reply.

The Intellectual Life

VIRGINIA HOLMES, '48

The little cafe has an atmosphere all its own. In the first place, the waitresses have a supreme contempt for anyone foolish enough to enter with the object of getting anything to eat. They are tolerant of those who come and sit quietly without bothering them; and, occasionally, they make the tremendous concession of producing cups of coffee and tea, naturally in different proportions from the numbers of each ordered.

Fortunately, this does not disturb the patrons of the cafe. It is a well known fact that the majority of them are geniuses as yet unappreciated by the world at large. Still, they are obviously geniuses; the men all have either long hair or beards or both; and all wear melancholy expressions, indicating the deep, lonely sufferings of their souls. Should these venture into their midst an outsider with insufficient sensitivity to appreciate their unique abilities, they will manage to overcome their natural modesty, and explain their talents and their future greatness.

I must confess that I felt somewhat ill at ease, not being a genius myself. In fact, I even lack the necessary appreciation of the obvious connection between spending all one's time in a cafe and becoming the greatest poet, violinist, or painter of the coming generation. I sat there hoping that my hair, unwashed for two weeks, and my unhappiness over the lack of progress of my current romance might give me the appearance of at least a semi-genius. My companion and I drank our coffee in silent meditation.

A man with a beard suddenly appeared at our table. He ignored me and seized upon my friend.

"You are just the man I wanted to see. I am at work on a project in which I need your help." He glanced around to see who might be listening. No one was. "I am doing something which I feel to be the greatest achievement of my life. A small,

select group of us are going to put out a magazine which we feel will be one of the most important ventures ever undertaken in the intellectual life of Scotland. And we would like you to write some articles for us."

"What sort of articles did you have in mind?"

"Anything, anything that you are interested in. You see, that is the beauty of this magazine. Instead of being limited to just one field like so many other publications, ours will cover all fields of intellectual life. It will be revolutionary. The magazine will be called 'Protest.' Don't you agree that it will be very significant?"

"'Protest'—against what?" inquired my friend, not unreasonably.

A blank expression was discernible behind the beard. "Why just Protest—against anything. I must say I am most enthusiastic about it. You know, they have been begging me to become editor of a well known literary magazine, but I have felt that this will be so much more significant. Besides being a magazine, it is going to be an experiment in communal living. The editorial staff is going to live in a croft somewhere in the Highlands and edit the magazine from there. By the way, would you like to join us in the croft?"

"I hardly think I would have time for that, but I might write an article for you sometime."

"Excellent, excellent. The first issue should be coming out in about two months. Now I'll give you my address. Let's see, I'll put my real name here—though I am, of course, better known by my pen name. By the way, under what name do you write?" He obviously expected my friend to admit that he had never given the matter any thought.

"Oh, I usually just use my initials." This

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Asterism

Alive
 A star sighed
 To see another
 Blushed, bright-eyed.
 Inspired by the comets' love of racing
 Each blazed a trail across the sky
 Shook the moon with their embracing
 Ecstatic, splintered into flame
 Turning night to sparkling glow
 Enjoyed their momentary fame
 Faded, fell to earth below
 Violated pebbles then to lay
 Robbed of life
 In cold day
 Dead.

—Bertie Pew, '49.

Flashback

You strode across my heart, lightfooted,
 head held high;
 And my spirit filled with yours as billowing
 sails embrace the wind.
 I shook the placid dust from me, contemptu-
 ous, loosed from bonds.
 I hung my ears with golden gypsy rings and
 freed my feet of sober shoes.
 I drank life from you, purple, bubbling high,
 and danced a feverish Schottische to
 your pipes.

 Then on that day I plummeted back to earth
 and found that life is made of dust
 and tears and days—
 I've found since then a truer, saner love, a
 solid bread for daily nourishment
 I pace my way surefooted on a sedate path,
 content—
 Till in a flash of scarlet wine, a silver lilt of
 song, I feel your touch,
 And once again I thrill to golden bugles in
 my blood.

—Gene Rose, '49.



SAINT MICHAEL'S SPIRE

Lamb's London, 1820

NAN STEPTOE, '48

In the pre-dawn quiet of the morning, a lonely watchman was walking up Bow Street, when he noticed a candle burning in one of the upstairs rooms of No. 20 Russell Court—a candle which cast its faint light on the barely discernible gardens below. He wondered idly for a moment who could be up at this hour, but soon shrugged his shoulders and strolled on, his footsteps dying away gradually as he disappeared into the gloom. Inside that room, snatching from the night a bit of leisure time, sat one of the most famous personages of the nineteenth century. He was a man of "light frame,—fragile,—clad in clerk-like black" with "black hair curled crisply about an expanding forehead" and a face which revealed "deep thought, striving with humor." Just now he had drawn the candle a little closer to him, for it burned uncertainly. He was reading an old, much-handled book—one in whose margins were written countless thoughtful notes, and as he read, he reached into a small snuff box beside him and partook generously, though almost mechanically, of its contents. This reader was a man who dedicated "no inconsiderable portion of . . . time to other people's thoughts"; in literature he had "no repugnances"—Shaftesbury was "not too genteel—, nor Jonathan Wild too low." And so who can tell what he was reading this early morning? Perhaps it was an ancient folio of one of his favorite Elizabethan playwrights, or perhaps it was Wordsworth's *Excursion* being reread because the first reading was too hasty. At any rate, it was with extraordinary absorption and pleasure that he read, and with reluctance that he blew out his candle and gave up his reading in deference to the "rising morn."

At about ten minutes to ten the leisurely strollers, of which there were always a few in the Convent Gardens, glanced casually at this same man who was emerging from

Russell Court. Some few, smilingly, looked at their watches; others marked the course of his unhurried but steady walk down Bow Street. With "the cheerful cries of London" and "the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets" ringing in his ears, one man watched him disinterestedly when in crossing a street he dodged a stage coach as it rumbled by on the cobblestones, and then made his way through apprentices and ballad-singers. Had the observer followed the man he would have seen that steady gait interrupted, for the bundled figure occasionally paused to idle "deliciously over the old bookstalls and over "all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen." As he approached St. Paul's the observer could have seen him looking up at the church as if he looked at one of the greatest glories of London; moreover he seemed to notice with pleasure all the details of the "streets, markets, theatres" and of the "shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat seamstresses, and gentlemen behind counters—. Finally the slender and vigorous figure disappeared down Leadenhall Street on the way to the gloomy East India House.*

At about three o'clock that afternoon, a young man, new to the sights and sounds of an exciting London, was nervously mounting the steps of East India House. He was conscious of his ignorance of urban life and of his uninitiated behavior which any Londoner could spot, and which some already, with amusement, had spotted. Most of all he was uncomfortably aware of an introductory letter to a friend of his father's—an accountant clerk at the East India House. It rested heavily in his coat pocket and he mentally rehearsed the gesture with which he would present this intermediary of his father's to the, as yet, unknown clerk.

*Lamb worked at the East India House on Leadenhall Street as a ledger clerk.

During this time he had ascended the great inside steps, and after inquiry found his way into a particular compound of the accountant's office. To his great relief of mind the man was easily found, the letter somehow found its way into his hands and the old clerk proved to be so friendly and jovial that the young visitor soon found himself enough at ease to inspect the room and its occupants a little during the conversation. The first man he noticed was the clerk at the end desk with his finely shaped head bent in graceful concentration. He became aware that some of the clerks had finished their work for the time being. At intervals, with a little sigh, barely audible, one of the clerks would lay down his quill, rub his eyes and close his ledger, until about three of them were finished, and the young man heard them exchanging subdued jokes—a pattern of rise and fall against the steady drone of conversation. Soon the extraordinary man at the end desk lay down his pen, and softly tapping his fingers together and away, made a few staccato remarks which occasioned a soft pleased ripple of laughter. After a bit, newspapers were drawn out of desk drawers and the room settled down. At the far desk, the clerk dreamed, for a moment, into space; absorbed by the fineness of the picture he made, the young man almost missed hearing a cordial invitation to dinner on the morrow. As he left, the visitor cast a curious glance towards the end desk to find that the occupant of it had twined his legs slightly around his stool and that the sad but strangely attractive face was bent halfway over a letter. Had he seen the contents of that letter he would have appreciated the nature of this man who could, even after so slight an exchange of banter with his fellow clerks, make them feel unconsciously that office work, and life itself, was made easier by the presence in it of Charles Lamb. He was just writing to a friend of the same mind as they.*

Lamb's letter is to Samuel Coleridge, a lifelong friend of his; it reflects Lamb's habit of procrastination, especially about giving up tobacco, a promise to himself, which he never quite achieved.

"—Now that I have bidden farewell to my 'sweet enemy,' Tobacco, I am perhaps not nobly to work," he writes airily.

"Hang work! I wish that all the year were holiday; I am sure that indolence—indeed the indolence—is the true state of man, and indeed the secret of the old Teaser—. Pen and ink, and clay, and desks, were the refinements of the last three or four thousand years after, under pretence of 'Commercially distant shore,' 'promoting' and 'diffusing knowledge, good, etc., etc.'"

"Your Cheese is the best I ever tasted; Mary will tell you so hereafter. She is at home, but has disappointed me. She has gone back rather than improved."¹ "Your invitation went to my very heart; but you have a power of exciting interest—so I am obliged to admit of Mary's being with you. I shall rather as perpetually on the brink of madness."

"You will do me an injustice if you do not come to the writer of the beautiful lines, which I may return you, my sense of the extreme kindness which dictated them;—Pray make my grateful respects to the Post (do I flatter myself when I hope to meet be Montgomery?) and say how happy I should feel myself in an acquaintance with him. I will not mention that in the middle of the second column, the line

'One in a skeleton's ribb'd hollow-cos'd' is undeniably wrong. Should it not be—

'A skeleton's rib (or ribs)??' or,

'In a skeleton ridd'd hollow-cos'd'?"

"I am afraid of your mouth watering when I tell you that Manning and I got into Angerstein's on Wednesday.† Mon Dieu! Such Claudes! Four Claudes bought for more than £100. I think that was perfectly miraculous. What colours! so that bona fide sunbeams it could be painted in. I am not earthly colourman to say; but I did not think it had been in the nature of things."

"Southey is in town, whom I have seen slightly. Wordsworth expected, whom I hope to see much. I write with accelerated motion; for I have got three bothering clerks and brokers about me, who always press in proportion as you seem to be doing something that is not business."

"Given in haste from my desk at Leicester."

Yours, and yours most sincerely,

C. Lamb."

A late auction had kept the clerks busy for the remainder of the day. It was seven o'clock when, looking "o'erwearied" and "taint," the sensitive-featured clerk left

*Mary is Charles Lamb's sister, who, like her brother, was afflicted with fits of madness, but was considerably more sane some times long, sane intervals, the most charming and cultured of women.

†Lamb refers to Angerstein's, which was a famous picture gallery in London.

Leadenhall where, as he once said "his true works may be found—filling some hundred folios." Soon he seemed to brighten, however, perhaps at the thoughts provoked by the sight of his London again after a long, dim, candle-lit, indoor day—the "London whose dirtiest drab-frequented alley, and—lowest bowing tradesman" whose "rich goldsmiths, print-shops, top-shops, and hardwaremen" whose "St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand," and "Charing Cross, with the man upon a black horse, he loved as the 'eye-pampering' 'furniture of' his world.

About an hour and a half after, the same man with a lady companion was seen "struggling up those inconvenient staircases" which led "to the good old one-shilling gallery" of the Drury Lane Theatre, seen "pushed about and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers," the lady with him meanwhile uttering "anxious shrieks," yet, in the crowd, receiving "—as a woman, attention and accommodation." "When the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath," the two sighed as if to say—" 'Thank God, we are safe.' " By the time the pair had settled themselves, one old gentleman who had recognized them almost immediately, took off his spectacles and explained to his young grandson that there sat Mr. Charles Lamb and his sister, Mary, who had written one of his favorite children's books, "Tales From Shakespeare." Thereupon, with all the uninhibited candor of childhood, the latter dedicated himself, his soul and body (until curtain time), to a study of the pair. Though the qualities of mind and character possessed by this remarkable couple had been discussed many a time at home, within his presence, these characteristics had, naturally enough, passed over the youngster's head. What so distinctly attracted and enchanted the child was the kindly air about the quaint couple. Hanging over his seat, oblivious to all else, the boy could see Mr. Lamb looking about in a friendly way at his fellows, and hailing a few of them; next to him sat Miss Lamb, looking quietly pleased,

though it was a pleasure not unmixed with agitation. The boy's grandfather was familiar with the life of this quiet scholar, he knew of the loving care he took of his sister, of their intellectual interests and capacities, of their wide circle of friends, and of their financial struggles—In view of these things he realized that this evening at the theatre was a treat of the first magnitude for both brother and sister, for he guessed that any undue excitement was, for Mary, distinctly undesirable. Charles Lamb was looking very satisfied as he took a pinch of snuff. His excitement must have shown in his brilliant eyes as he remarked to his absorbed companion "that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially." And indeed there was much social life up here in the galleries—people stumbling over seats, shouts of laughter, the buzz of lively conversation, the tumultuous struggles of those who were pushing up the stairway, the waving of playbills and the whole wonderful and noisy life of the higher seats. Perhaps the discussion which was going on between the Lambs was over the acting merits of Fanny Kelly or Elliston in the earlier plays of the season; their curious observer of a few seats away could not know. Besides the sudden hush which came over the theatre showed that the curtain was rising. He and his grandfather forsook their temporary interests (being the Lambs and the playbill respectively) and concentrated upon the play. As for the Lambs, they were transported (according to the play enacted) with "Viola at the Court of Illyria," or with "Rosalind into Arden"; carried to "the battle of Hexham" or with Elliston and Miss Kelly in "the Children of the Wood." And "what cared" they "for—place in the house, or what mattered it where" they "were sitting" when they were present at "the surrender of Calais"?

On the way home the watchmen with their "drowsy cry" the "bucks reeling home drunk," "the noise of coaches," and the lights shining through the fog all were lost upon the pair who were seen walk-

(Continued on page 27)

Adoramus

Lucifer weeps!

He is a grieving victor . . . monarch of a
metal world—

And of man is urgency.

Man has forsaken theos for alchemy.

Man feeds on ashes, ponders oil, device
and means.

In frenzy man scurries to time a clock, record
a dial, twist button, lever, switch and
knob.

We must mine that we may sew, and grow
to reap and sell. And sell we must
to finance the captured furies.

Then crouch we small behind our steel-flesh-
ed offspring—marshalled monsters
of a puny geniture—and cut with
scissors lacy rows of fencing from the
finest processed papers . . . and fear
we, fear we balancing the flimsy
gates. In high pitched fear we croak
the garbled jargon of the quarrel.

Where the song, the fire, the weeping, the
anger?

Behind accounts of doom and trade
the singer strains his voice in muffled
whisper accompanied by chain and
drum. After the banquet comes the
singer—after the monster and the
wrester and the angry. Punchline
comes the singer . . .

And Lucifer weeps: he weeps.

In a so great a victory he grieves a faded
loss, a misplaced key, from dream
varnished that turned a barren plot.
Forgotten the room, forgotten the
vision and the seed.

But Victor once now conquered of a —and
Lucifer must still remember the
horror. Perhaps the wine will find
a better price than nation.

On earth man quarrels with flesh, gear,
machine, and a construct.
Then seeds are sown, the wheat is sown
defeat.
Not the soil, an attempt to control
concerns.

And mind no longer master of a false
dream
sighs and sows.

Incarnation

LUCY WOODS, '49

"Milton, Aristotle, German, existentialism—heavens, I can't stand much more of this. I've been working all day and I've still got to read something about the symbolist poets and here it's twelve o'clock." Mary threw her book down wearily and stared at her roommate.

Anne grinned lazily from bed. "I don't understand why you have to work so hard. I just do what I can and don't bother with what I can't and I get by all right."

"Yes, but I just don't seem to be able to take it all in," Mary wailed. "I try but my brains all seem like chopped fruit I've stuffed them so much. Living was so much less complicated when I didn't know about all these things. I used to just eat and sleep and be happy and now I've got to think out a philosophy of life. You go on to bed now and I'll go over to the libe to finish reading the Symbolists—they say all who enter into their ideas might as well give up all hope."

"Well, good-night and good luck," Anne said and turned over in bed.

Mary hurried across campus to the libe. It was a wonderful spring night with the wind just wrapping warmth around her. She would have loved to stand still and enjoy it, but there were the Symbolists to be done—and of course if you believed what they said there was no need to like it anyway because beauty was an empty thing. She had liked it much better when she'd just enjoyed a beautiful night without being intellectual about it.

The Symbolists were quite difficult that night and it took her a long time to get their meaning. She was almost forced to accept it in the end; they put things so convincingly; still when she walked out in the cool air she wished she could just enjoy it. It had all been so much pleasanter when she'd just existed as the Symbolists would say, and had not stayed in a perpetual turmoil of ideas too big for her head.

Classes the next day were no help at all. The teachers seemed serene above the ideas, and all day her thoughts were in confusion. That afternoon when she looked in the mirror she noticed that her chin seemed very long. When she remarked on it, Anne laughed and said it must be from picking so many facts out of all those books. Her eyes looked different, too, sort of slanted up in her head and dark instead of green.

It was very strange the next morning when she woke up. She awoke early and she wanted to get outdoors so she slipped down very quietly. All she wanted was to eat and feel the early sun on her back; she nibbled some tender grass. Presently she crept back into her room and looked at herself in the mirror—how strange, she looked like a little animal, a donkey. Then she turned to say good morning to her roommate and her voice came out in strange sounds, too, so she tried to explain to Anne that she was a donkey. Anne was much upset and kept saying, "You aren't any donkey, just look at yourself. It's just some idea you have." Mary finally gave up explaining and clattered downstairs.

It was a marvelous day. At first words were in her head, then she just galloped over all the fields nibbling tender flowers or bits of grass. When she was tired she lay down and the sun warmed her. For a while there seemed to be something like flies inside her head worrying her just a little. Then as she lay in the sun that, too, went away. Toward night some human being approached her making strange sounds like "Poor Mary" over and over but they meant nothing to her and she galloped off—for a long, long way. There was only the sun shining by day and the moon by night, the trees singing to each other and fields of tender grass to be eaten and water to drink. After a while she found other donkeys and they grazed in wide clear fields.

Authority Proved

The haughty master *with a new coat*
 broken, but unschooled . . .
 Thought chiefly of the ribbon . . .
 And strived to hold the animal in awe, variance
 and subjection
 with insensitive hands.

A stable boy . . . looking on . . . through white
 rails
 Felt the constant pull of rein and bridle of bit
 strike through his heart.
 Saw two stubborn forces clash.
 Yet knew the graceful animal
 needed only understanding to under-
 stand.

Undecided, frightened, and humble . . .
 he approached the impatient mas-
 ter . . .
 volunteered himself to the impend-
 ing purpose;
 that thin thread through which
 two such dissonant hearts
 could merge.

Then took the reins, and worked patiently
to stay a contact 'tween two FEEL-
ING creatures . . .
saw response grow gradually from
consistent signal
And proved that UNDERSTANDING in
a direct order
precedes response . . . and then the
ribbon.

—Helen Eiler— 48.

Advice on "At airdupors"

Sweet Briar Inn-goers used to spend much of their time complaining about the various dogs that used to hang out there from dawn past dusk. The general complaint was that the mongrels got the snackers too before they did themselves, and that two cannot eat as cheaply as one. Rumor has it that the dog-catcher finally came to our gourmands rescue, but we wonder if they really feel better. Take note of this, dear food-lovers. Now that our canine chums have gotten the pound, you might get a few extra ones yourself.

Lots of Love and Kisses

(Continued from page 8)

Honest to Pete can't you take a joke or something? You can come to New York if you want but you ain't going to get a hold of me here as I am not ready for you. Honest hon can't you see I don't want you to come until I am a big shot? I just want you back in Hickry writing letters and waiting like a good girl till I got the money to bring you east in a limousine. Besides you wouldn't like it here. Its too big and you would get lost. Hon you ain't the type of these dames here and I couldn't be on the street with you til I got the money to class you up some. You are a nice little girl but you just ain't the type for the Big Town but when I get the name in lights boy then I'll fix you so you can pass for a 5th Avenue swell and we sure will show these dames who keep trying to pick me up. Be a good girl now.

Love

EDDY

From Mr. Edward Craig to Miss Margie Foss
New York, N. Y.
October 5, 1927

DEAR MARGIE:

For Petes sake whats eating you? Why don't you write or something? For Petes sake if that's the way you feel about it I'll come back to Hickry. In fact I will take the next train as this burg sure ain't what its cracked up to be. I had some good chances on the boards but I left them go as I seen a few too many of them song and dance guys and I seen what it takes. They ain't got the style I have and I just can't make myself come down to their level so I know I just couldn't be no success as a song and dancer. So I'm going to come back to little old Hickry and make you happy even though maybe you don't have the class I am used to in these New York dames which is one thing this town has got, classy dames. Anyway hon I will see you soon.

Lots of love

EDDY

From Miss Margie Foss to Mr. Edward Craig
New York, N. Y.
October 12, 1927

DEAR EDDY:

I just got your letter forwarded from home and also the news that you are back at McCoys. I hope you like it back there as I am very happy here. Your telegram didn't come until after I had went so Mama forwarded it to me and also your letter which when I read it I figured I better not look you up. Then something real funny happened. I was walking down the street and ran into this guy says he is Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld and he wants to put me in his show. So I am in his show which opened last night and all I got to do is stand around the stage wearing gold feathers with another girl who is from Arkansas and wears silver feathers and some song and dance men comes out and sings to us. It is a lot a fun and I like it here. Already last night some strange guy sent me a couple a orchids so I don't think I will be back in Hickry for awhile maybe never as Mr. Ziegfeld says he has big plans for me.

Ever

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Through the Looking Glass

(Continued from p. 23)

select location and the academic standards that Sweet Briar does. They also thought that their daughter would benefit by the mixture of social activities.

The Seniors were preponderantly in favor of Sweet Briar for many of the same reasons: the atmosphere of congeniality and refinement and the fact that a girl acquires social poise as well as a good education.

The members of the faculty questioned, also agreed that their daughters would come here, particularly if they enjoyed a simple country life and wanted the best in a liberal arts education.

Our purpose is not to draw definite conclusions from the survey. We wish to present to you an image of ourselves. . . . The mirror was held by members of our own community. The composite picture thus formed by the fifty contributors is not flawless, we see. There, too, are flaws in the reflection itself, not present in the original body. This defect appears especially in the question on shortcomings. The survey shows that we feel that we tend to be superficial or indifferent to problems outside of our own little spheres of activity. . . . some of the contributors felt even within our own radii of interest. We are unaware.

We cannot agree with this viewpoint in general although it is obviously true of a certain proportion of our community. However, we feel that the Funds Drive, The Bum Chum Doll Drive, the efforts of the separate classes to maintain individual charities, and the emphasis of the forthcoming Chapel Lecture Series afford sufficient evidence to disprove this proposition. We are certain that these programs have been supported in the main with a true spirit of philanthropy. We hope that the cry of "Superficiality" does not indicate an attitude of *noblesse oblige* in our social work.

The emphasis placed by the survey on social life was interesting in the seeming dissatisfaction with our party girls. The

corollary of great interest in social functions seemed a lesser interest in intellectual pursuits. Yet in recent house meetings we spoke at length on the inadequacy of college social opportunities. It would appear that our social interests lie beyond Sweet Briar. Perhaps if we stayed more on campus and directed more interest to campus activities we could better fulfill our positions as students.

The responsibility question received much conflicting comment. The one agreement was that we are slow to act responsibly in all but the most trivial instances. We are notably swift to request greater freedom of self-government, especially in regard to social rules. Our general feeling in group discussions is that we are now mature people qualified to judge for ourselves. Yet the questionnaires decry our failure to work as responsible citizens within the scope of this college. We fail to fulfill the obligations of self-government.

We have presented but three of the flaws in the judgment of the contributors . . . there are more. What do you agree and disagree with in their answers? Check your opinions by observation, not prejudice. This scrutiny of Sweet Briar may have been fallacious in places; but we feel we have definitely established this proof . . . The students of Sweet Briar have many potentialities with which to work, and equally as many obstacles to the realization of our capabilities. If the reflection in the looking glass appears imperfect to us, it's up to us to remedy it.

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The Intellectual Life

(Continued from page 4)

made the impression intended. He neglected to add that his only publications had been in the University Socialist Society magazine of which he happened to be editor.

The man with the beard announced that he was very pleased with the whole situation and dashed off to another table.

A young man with extremely long hair wandered languidly in our direction. He looked toward the bearded man. "I suppose he was telling you how he organized the French railroad strike."

"No, it was a magazine he is going to publish in a croft."

"Oh, that—it has been on the verge of coming out for the last year. I doubt if it ever will. And did he tell you that he has been offered a magazine editorship? Everyone has heard about that except the magazine."

"But why talk about him? I must tell you about the book of my poems that is almost ready for publication as soon as I can find a publisher."

I stopped listening at this point. It must be very difficult to be a genius.

Lost and Found Department

Found: Behind the Psychology Lab, a bit of lacy underwear, vintage of 1860. (Something Daisy Williams sent to Crutchfield Cleaners?)

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Lamb's London, 1820

(Continued from page 19)

ing together down the street, tired but happy, criticizing, discussing, or rhapsodizing over the performances of the evening. Perhaps the talk turned to a certain folio of Beaumont of Fletcher, whether it could be afforded and purchased, or whether they should plan instead a holiday walk down to Waltham, there lunching from the little handbasket which Mary could pack with "a day's fare of savoury cold lamb and salad."

Sleepy, but content, the brother and sister returned to Russell Court and before going to bed sat before the dying fire for a moment planning an "at home" for the rest of the week. Still chewing on a bit of mutton drawn from the cupboard for a midnight, before-bed snack, Charles Lamb sat down to pen an invitation to Manning, as Mary slowly climbed the stairs to bed.*

*Thomas Manning was among the more obscure of Lamb's friends; when Lamb met him he was a mathematics professor at Cambridge; later he went to China on a mission for the Wedgewoods in connection with the Wedgewood pottery.

ROBIN A. SLOUGH

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"Dear Manning—

This night we will be at home, certainly, both, on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Take your choice, may I suggest, of one; but choose which evening you will not come and come the other two. Door open at nine o'clock. Shells forced about nine. Ever, gentlemen, yours, or not as he pleases.

C. L.

Laying the quill-pen down with a little sigh, Lamb sealed the letter and dropped it on the hall table, ready for posting in the morning. Then he meticulously blew out every candle but one, and drawn by the sight of London at midnight, went to the window and looked out. So it was when the night watchman (whose little boy was a favorite with Lamb) came down the street swinging a lantern he caught the kindly figure standing before the window with a pensive expression, hands locked behind his back. Catching sight of the watchman, Lamb tapped the window pane and waved. As he turned and picked up his candle, Lamb smiled to think that the uncertainties of life could be rendered strangely safe by the habitual reappearance of a London watchman at midnight.

Help Keep Our Politics Clean Note

Ex-Democratic Chairman Jim Farley expressed a rather demoralizing point at a Wellesley College banquet this fall. Said skeptic Farley, "I do not believe that any woman is physically and emotionally strong enough to serve out a full presidential term because of the frightful . . . pressure."

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Talk of the Town

As accustomed as we are to the unlimited recreational possibilities on campus, we occasionally derive a particular thrill observing the antics of our fellow playmates. Halloween night offered a most obvious opportunity, so embarking upon an evening with the Music Club, we tucked in our trusty pencil and notebook. Our foresightedness was more than rewarded, for during the performance of a Brahms Rhapsody, eerie noises wafted through the windows—all but demolishing the effect of a *legato*, *rubato*, *obbligato*. Throughout the remainder of a delightful program, we checked our curiosity as to the origin of the ghostly groans in the distance until finally the mystery was solved. In stalked not one, but *five* hobgoblins, each outstanding in her own way.

One's particular distinction consisted of a large orange bow looped about her furry

throat. The other elfins differed in that they were smaller and had only two legs per elf. The variety of arraignment was especially striking—ranging from pirate suits to Indian attire. The chief gnome, however, intrigued us most; she sported grey and rust plaid slacks and an awesome mask which left only a vague impression of the underlying features. But we have had experience with such hideaways and after a few moments of conversation (during which we graciously accepted most of her candy supply), we recognized none other than our esteemed and Halloween'd President, Miss Lucas. All of which should prove something startling about our community—something whose implications, however, are a bit over our purely observational heads.

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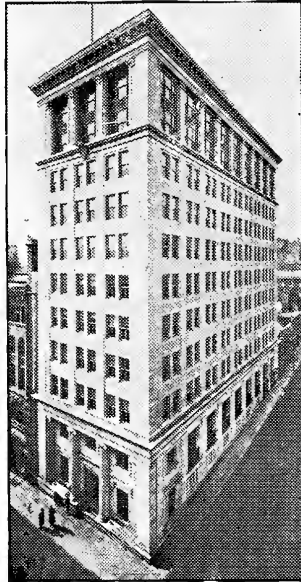
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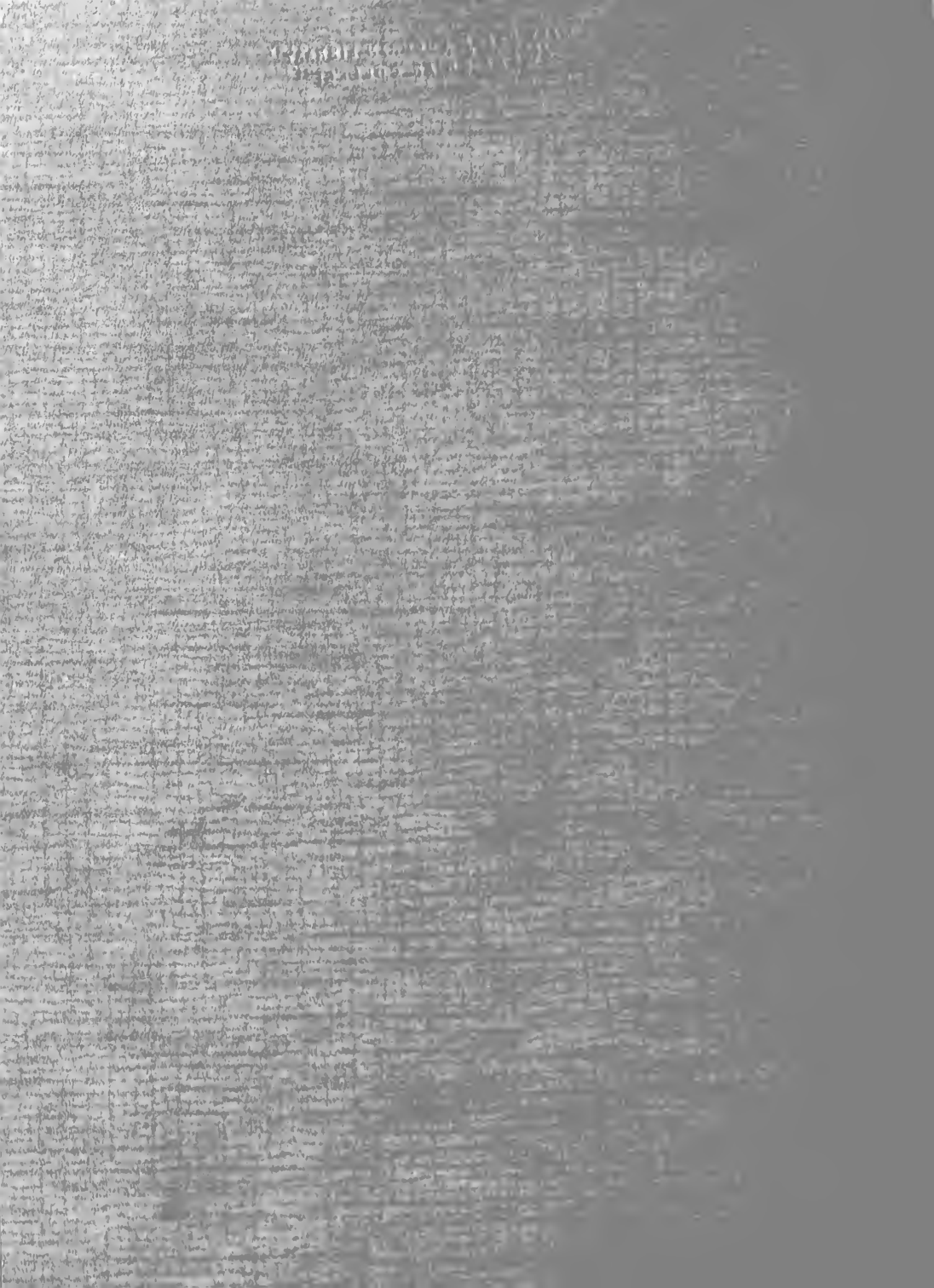
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THE BRAMBLER

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

VOL. 25, NO. 2

MARCH, 1948

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The Cycle of the Season's

Oh! fickle maid
 Arrayed in dress of blatant hue,
 Yellow, orange and red—all colors you
 parade
 A charming gipsy—whom the winds pursue
 Warm and vibrant with silent promise,
 All too soon you spurn your bolsterous swains
 And become a queen austere and cold.
 No trace of rakish raiment now remains
 Funeral garb your fancy seems to hold—
 A dirge for all the unrequited loves?
 Then as a butterfly from your cocoon
 You emerge clad in pale virgin green,
 Coy, alive, and lovely under silvery moon
 Gay, giddy with new found beauty you
 careen.
 The world in its enchantment is yours.
 Consuming passion quickens your heart
 beat.
 You don dark burning green—a symbol of
 fulfillment.
 Alas your happiness is short lived and fleet,
 And ends in bitter disillusionment.
 You renew your hoydenish mode of life
 Of your capriciousness and discontent

 We mortals often complain
 Yet in your ways you will not relent
 And after endless years you still remain
 An enigma to the world.

—Terry Faulkner 51

Consolation

Heart
 Forlorn
 Forsaken
 Know better days
 Forgetting sorrow
 Of their own in comrades
 Tears,

—Ruth Clarkson 52

PLATO AT SWEET BRIAR

LUCY SHEPARD CRAWFORD

It may seem presumptuous for a mere teacher of philosophy to broach the subject which is to be the theme of this discourse. So, by my title, I choose the better part of valor, and take a firm philosophic position by declaring, as my introduction, that the Spirit of Plato still lives in our midst. I found him here when I first came to Sweet Briar more than twenty years ago, and great was my rejoicing. Among the many blessings I have received from the Great Athenian, not the least is his success in "turning my soul toward the light," in one direction at least, and thus enabling me to appreciate the organic relationship between soul and body. Or, as we would say, in more sophisticated phrase today, the unity of the psychophysical organism.

What was my delight, therefore, to find that Sweet Briar was following his leadership, and was putting into practice one of the basic principles of sound education which is as true today as when he proclaimed it. "I believe," said Plato, "that the teachers of both music and gymnastics have in view chiefly the improvement of the soul."

From its very beginning Sweet Briar has adopted this enlightened position. The "improvement of the soul"—or, shall we say, "the development of a well-integrated personality" has been the beacon light guiding those diverse activities which, for lack of a better term, we group under the title "physical education." In theory, Plato's point of view had long been familiar to me, but never until I came to Sweet Briar had I seen it put to the test in practice.

Brought up as I was in the era when the wand and the Indian Club held sway over the rebellious heads and hearts of undergraduate students, I marvelled at this renaissance of Greek culture which I found on the Sweet Briar campus. In the "good old days" of my undergraduate experience, team games (or riding, or tennis, or boating, or swimming) were not only extra-curric-

ular, but were barely tolerated by the academic authorities as a necessary evil—evil because such frivolity distracted the student from more worthy intellectual pursuits, and necessary because they offered a relatively harmless outlet for the animal spirits of exuberent youth. If students of that far off day did not "let off steam" in that way they might do something much worse!

That the team game had positive far-reaching educational value was only dimly suspected even by the radicals in our midst. It seems clear therefore, beyond the shadow of doubt, that the new concept and practice of physical education (Plato's theory in modern garb!) marks one of the most important advances in the educational field within my memory. And because the mighty Plato converted me to this concept, even before I entered the teaching profession, I presume to speak with authority born of observation, reflection, and enthusiasm.

What more specifically was the point of view in my college days which was so at variance with Plato's philosophy and with the philosophy of the more enlightened educators of our own day? The answer is simple and clear-cut: The well-established tradition was that the function of a college department of physical education was to see to it that the students indulged in enough wholesome physical exercise to keep in good health so that they might pursue their intellectual tasks effectively and without interruption. (As already suggested, "wholesome exercise" consisted mainly in the manipulation of wands, Indian clubs, dumbbells, usually accompanied by marching in various simple formations.) In other words, training of the body was for the sake of the better function of the mind; physical health was fostered for the sake of mental health.

When I first came to Sweet Briar, I found quite a different credo: namely, that the activities involved in the physical edu-

cation program are of *intrinsic* worth from the point of view of education in its broadest aspects. From this point of view, the term "physical education" is really a misnomer. At least, it is misleading, for to the uninitiated, the emphasis is almost invariably on the *physical*, rather than on *education*. What the term really means is education through the physical approach, but that is only the introduction. To be sure, the physical is never lost sight of, but always effort is made to integrate the physical with every other capacity that naturally belongs to the human organism. In the physical education program, more than in any other phase of our school organization, we find a dynamic synthesis of the physical and the psychical, until we may fairly ask: Which is which? Following the philosophical and psychological trend of the times, physical education is doing much to break down the old time-worn dualism between mind and body. Here perhaps we have struck the keynote of the value of physical education in our total educational program; it conceives of the student as a unity; it works with and upon the individual as a dynamic whole, calling upon him to use all his various powers in unison and in harmony, and through use to develop them to the limit of each individual's capacity. Technically, we call this process the development of a well-integrated personality. It is in this connection that the student most urgently needs the good offices of the teacher of physical education, both for the sake of the harmonious development of his own powers, and for the sake of his future continuing value to society. Whether the student is to become a social liability or a social asset depends largely upon the degree to which this process of integration progresses steadily and surely.

It is important to emphasize another point which distinguishes the older from the newer point of view. What we now call "physical education" is not health education. Rather it is a phase of education which uses psychophysical activities as a means of developing the individual as a whole, with

a view to greater enjoyment of life and to more effective participation in group activities both during the college years and later. There is still much confusion and misunderstanding in the popular mind as to the relation of health education and physical education. The newer concept maintains that health is a by-product of physical education, but it is not the main goal. To be sure, a certain minimum of physical exercise is necessary to good health. Likewise, we know that exercise is one of the foundation rocks of physical education. But, still, there is a difference. As Dr. Jesse F. Williams, of Columbia University, puts it rather quaintly: "One man plays golf for the laudable purpose of reducing his waistline—that may be therapeutic, or may I suggest cosmetic. Another man plays golf for the pure joy of playing golf. This second man will no doubt strengthen the muscles of his legs and heart, but more than that he strengthens the muscles of his spirit."

As a by-product of physical education, health that is really good is more than physical well-being. The mere absence of "sick spells" does not spell health. Real health is positive rather than negative; dynamic and creative; of intrinsic as well as instrumental value; includes a future perspective as well as a present reality. To be truly healthy means buoyancy and resilience both mental and physical. It means the capacity to live vigorously; to feel the spiritual exhilaration and exaltation in the course of what we call strenuous physical activity, and as an aftermath of such activity. It means a dynamic union of body and spirit. If health, in this sense, is an everyday experience, then great educational advance has been achieved, and this is of inestimable social value.

Specifically what does the present day physical education program mean in terms of mental, emotional, moral, social and aesthetic development? How does it help the student to realize the depth and breadth of his potentiality as a complete human being? Probably, the most effective instrument which the teacher of physical educa-

tion has at his disposal to achieve his ends is the team game, such as basketball, hockey, lacrosse, etc. To anyone who has not had the personal or vicarious experience of undergoing the weeks of training necessary to participate effectively in a team game, or has not at least had the experience of playing in such games, it is difficult to describe what happens to a student as a result of such an experience. Clearly, many students enjoy strenuous team play, and usually, if not always, as a player increases his skill and his psychophysical stamina he likewise increases his enjoyment. It is equally clear that that enjoyment is not due to the purely physical, because the usual concomitant of playing in a competitive game is situation after situation which under other circumstances would involve physical discomfort or even distress. Quite regularly also, during the course of the game, the keen player is quite unconscious of such physical discomfort. For the time being, you might almost say he has risen above the level of physical sensitivity—an experience which in itself is of no little value. On the other hand, we can hardly say that the enjoyment is psychological, because, quite regularly, playing is accompanied by a sense of hurry, uncertainty, discouragement, dogged determination, disappointment and failure, strain and perplexity—a “state of mind” which we usually attribute to the “harassed soul.” Nevertheless, for the most part, players do enjoy the game. Perhaps it is worthwhile to ask ourselves: What is the secret of the physical and psychological exhilaration that comes from participation in a team game, in spite of (or, is it because of?) physical and psychological discomfort?

Let us now analyze what is involved in the training needed to play a highly organized team game like field hockey or basketball, for instance. For one thing, that part of the training which results in the formation of wholesome physical habits, with respect particularly to eating, sleeping, and cleanliness, involves conscious effort at self-control, self-denial, weighing of values, and

frequently enables the player to learn from his own experience that wholesome habits of living are the best. Once having realized this, the student, through the guidance of the instructor in physical education, or perhaps through his own reflection, may still further generalize this experience, and formulate the ideal of physical fitness, not only as an aid to mental fitness, not only because he comes to realize his social obligation to “keep fit” so as to be able to meet the emergencies of life, but also because he may learn to cherish this ideal for its own sake, with no ulterior motive, merely for the joy of being fit.

For another thing, the mere theoretical mastery of the organization of the team game is an intellectual exercise of no mean order. Putting the theory into practice not only requires keen intelligence, alert attention, and creative imagination, but it also offers the player a constant challenge to master an ever-changing environment; it offers him recurrently an opportunity to test his own ability to control and direct his bodily movements, quickly and effectively, at the behest of his mind, both consciously and subconsciously. To my way of thinking, this is one of the most tantalizing tests ever devised by human ingenuity to chasten the human spirit and to spur it on to greater effort!

Having once mastered the rules of the game, the aim then is to play according to those established rules, and to accept without complaint a penalty for infraction of any of those rules. However skillful a player may be in other respects, if either through lack of control or through disregard of the rules he is apt to “foul,” he is considered more of a liability than an asset to the team, and is frowned upon by his teammates. This strict observance of rules, however, does not eliminate courage and initiative and originality on the part of the individual player. Quite the contrary. In such a competitive game, each player must be resourceful to the nth degree. But his acts, however varied, however surprising to his opponents, must fall within the rules

of the game—a very challenging illustration of the principle of “liberty under law” in the “game” of political theory and practice. A student, through his own experience, learns that freedom of action in a game is only possible when each player has due regard for the rules of the game.

Reflecting briefly on what I have just referred to as the rapidly changing environment in a game of field hockey, for instance, we must realize that the player must be ever on the alert; he must make quick decisions, and must act on these decisions without delay; he must interpret these rapidly changing factors, the actions of his fellow-players and of his opponents; he must anticipate his opponents’ play both before the game and during the game. All this involves no little ingenuity, no little imagination, no little intellectual activity. The highly organized team game cannot be played effectively without the harmonious working together of the intelligence, the emotions, and the neuromuscular system, functioning strenuously as an integrated whole.

From the social point of view, the team game is likewise of educational value. Paradoxically, we might say, playing in a team game both eliminates the self and glorifies the self at one and the same time. It is an excellent example of “losing one’s self to find one’s self.” For one thing, the self must be subdued in the interest of the team. Flagrant and extravagant individualism must be suppressed. Self-interest must be subordinated to what is best collectively. At first, there must often be conscious effort to suppress the self for the good of the whole. Later, this principle becomes so ingrained in the teams that best represent the point of view I am trying to portray, that the individual comes to realize that what is best for the team is really also best for himself as an individual. Conscious effort has been converted into habitual spontaneous action, and a lesson of profound social significance has been learned.

Likewise, consciousness of self as an integral part of a larger whole serves to

deepen one’s sense of individual responsibility and individual worth. What a player does reacts not only upon himself as an individual, but also upon the whole team. It behooves him, therefore, to make even more earnest effort to do his best, and often to do better than his best. The team is depending on him. The player who has met his obligation to his team to the best of his ability, and who realizes that he has had his share in the team’s success, experiences a sense of achievement from the united effort far transcending the sense of personal achievement. Every human being has a sense of personal power, acting as an individual, but if he can play the game of hockey—or the game of life—successfully with others, he is apt to rise in his own estimation, as well as in the estimation of others.

There are other more specific, and perhaps more obvious, possibilities in a physical education program, which might be mentioned here. For example:

Fostering a democratic spirit—The team game throws together a wide variety of individuals, cutting through the ordinary strata of friendship—thus broadening one’s range of acquaintance, and one’s understanding of human nature. The esprit de corps thus engendered is an experience in democratic living of real value.

Leadership and followership—If the physical education program provides for student captains of teams, heads of sports, and officers of the athletic association, this offers an unusual opportunity for training in organization and working with others as well as in sportsmanship. A significant corollary of such student leadership is, of course, that other students at the same time learn to follow their own chosen leaders—perhaps an equally valuable lesson.

Emotional stamina—By offering an opportunity for the expression of the spirit of adventure, as well as of the combative and competitive tendencies, competitive physical activities do much to enhance emotional power through exercise of that power. Quite

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Can Spring Be Far Behind?

VIRGINIA HOLMES, '48

The people walking along the street bent their heads against the cold; most of them paused a moment to gather courage before plunging around the corner to face the full blast of the stinging wind. But the snow was gone from the ground; the sun shone, however weakly; the sky was blue instead of the tiresome gray that makes winter such a hopeless season. To the woman in the upstairs bedroom of the big old house this chance sunny day of winter was spring. She sang over and over a snatch of some old song about a sweetheart who came back in the spring.

After all, who could blame her for getting the seasons confused? The regulated temperature of the room gave no hint of the cold; the sealed windows rattled not at all despite the wind that whipped around the corner. She was a little puzzled by the nakedness of the trees and the failure of bright little crocuses to interrupt the smoothness of the winter lawn. She did not worry long; those other signs of spring would come in time. She reasoned that it was spring, yes really spring, but very early spring. Oh, dear, she thought, he didn't say what part of spring; that was thoughtless of him. He might come today, but he might wait until almost summer. Why didn't he say what part of spring?

She pulled out the letter, although she should have known it by heart now. There it was in his own handwriting, "And when spring comes, I shall be with you again, my darling." If she closed her eyes she could hear his voice; if she opened her eyes she could see his picture. She thanked God that it was spring. She had his letter, the memory of his voice, his picture; she could wait patiently until nearly summer if he should come so late.

As she mused happily, the door opened, and a bright young woman in white came in with her breakfast tray.

"Good morning, Miss Agatha, how are you today? Isn't it wonderful for the sun to be out at last?"

Agatha laughed, "It's spring at last. I'm so happy. You're new here, but maybe you've heard from some of the others that my fiancé will come back this spring. Won't it be gay to have a wedding in the house? And don't worry about extra work because Poppa will bring in lots of people to clean and serve and sew as he did for Sister's wedding. What a pity that you weren't here to see that; I suppose you read about it in the papers. The whole state could talk of nothing else."

Agatha realized that she was chattering too much to a servant; Poppa would be annoyed. Still, this little maid was so kind, helping her to make herself presentable and putting pillows behind her so that she could eat her breakfast in comfort. It was a good breakfast, she decided, everything fixed just as she liked it. The maid was definitely a jewel; she must speak to Poppa about her wages. It would never do to have such a good servant discontented. Agatha beamed inwardly at this generous impulse; she felt like doing something nice for everyone since she was so happy herself.

"Now, Miss Agatha, what can I do for you? Would you like me to read to you?" asked the girl in white. Her name was Janet Reid, but she realized that Agatha did not remember it. She supposed, rightly, that Agatha was a little vague about the names of those who waited on her. Agatha's notion of the proper treatment of inferiors was a sort of arm's length kindness. This amused Janet and annoyed her a little, but she realized that it was all part of her job.

Agatha smiled to herself at the maid's prosaic suggestion—reading, just imagine, when it was spring. Why, he might come this very day. "No," she said, "no reading

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THE REMARKABLE AMPUTATED LEG OF ROBERT HARCUM

JENNE BELLE BECHTEL, '48

Robert Harcum flung his books separately and deliberately each into a different corner of the room. The fifth one, his zipper note-book, he hurled at the ceiling light. So good was Robert Harcum's aim that it barely scraped the bulb, causing it to rattle satisfactorily but not quite break. Robert wished Pork were there so he could have thrown the books at him. Pork was his roommate. He was fat and smiley and had just the night before been initiated into Monks, an upper-class honour society which it was now too late for Robert to join. When Robert threw things, Pork quietly responded with a push in the face, beginning a bout that Robert would win principally because the other good-naturedly let him.

Robert Harcum flopped on the bed and began to think about the day's collection of irritations. Every day was irritating but today he thought he hit the jack pot. To begin with, it marked his third failure in French in four weeks. The week he didn't fail it was a seventy on the nose and he only passed because he cheated on the regular Friday quiz. The trouble was that Mr. Johnson had it in for him. Robert could prove that because the time he cribbed he had arranged the answers so they couldn't possibly have come out less than eighty unless Mr. Johnson had also cribbed in the marking. However, there was no way of bringing the discrepancy to attention without some embarrassment on his own part, so, since Johnson never returned papers, Robert could do nothing more than resent vainly. At any rate, today the seventy and three flunks had come to a show-down. Mr. Johnson and Robert had had a conference with Dr. Emery, Friend of All the Boys, as he whimsically inserted after his name in the catalogue. The conference consisted of

an indictment and a sentence, no defense. Robert did not open his mouth except in silent astonishment at the severity of the friend's decision: Robert Harcum was to be automatically dropped from baseball team, squad, and practise and was not to reappear on the diamond till his French grades reached ninety.

From the Headmaster's office Robert had gone to the gym. He wanted to tell his friend Mr. Christy what Snoot-face Emery did. Mr. Christy was the Athletic Director and rumor said he had barely managed to get through State College but he was a damn good Athletic Director. A damn sight smarter than the meat-balls they had sitting behind the desks on the premises. He couldn't find Mr. Christy but he ran into Pettit Webb, who was on a scholarship and was sometimes asked to do filing in the department. Robert thought Pettit Webb was a great guy. He was captain of the soccer team and president of Monks and he seemed to think a lot of Robert. He was always knocking him on the back or yelling at him all the way across the quad. Robert was sure Pettit had wanted him in Monks but even a great guy like Pettit couldn't have everything his way.

"What's the matter, Harkey, you old son-of-a-gun?" said Pettit, pounding on Robert's back. Robert told him about not being able to pitch any more on account of that so-and-so Johnson.

"O forget it, Harkey," shouted Pettit. Robert was standing right beside him but Pettit always talked as though he wanted the whole world to know his mouth was open. "There's always tennis, isn't there? Isn't there? Sure there is. That's a great sport any day. You can play it with girls, you know. I'll take you on any time. I

like a good game and most of the slugs around here don't have the arm to send it back. Tell you what, let's go out there now. Take it out on the old rackets."

So Robert went down to the locker to change to sneakers. Still irate, he kicked at his locker door, forgetting his bare feet. He muttered some remarkably mature curses as he met the sharp tin edge. It was a little cut but like all little cuts it bled. Annoyed and sorry for himself, he made a great show of limping into the Infirmary. Robert's attitude turned out to be the last straw for Dr. Wetzel who had been having too much of Hunt School and its ailments lately. He was also engrossed in some private problems and the combination left him in a bad humour to cope with Robert's worse one. He took advantage of Robert's untimely appearance to spend a half hour on some pent up opinions he held on Hunt boys, particularly the Hunt boy before him. He seemed to begrudge the iodine; he sneered at Robert's wince when he poured it on . . .

Robert, stretched at ease on his bed, allowed his reflections at this point to drift into a dramatic future.

He pictured his foot infected. He imagined himself waking in the middle of the night with a throbbing pain that began in his toe and shot on up through his leg. He woke Pork. He pictured Pork's crossed eyes trying to focus on the foot Robert held under the night light. Green.

"Gee," Pork muttered. Then "Gee" again. Totally inadequate.

Robert said quietly between the jerks of pain, "I guess you better hawl out old Wetzel, Pork." Wetzel made excuses not to come but Pork, God bless him, for once in his life insisted. It took Wetzel interminable hours to get to the dormitory but upon his arrival he found his trouble rewarded. Robert, in brave agony, lay watching the green creep up his ankle—up, up, up. Pork only gaped. Wetzel frowned but could not hide from Robert his pleasure at the sight of great suffering and his malice against the boy so courageously bearing it. Wetzel

clicked his false teeth and said he must be removed to the Infirmary instantly. A grave case. Wait—before he went there were some friends he must see. Nothing Wetzel could do about it, Robert would yell and wake up the dorm if he didn't let Pork go for Pettit Webb and Mr. Christy. Something he had to tell them, alone. They came, tears in their eyes, patting him on the back in a big man-to-man sort of sympathy. Then Robert told them with magnificent control how, whatever might happen, they mustn't let Wetzel take off his leg. Not here, not at Hunt. If it had to be done let them fly him to New York but Wetzel mustn't go along. Pettit's father (Pettit's father might as well be a surgeon) must be the attending physician.

"Swear, Pettit and Mr. Christy. I know YOU will stick to your guns."

Pettit and Mr. Christy swore.

Sigh . . . Flop. Robert fainted. Pettit, Mr. Christy, and Wetzel fixed a litter to carry him to the Infirmary. Pork, utterly ineffectual, sat on the bed and looked. Pettit wondered why the hell he ever let him get into Monks.

The next day Robert waked up with worse pain than ever in his right leg. He bent over to touch it. Gone, by gad. He yelled and screamed and the whole school trooped down to the Infirmary weeping. Wetzel, the bastard, had taken it off the night before, at the hip, by gad. So high up the appendix went with it. He hadn't said anything to anybody, he just took it off and made a dirty good job of it so no artificial leg would fit. The rascal. The rotten, filthy son-of-a-bitch, said all the boys. Robert, after the initial scream, maintained a magnificent silence. He even almost forgave. Mr. Christy and Pettit, who were beating their breasts and throwing themselves at his remaining foot, he forgave unconditionally. After all, Wetzel hadn't asked them. He just went ahead and did it.

Later Pettit's father arrived. He had heard so much of Robert in his son's letters that when Pettit phoned him about the

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Ocean Piece

I stood upon the beach and saw
 A sea, a sky and that was all.
 A sea, a sky and nothing more.
 No ship, nor bird nor facing shore.
 The empty sea, the empty sky
 And on the beach, the empty I.

—Jeanne Belle Bechtel, '48.

We are pleased to reprint "Ocean Piece" from *The Corradi*, Spring 1948, in which it appears as one of the selections chosen by the Arts Forum of North Carolina Women's College.

Morning Star

Grey dawn has brought the sultry sky to
 cover all my Heaven,
 And leaves me groping in dim obscurity
 Without the bright star that led me through
 the sheltering night.
 Light enough dawn gives to show a barren
 world what kind darkness hid
 From eyes too weak as yet to find the gold
 among the rock,
 Oh, Morning Star! Was this the day that
 you foretold?
 Surely, remembering where you beckoned,
 stumbling on that now unlighted path,
 I may reach where morning breaks in
 splendor,
 And find a sun whose radiant light reveals
 the rock star-shot with gold.

—Constance Somervell, '48.



An Operatic Warrior

Representing evil

ISABEL DZUNG

Bondage

LUCILE WOOD, '49

Pale spring sun shone coolly in Johanna Ridgley's bedroom, touching the bare walls briefly and lighting up the Chaucer sketch above her mantle. She awoke slowly with the weak light beaming on her face and then leaped up startled.

Heavens, it was so bright, she must be late for her class. Then she glanced at her clock and noticed that it was still early. She walked to her window and looked out. It promised to be a beautiful early spring day. A few patches of snow still clung around the edges of the shabby school buildings, and the town of Blandford straggled over the Berkshire foothills comfortably brightened by the sun. It was such a wonderful spring day she was sure things would go well. Her lecture on Herrick was well prepared and this was the very day to give it.

While she was combing her hair she was suddenly aware that something was wrong, there was something horrible she had done. Her knees felt weak and it flashed in her mind now—she had offended the principal yesterday! Now she remembered, she had argued with her about how to conduct the study hall and disputed Miss Tiffany's word strongly. Miss Tiffany probably thought she was conceited and a very poor teacher, too. How could she have done that—the thought of it made her feel so faint that she gave up arranging her hair as she had intended and twisted it into a week little knot on the back of her head. She fluttered uncertainly around the room trying to straighten it up, but the thought of Miss Tiffany's disapproval made her feel almost sick. When she came down to breakfast she could hardly eat and Mrs. Garber, her landlady, remarked that she didn't believe Miss Ridgley liked hot cakes the way she fixed them. Johanna hastened to assure her that she thoroughly enjoyed them and went upstairs.

"You know, John, there must be some-

thing wrong with Miss Ridgley. She seems all upset," Mrs. Garber observed.

"Yep, she did look kind of pale," he nodded, helping himself to some more cakes.

Johanna dreaded the thought of going in the school now. She climbed the stairs slowly and started toward her class room. At that moment Miss Tiffany was returning from taking a friend through the school, and she met Johanna just as she was going into her room.

"Good-morning, Miss Tiffany," Johanna murmured.

"Oh," Miss Tiffany seemed startled out of her conversation, "Good morning, Miss Ridgley." Miss Tiffany went on, chatting with her friend, "That was Johanna Ridgley. She is the best English teacher I have." The friend nodded agreeably and they walked on talking of many things.

Johanna put her books down on her desk woefully. A wisp of her hair had straggled out of the bun and she pushed it back with a trembling hand. Miss Tiffany had practically ignored her, had scarcely smiled, and had not even said "how are you." How she must have offended her! She opened a book and tried to read it but the words all ran together in a confusion of the many ways she had probably insulted the principal.

Her two morning classes in English literature went very badly. The girls seemed restless from the whiff of spring in the air and twisted noisily about in their seats. The Herrick lecture was poor for she seemed to forget what she had to say and could hardly remember from one sentence to the next when she had made her point. She reproved Mary Hines without any particular reason and was immediately sorry, for she was a good student. When the class left the room she was sure they were commenting on how badly she had used the hour; they would probably give her a reputation for poor lectures.

At lunch it was very difficult. Johanna had been wondering all morning about the advisability of apologizing to Miss Tiffany, but now she felt that would do no good. Her table, too, was not inclined to talk and they were supposed to carry on conversation. She introduced several topics but none of them brought much response and Johanna felt herself growing clumsy, her napkin dropped on the floor, her fork clattered on her plate, and a drop of ice cream fell on the table. The girls started chatting among themselves when they left.

"Didn't Miss Ridgley seem upset today," Mary Hines remarked. "She looked as if there was something wrong in class this morning and she certainly didn't promote much conversation at lunch."

Jane Clark nodded, "She isn't much of a social figure anyway, but at least she is a good teacher, and she's not strange like some of the old creatures around here." They all agreed about that and began talking of the close of the school, for it was April already.

Johanna Ridgley fidgeted through her afternoon composition class. She never enjoyed hearing their inept writing anyway, and it was almost unbearable in her anxiety. As soon as the class was over she left the school and started walking toward the foothills. The air felt cool and fresh on her cheeks and she walked on and on up into the hills. As the afternoon wore on she began to feel at peace with herself. The air lifted her up and all thoughts of the school and Miss Tiffany left her. She felt clean, swept through by the breeze. She did not stop walking, but went up into the hills circling back toward the village. It was quite dark for a while and she had to stop, then the moon came out and she could see her way again. It had grown cold and she scratched her legs on briars and caught twigs in her hair, but she was completely happy and free.

It was very late when she reached home. Mr. and Mrs. Garber were going to bed, and were much surprised when she came in. "Did you want anything to eat, Miss Ridg-

ley?" Mrs. Garber inquired. Johanna said no and went up to her room.

Mrs. Garber turned to her husband, "Now where do you suppose she has been. Certainly did look queer all scratched up and messy."

"Yep, she did that," he agreed. "All them teachers are kind of strange though." They sat up a while longer talking about it and Mrs. Garber even went over to tell her neighbor when she noticed that her light was still on.

Johanna Ridgley slept late the next morning because she did not have an early class. When she came down she noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Garber looked at her strangely but she thought it might be her new hair arrangement. She started out in good spirits, her lecture notes were not in order but she could talk about literature in general, and that business about Miss Tiffany disapproving of her was all foolishness.

There was much twittering among the girls in her class that morning, they giggled when they looked at her and seemed to be slipping notes to each other all period. Miss Tiffany, too, was very cool and the other teachers spoke distantly. Johanna felt her knees getting weak. They were talking about her she knew; what should she do. tell them why she had been out so late? Explain it to Miss Tiffany? She felt her movements getting awkward, her hands fluttered around ineffectually, and her neatly rolled hair fell awry over one ear. She twisted it back into a meek bun with trembling fingers.

A Word to the Wise Department

The management of the Mid-Winter Prom. was spoken of highly after the occasion, and two Virginia men offered so much as to say that the "Figure" was most successful. It was sincerely hoped by the listeners that these generous laudators take note themselves that almost anyone makes a better success with a pair of wheels.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

DOROTHY E. BOTTOM, '49

Deveron was twenty-one. He had lived all his young life in the back pocket of a backwoods Georgia county with the exception of a year and a half when he had washed staff cars at an Army camp near Macon. The Army had made little impression on his fine Southern rearing and he returned to his ma and sisters and the rotting frame shack of his home just as he departed. From the moment he stepped out of the weedy path leading from the bus stop at the general store into the bare picketed yard of his own homestead, he all but forgot those detached months in his inarticulate joy. With the same simplicity and ease with which he announced his return ("Maw! AH'm back agin. They done let me go!") he reassumed the comfortable lassitude of his regular habits. His ma had bawled him out for not letting her know, his sisters wept a bit and set another place at the supper table. Indeed for Deveron and his family the Army episode was a remote and meaningless fabrication. But it was not completely ignored. Sittie asked him about it the first thing.

The day after his homecoming, Deveron discovered that Sittie had grown in form and wit. Her fine manners and affections—to say nothing of the astounding bloom of her sixteen years—left him breathless with astonished diffidence. She inquired where he'd been away to, and guessed he'd seen a fur piece. When she brazenly asked what he'd brung her, he was struck dumb in agonized embarrassment. And though the best he could do then was to look blindly down at his toes curling in the dust and murmur he didn't reckon he had nothin', after that he courted her every night or so. Through his persistent though clumsy attentions, Sittie soon discarded her pert manner and assumed her natural sweetness and the dignity of a courted lady. This blissful state of affairs had been going on for several months when Buddy came home.

By that time both Sittie's and Deveron's mothers enjoyed the sly speculations of their neighbors. A Sunday did not pass that Mrs. Thornton or Mrs. Elliot or one of the other church ladies didn't lean primly forward in their pews to remark in suppressed, teasing whispers that they "reckoned you'd be gettin' ready for a weddin' soon," to which the proud mother would smile widely and deprecatingly.

But when Buddy came back, he too went calling on Sittie. Buddy was a year older and two years more worldly than Deveron. His Army life had included wide travel centering at Bethesda, Maryland, and Camp Lee, Virginia. In addition and surpassing these superior attributes, Buddy owned a car. So it is understandable that Sittie was secretly overwhelmed despite her love for Deveron. Fortunately, however, Buddy and Deveron had been since childhood the best of friends, so no ugly rivalry developed between them. Indeed, Deveron never suspected that Buddy had an interest in Sittie beyond the mutual friendship of the three. Both of them squired her about—to prayer meetings, to the general store, and even down the road in Buddy's car to a road-house where they drank soda pop, played the juke box, and took turns dancing. This latter sophistication was a suggestion of Buddy's. Sittie and Deveron retained their simplicity even in the face of his *savoir-faire*. Returning from such occasions, Buddy would drop Deveron off before taking Sittie home. He would make strange and brutal love to her, and though she successfully resisted him, such occurrences left Sittie frightened and subdued. Yet because they fascinated her, she never mentioned it to Deveron. One particularly violent night she pitted all her strength against his relentless efforts, struggled free and ran home gasping for breath. Then did the image of Deveron and the thought of his quiet, sweet love fill her heart with remorse

and warmth. The following day she told Deveron she guessed she'd like to git married real soon. He had asked shyly who she was thinkin' of marryin', and when she didn't rightly know since she hadn't been asked, he ventured that he reckoned she wouldn't never have anyone like him. Sittie accepted his proposal, demurely blushing, told her Ma and took the five dollars she had saved for the purpose down to the general store to purchase her wedding gown.

That night the families of the betrothed held a joint celebration. Buddy and Deveron came to Sittie's house together after supper before the party started. They sat on the step of the porch and talked desultorily. Deveron asked Buddy would he drive them to Mr. Clement's and Buddy said yes, he'd gladly. He didn't say anything else about the sudden turn of affairs, and while they sat there it was fun like always when the three were together. But later in the evening, Buddy caught Sittie alone, and backed her against the wall.

"What ya gone do about me, Sittie?" he demanded.

"Whatcha mean, Buddy? Lemme go. Maw's watchin'!"

"What about me, Sittie, you an' me?" he reiterated.

"I'm gone marry Deveron, Buddy. I don't know what ya talkin' about."

Buddy smiled slowly, without humor. "I'll fix it up with Deveron, Sittie. You'll see."

Three days later, Sittie and Deveron were married by the justice of the peace. Buddy served as witness. Sittie was arrayed in her new green dress and shoes. She wore her mother's hat, and carried an old handbag. Delighted by her finery and the importance of her status as a married lady, she chattered gaily with Deveron as the three drove back. Buddy drove the car in silence, speaking only once to suggest they stop somewhere for a drink. Deveron pointed out that a big dinner awaited them at home—his ma had been frying chickens all day—but Sittie, flushed with excitement, was thirsty. At

the roadhouse, Deveron got out to fetch the drinks, and Sittie directed her chatter to Buddy. Suddenly he switched on the ignition and started the car. "Where you goin'?" Sittie asked. "Hol' on. Here comes Deveron . . .," but Buddy cut her short. "I tole ya, Sittie," he said softly. "I tole ya I'd fix it somehow." He turned to scream at Deveron, who stood waiting, three pop bottles in his hand, "You thought that weddin' was fur you an' Sittie, didn't ya! Well, you was wrong . . . It's fur Sittie an' me!" And before Deveron's baffled gaze, the automobile screeched away, down the road and out of sight.

The days following after were torture for Deveron. His ma nurtured a merciless fury directed against him as well as the errant couple. When she demanded, "Ya mean you jes' stood there an' let him kerry her off?" he turned deep scarlet and rubbed his hands on his pants. His ma had made him go tell Sittie's family, and down to the general store to call the police. The police laughed at him and all the men at the store laughed. He was filled with an agony of embarrassment. When asked what had occurred, he would falter out his mystification, accusing no one. The red flush on his face seemed permanent, and the astonishment in his eyes mingled with self-effacing resignation. His ma also made him go back to Mr. Clements to obtain an annulment. The annulment had not been granted, however, when Sittie returned.

Deveron was sitting glumly on his porch six days after the wedding and abduction, when Sittie came trudging up the road. Her green dress was dirty and disheveled beyond repair, her hair unkempt, her face wan and exhausted. Deveron arose red and speechless as she walked tiredly across the yard to stand before him. "Ah'm come back, Deveron," she said simply.

"Where y'all been, Sittie? Ah been wonderin' where ya went?" Deveron stammered.

"He took me aginst ma' wishes, Deveron. He hit me an' made me stay in thet car six

(Continued on page 30)

The Wallflower

There sat upon a cushioned seat, alone.
A hopeful lass, a queen upon a throne,
Who watched the rest and yearned to join the fun,
And wished with all her heart that maybe one
Young Lochinvar would ask her for a dance;
And thus she sat, determined for a chance
To step but lightly on her partner's feet,
A lonely wallflower, rooted to her seat;
Her gown was tinted blue, and I dare say
It hung a little loose; and by the way,
I noticed that the hair upon her head
Consisted of a motley color, red
And gold and brown, and it was combed in curls,
Not half so nice as those of other girls;
Her gray-green eyes had need of life and light;
They did reflect the beauties of the night,
But then, it's never very hard to tell
Which maiden wins the title of "the belle";
She had no personality, poor dear;
In truth, her smile had not a bit of cheer,
For it was dull and cold; it seemed to me
That maybe her unpopularity
Was due, in part at least, to what she said,
Or rather, to the lack of words; ahead
She gazed, and did not move for any cause;
The stag line hurried by, and did not pause
Or even glance her way; all through the night
She watched the dance, and suffered in her plight;
All flowers will wilt if picked to please the heart;
Some flowers are wilted even from the start.

—Ruth Clarkson, '51.



The Beast of Burden

An egg tempera

ISABEL DZUNG

On Emily Dickinson

For every grief of which I learn
 I wonder, could it be
 That someone else knows pain
 Without indemnity?

Yet every time when I am through
 With scale or yardstick bare
 I find that only I can know
 The grief plus the despair.

—Judi Campbell. '50.

Evolution

A legend can be told by every wave
 Upon the sea; but as in days of yore,
 The ocean bears all secrets to its grave
 And buries them in foam upon the shore;
 There lies a story in a single rock
 Upon the land; but all too soon the crust
 Will wear away, and molecules will mock
 Another epic scattered with the dust;
 Himself an ancient relic, man can think
 And calculate and dream; and in this way,
 He seeks at length to overstep life's brink,
 And prove tomorrow part of yesterday:
 Attempting to explain, man takes his stand,
 And bases theories on a grain of sand.

—Ruth Clarkson. '51

MY SCHOOL LIFE IN BRUSSELS

By *Françoise Happé*, '51

At the age of five, I entered a private school in Brussels which was considered very progressive because it was co-educational. However, this (and also the rather progressive way of teaching) were the only unusual features of the school. The material we were taught was composed of the standard subjects that any student of any school in Belgium is required to take in order to obtain an official diploma allowing him to enter the University. It was a small school (only a hundred and fifty students) situated on the edge of a forest, and was composed of four buildings quite disparate. The main building was old, very large and ugly, called the "Hermitage." The second building was composed of old stables and servants' quarters. This was referred to as "The Forest." The third one had been built a few years before in order to enlarge the school and was called "The Birds." The fourth was a little wooden cabin where we composed and printed our little school paper. So much for the background.

As I have already said, I entered this school at the age of five and stayed there for twelve years: six years in primary school and six years in "secondary" school. For twelve years, I had to arrive at eight-thirty in the morning and leave the school at twelve. I always had lunch at home and returned to school at 2 p. m. until four or five. Each morning, we had a recess of half an hour which was devoted to all sorts of games, especially basketball. Our studies were done at home late in the afternoon and early in the evening. Thursday and Saturday afternoons were free. Summer vacations began around the fifteenth of July and ended the fourteenth of September. We also had fifteen days of vacation at Christmas and fifteen at Easter.

Of the primary school, I remember little. I know that in the first grade there were twelve boys and twelve girls. (However, it did not remain like that: in the twelfth

grade, there were no more than six girls and only one boy . . .) I also remember that the boys learned how to knit and sew whereas the girls learned how to hammer, saw and handle pincers. Another distinct feature of these early years was that on a certain day of each month, five or six classes produced each one a little play which they had invented themselves. Even the little six-year-old children composed their play without any help at all.

Naturally, we were learning how to read and write. (It was and still is not allowed to learn how to write with the left hand). We were taught the rudiments of Mathematics, Grammar, Geography, History of Belgium, and Natural Sciences or "Observation" as it was called. As one can see, all this was pretty much like the schools here in the United States. However, at the age of eight or nine, in the third grade, we began to learn Dutch, or rather Flemish, for it is compulsory, as Belgium is a bilingual country where people speak either French or Dutch.

At the age of twelve, after the six years of primary school, our parents and teachers helped us in taking an important step and deciding whether we were going to enter a section called "Modern-Scientifics," or in a section called "Latin Mathematics," or else in a third section called (in French) "Humanités Greco-latines." We were entering our secondary school and, if we wanted to get a diploma from the Government, we had to select one of these three sections. The "Modern-Scientifics" involved studies with special emphasis on Sciences and Mathematics. The "Latin-Mathematics" specialized in the study of Latin (but no Greek) and high Mathematics. The "Humanités Greco-latines" included six years of Latin and four years of Greek, but also many other subjects as you will see. It was the section I chose because I thought it would give me an over-all idea about "liberal arts." Besides

Greek and Latin, two foreign languages were required, one of which was Dutch, which we had already begun three years before. The second was either German or English, of which four years were required. As for myself, I had to do something different because of the war. In 1942, as I was going to begin my first year of English, we were still occupied by the Teutons and they obliged the students to take German as a second foreign language. So, I took German. However, in 1944, two years later, we were liberated and I abandoned German for English, in which I made amazing progress because of my frantic enthusiasm. Besides these languages, we had to take Ancient, Mediaeval and Modern History, and also French literature which also required weekly compositions, and History of Art. As for the Sciences, we had a pretty heavy schedule. In order to obtain our classical diploma, we had to have six years of Mathematics, which included Arithmetic Elementary Algebra and the theory of Progressions and Logarithms, Plane Geometry, Three-Dimensional Geometry and Rectilinear Trigonometry. That was all for Mathematics. Now, we also had to have four years of Physics, four years of Geography, three years of Chemistry, three years of Biology and one year of Cosmography. I forgot to tell you that during our six years of Latin, we read excerpts from some thirty-five authors ranging from the ancient poet Ennius to the late Mediaeval Latin, through the comedies of Plautus and Terence, the speeches of the Elder Cato and Cicero, the prose of Lucretius, Caesar and Sallust, the lyric poetry of Catullus, the elegiac poetry of Propertius and Tibullus, and then the so much celebrated poetry of the Augustan Age with Virgil, Horace and Ovid. We also read Livy and Seneca, Lucan, Petronius, the elder Pliny, Martial, Quintilian, Tacitus, Juvenal, the younger Pliny, Suetonius, Aulus Gellus, Apuleius and some other minor authors as Minucius Felix, Tertullian, Ausonius, Claudian. At the end of the twelfth grade we arrived to St. Aug-

ustine, and later we read the Latin of the Carolingian Eginhard who was the first in his century to try to write again in Classical Latin. We also read some "Carmina Burana" of the twelfth century and finally we translated some excerpts from the "Summa contra Gentiles" by Thomas Aquinas.

In Greek, we read excerpts from Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Plato, Aristotle, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Demosthenes and Theocritus. This seems to be very much but as it was covering a period of six and four years, we never had more than five hours of Greek and five hours of Latin a week.

And now that you have a general idea of our school life (I hope), I shall tell you what we did after these twelve years. Out of the six girls who intended to graduate, only four were able to succeed. The only boy of our class was extremely brilliant, so nobody worried about him. He and one of the girls undertook the study of Medicine at the University of Brussels which required seven years of work. Two other girls took Political and Social Sciences also at the same University. I came here, to America, after six months of Political and Social Sciences in Brussels.

There are very few universities in Belgium, not more than a dozen, two of which are quite important; they are the University of Brussels and the University of Louvain, whose library was completely burned during the first world war and rebuilt, thanks to the Americans. All universities are co-ed but there is not any boarding. Most of the students have to rent a little room in the neighborhood of the University. However, they have a place called the "cité Universitaire" where there are hockey fields, basketball courts, tennis courts, soccer fields and a swimming pool. There are also a few buildings where they can have lunch and where there are a few rooms to rent. (This is mainly for the foreign students). The fee is not high at all, \$7 a year for each subject. No one is obliged to attend the

lectures. The final examinations are all oral, and take place in June. There are two sessions: the students who fail in June may try once again in October. The classes are huge, nearly always a hundred students, which unfortunately makes any contact between teachers and students impossible.

I think that the main difference between students in Belgian universities and American students, is due to their state of mind. Most of the students in Europe are sons of workers or minor officials; anyway, the majority is of humble origin and it is a fashion among them to be politically for the party of the left. A small, but humorous result of this opinion is that it is extremely badly considered to be elegant, well dressed, or aristocratic. Each university has its numerous clubs, but no fraternities nor sororities.

I am afraid I could give you many more details about the student life in Brussels, but it would take pages and pages, so I shall stop right here. However, I must first give you a little advice: if you ever happen to go to Brussels, try to be present on St. Verhaegen Day, which is the students' day. You will see amazing things. The whole city is under the control of students and even the police do not have any more authority. It is a very curious and picturesque event and it really is worth seeing once at least.

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THE COLUMNS

Plato At Sweet Briar

(Continued from page 10)

consistently, emphasis is upon the development of the creative tendencies, rather than upon the acquisitive or possessive tendencies.

Again following the persuasive leadership of Plato, I cannot close this discussion without suggesting the aesthetic values in the physical education program. There is more finish and rhythm in the technique of sports than we sometimes realize. This is more obvious perhaps in rowing, canoeing, tennis, dancing, horseback riding, but the aesthetic factor is by no means lacking even in such strenuous team games as hockey, basketball, and lacrosse.

In this connection, the dance is especially worthy of note. As one of the arts, the dance is rapidly gaining its rightful place in our educational program, and its aesthetic values are obvious. The social and psy-

chological value of the dance is very subtle, but none the less real. For example, the integration of the individual powers aided by music and rhythm. This is truly a liberating experience and offers an outstanding opportunity for the creative release of inhibitions. The rhythmic harmony of the group leads to harmony within the individual. At the same time the spontaneity of the individual is enhanced rather than checked by the discipline of the group. Why should not the training in school and college make it possible for the student to "dance" through life in the same spirit and with the same zest and enthusiasm as he has danced through the college years?

In conclusion, does the following anecdote make sense? One of my students had been devoting herself for several days to the study of the great French philosopher, Henri Bergson. She was a senior reading for honors in English, president of the Student Government Association, and also had developed considerable talent in the dance and in choreography. When asked to report progress on her philosophic study, she replied: "So far, I know Bergson only kinaesthetically. I cannot seem to express his spirit in words." To know a great philosopher kinaesthetically is a great achievement, and I am frank to admit she did not learn that in my classroom, but rather through her achievements in the dance studio. However, I may also say that she was given every encouragement to pursue her kinaesthetic quest with the assurance that the necessary words would eventually come by which she could share her discoveries with others, although verbal expression can only inadequately reveal kinaesthetic appreciation. So it is with literature and all the other arts—perhaps we might include every field of human knowledge: *without kinaesthetic appreciation there is no real knowledge.*

Q. E. D.



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The Remarkable Amputated Leg Of Robert Harcum

(Continued from page 13)

tragedy, he flew up from New York on the first plane. He fished the leg out of the trash-can or wherever the hell Wetzel had thrown it and declared it wouldn't have had to be removed at all. Hunt School and Wetzel became a national scandal, which Robert bigly tried to hush. They wanted to hang Wetzel but Robert wouldn't have it.

"Just don't ever let me see him again," Robert said quietly. At his noble insistence they commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. Only one night the jail was mysteriously broken into and Wetzel was found the next morning hung, his right leg severed at the appendix. No one ever found out, but of course the murderers were Pettit and Mr. Christy, who couldn't forgive themselves.

Before this happened, however, Mr. Johnson, mad with remorse, admitted he'd been cheating on Robert's papers. Actually eighty had been the lowest mark he ever got, two of the other three were in the nineties, the third a round one hundred. Johnson was discharged immediately. Eventually he would be committed to an asylum for the insane. Dr. Emery, the Boy's Friend, lost his job, too, for permitting such cruds on the faculty.

Meanwhile, Robert and his manly determination to overcome all obstacles were saving Hunt School. His marks suddenly soared. The baseball team published a long lament "For Dear Old Harkey" in *The Huntsman* and Mr. Christy, tears in his eyes, made an address to the effect that Hunt had lost its potentially greatest pitcher in fifty years. But Roger was practising in secret. One day he got out on the field and,

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Department, or
"Same Candle, Two Ends"

One student lost a valuable page of notes and in anticipation of recovering them went scouraging in a wastepaper basket on second floor Fletcher. Much to her delight she found two other interesting notes. The first was the draft of a student's term paper which had written in the top hand corner of the paper, "Copy in a large hand and make it stretch fifteen pages at least." The other paper contained an instructor's lecture notes and had written at the top of the page, "Before beginning lecture cough twice and look cynically at back row."

Well You Just Can't Think All the Time
Department

Along with a few odd reference books, two notebooks, a newspaper, and a pillow in the library was left a courteous but rather ambiguous note which read, "Please do not mess up Peg McDonald."

crutch under one arm, pitched left-handed a no-hit game. The crowd cheered wildly. Having lost his leg, his strength had gone entirely into his arms. He went back on the team and out of the kindness of his great heart arranged to have Pork go up to bat for him. That way Pork got off the bench sometimes.

And so to Yale. If he had been a triumph at Hunt he was Superman at Yale. Everybody knew this quiet, tall, colossally handsome one-legged fellow and everybody loved him, women included. They tore each other's dresses off in order to have the honour of sitting out dances with him. But nothing turned his well-shaped head. He was aloof. However, one night at a fraternity dance, he spied a perfect vision of a girl stealing glances at him. This was not unusual, as all girls stared, not at his missing leg, for he cleverly camouflaged that by his positions and trousers, but at his wonderful, Adonis-like face and physique. Anyway, this creature was all in white. Outside of that Robert didn't have a very clear picture except a haze of blonde hair and plenty of shape. In his mind's eye he skipped the preliminaries and instantly found himself revelling in a cinematic embrace, whispering beautiful words to the effect that he was glad it was his leg instead of his arms he'd lost. Then all at once Robert the lover and Robert the amputated hero lost everything. At the climactic moment Pork and his goddam Monk's badge lumbered into the room. He leaned over Robert's bed and gave him a friendly push in the face.

"Hay, you punk," he said, "what's the big idea flunkin' French?"

"How did you know, wiseguy?" replied Robert, jerked out of his reverie.

"Christy gave me your place on the team for—hay, you son-of-a- HAY!" Robert had kicked below the belt with the right leg that suddenly became the agent of all his resentment.

Can Spring Be Far Behind?

(Continued from page 11)

today. I must be ready to dress; my fiancé might come. Will you lay out my clothes—the blue taffeta? That was always his favorite dress.”

“Why, Miss Agatha, I’ll lay out your clothes, of course.” Janet took a set of underwear from various drawers, then walked towards the closet. “Oh, Miss Agatha, you sent the blue taffeta to be altered, don’t you remember? I think this black looks well. Why don’t you wear this?”

Agatha was slightly annoyed at the girl’s presumption—advising her about what she should wear. And she didn’t remember sending the blue taffeta anywhere; it certainly hadn’t needed alteration. Probably that girl had taken it. She thought of complaining to Poppa; but it was spring, and she was too happy to want to get any one into trouble.

“Very well, I’ll wear the black. But just now I think I’ll rest for a while. I’ll ring if I need you.”

“All right, Miss Agatha,” Janet walked out of the room.

In the hall, she met one of the doctors. “Good morning, nurse. How is the old girl today?”

“Not so well this morning, doctor. She thinks it’s spring and expects her boy friend momentarily. Lord, and it must be about forty years since the guy didn’t turn up that spring. She’s lucky her relatives are rich enough to keep her here in a private room and all. Poor old soul!”

Janet walked down the hall to the drug room and began skillfully to prepare medicines for her patient. The sun shining through the high window gave a gleam to the rings on her left hand. She noticed this and for a moment was reminded vividly and painfully of her husband killed in Italy five years before. She reprimanded herself and turned her full consciousness back to her work.

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EQUIMENTS

Religious Emphasis Week at Sweet Briar

1. Overheard between Chapel and the big refectory:

"And just who are you giving up for Lent?"

2. Overheard from the other side of a boxwood:

He: "But why not?"

She: "Because it's Lent."

He: "Well, let me know when you get it back again."

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

(Continued from page 19)

days," she said. "Then he give me two dollars an' tole me t' go home."

"Where's Buddy now, Sittie? Didn't he bring ya back?"

"He put me on a bus, Deveron, an' tole me t' go home." She paused a moment. "I'm mighty tired, Deveron. Ah ain't hed a good night's rest since he took me away."

"Well, Sittie, ah'll take ya home. Ah guess you'd better go home."

"I reckon so, Deveron, but ah want ya t' know thet ah loves you, Deveron."

"Did—did he do anythin' to ya, Sittie?" Deveron blushed deeply.

"Yes, Deveron. 'Twas aginst m' will."

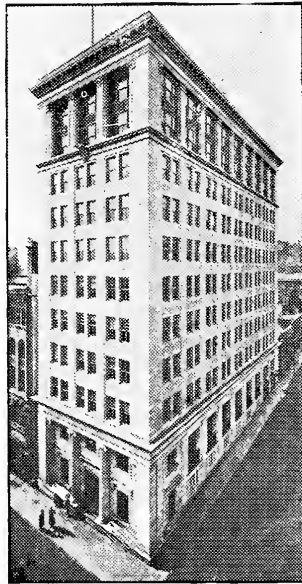
Deveron took Sittie home and gave her to her ma. Then he left to tell his own family. His ma said well, if the little baggage had come back leave her alone, 'twarn't no use startin' it all ag'in. Sittie's mother, when she heard of this, declared she didn't know Deveron's mother felt that way. Deveron's ma tole him not t' go over there and Sittie's ma tole him not to come.

This state of affairs persisted until the justice of the peace came one day to have a talk with both families together. Neither family exchanged mutual greetings, and Deveron stared at a weeping Sittie in mute humiliation. Mr. Clements said if they wanted an annulment to say so right then and there, and the two women started quarreling. Finally Deveron got tired of it. He stood up redder than ever before and shouted at both of them that he guessed he was twenty-one, an' he'd been in the army. He guessed he didn't need them t' tell him what he was goin' t' do. If Sittie was taken aginst her will, an' she said so, he guessed thet was good enough for him. "Anyhow," he said. "Ah love Sittie an' she's ma' wife." And with that he walked over to Sittie, put his arms around her and kissed her on the cheek.

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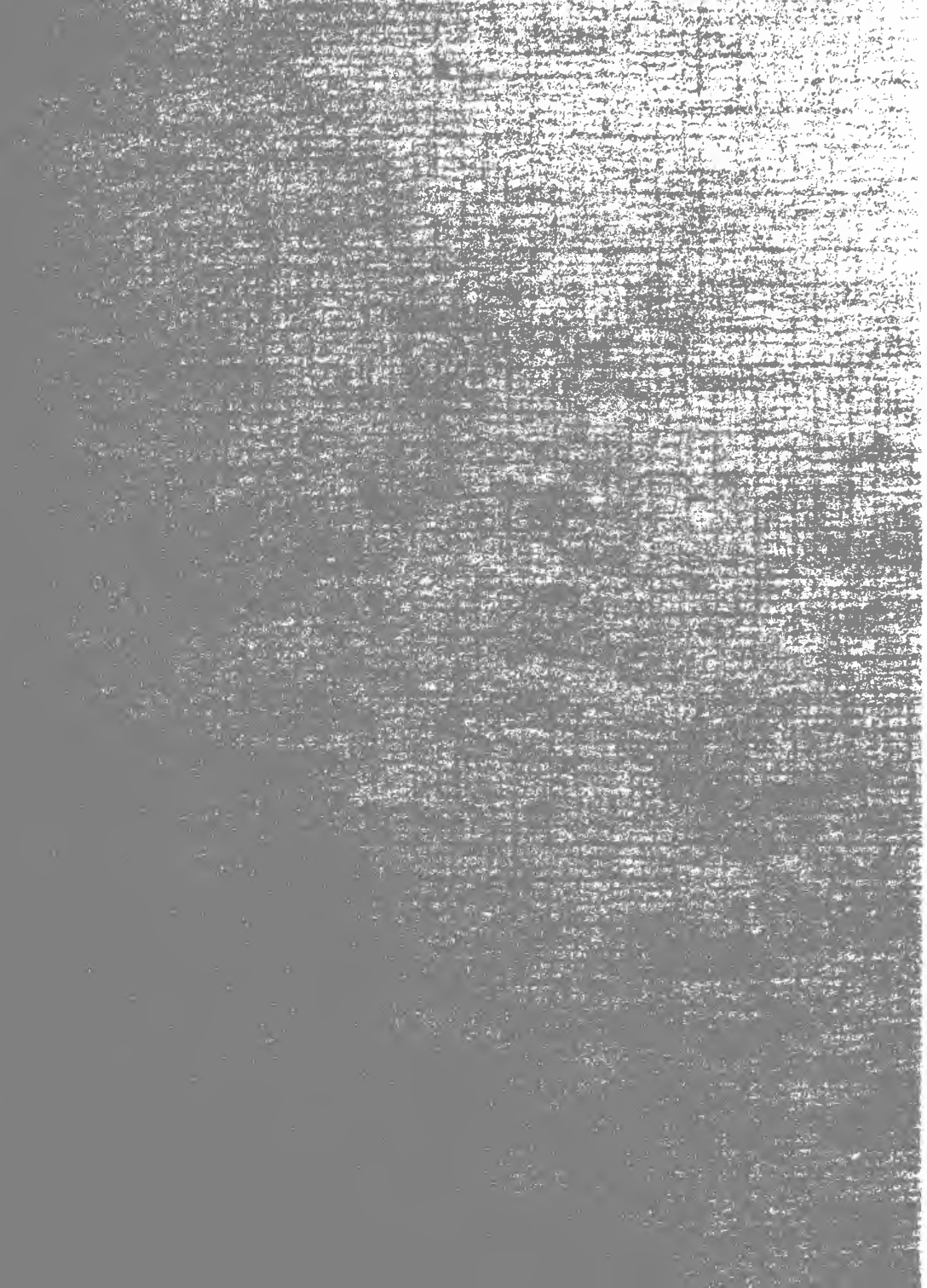
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PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

When Paul at last reached Lynchburg town,
In his breath-taking ride from Concord
down,

It was twelve on the nose by the village clock
And Paul tho't surely the White House was
locked.

He said to himself: "If I have to trot
By horse or by mule from this town tonight
I must have some lamb chops steaming hot,
From the old White House to keep me up-
right.

One, if they're broiled, and two, if they're
fried,

To give me strength for the homeward ride."
A hurry of hoofs across the bridge
The horse nearly dropped while climbing the
ridge

To that stop-light that's perched on the side
of the hill

A turn to the left, why, a light's burning
still.

That's enough! And so thru the gloom to
that light

A hungry man was riding that night.

Then back through the night rode Paul
Revere

But a new message he had for all to hear.

He cried the praises of White House chow
And urged eating there when time would
allow.

Borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of thirst and hunger and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
Of the hospitality guaranteed,
As with the midnight meal of Paul Revere.

(Apologies to Longfellow.)

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White Riddle

ISABEL DZUNG '48

Mother gently woke me:

"Precious, we are getting off the train in a moment, shall we put your wrap on?" I was drowsy in her arms, though the air in the open was cold. A red light swung forward in the night, revealing a genial, stout man. There was pleasant recognition in mother's greeting. Cautiously we made our way in the dark. We found ourselves finally in a bright, crowded, and overly warm room. When I regained normal vision, I wondered at the odd garments the people wore. One with white hair and a long beard, informed us that my father had been unable to meet us on account of having to see about the funeral. He remarked that I had grown, though I did not recall having seen him ever before. It was grandfather.

We were taken to a chilly chamber, where an enormous bronze bed monopolized an entire wall. Behind the heavy drapery, my grandmother lay. It was for her that people wore their white things; for the same reason we took our trip.

The massive beams stretched all the way across the ceiling of our bedroom; I counted twenty-two of them. Despite the buzzing that droned on in the old house, I fell asleep. At dawn, I heard a low, melancholy song being repeated again and again. Mother dressed me by the candlelight, and chatted to a lady who appeared to be totally different from her other friends. For one thing, she did not wear rouge or jewelry, except a string of beads which she was counting with her fingers. She was a good-looking lady, even without rouge or jewelry, and very soft-spoken, not inquisitive as many of mother's friends, who never could remember my age, or even my name. She murmured about a poor little child being obliged to go through a lengthy ritual. When I inquired about the singing, she smiled a little, explaining that it was the monks and nuns who had been incessantly chanting for forty-seven

days. The desire to see the carving on her beads took hold of me; I was surprised when she said:

"Ni-ni, you may play with them after being washed. Buddha would not like to have soiled hands touching sacred beads." I found out that on each bead there was a little Buddha.

She afterwards joined a group of women with similar black costumes. I thought it extraordinary that none of them were as appealing as she; they were sallow, listless, and ordinary; even their robes seemed limp. Apparently aware of the fact, they revered my lady, whom they addressed as Mother Yen-zo. A glossy, black object was deposited in the center of the hall, candles and fruits beside it. The nuns walked around it in single file, repeating the same melancholy song. The incense permeated the hall with fragrant smoke; the cymbals tinkled; the beating of the wooden fish sounded light and rapid, like rain dropping from the eaves. I felt as though I were in a temple.

As I was breakfasting, father came in the small room, probably the only quiet spot in the house. With him was a tall, dignified man, who, presuming from his gray beard, was old. Strangely enough, he had a firm and bright face. There was such an air about him, that his long gray robe flowed with his movements; the starched soles of his sandals were immaculate. I noticed a string of beads around his stiff collar; it had red silk tassels, and tiny carved Buddhas. He nodded to me gravely and said:

"I hear that you have learned two hundred characters already. That is quite commendable. Your father composed his first formal theme at ten, and passed the district examination for Blooming Talent at fourteen. Try to keep this in mind. But, if you upon occasions get tired of studying, amuse yourself with this toy." He took a flute out of the glass case for me. The bamboo was of

fine and delicate fiber, and the jade tip matched my bracelets in its genuine green shade. I held it gingerly, because jade was, I learned, extremely breakable. All I could make out of the short verse written with ink on the flute was my own name. When I at length looked up, I met his merry eyes. My father's were on this man as he said:

"Ni-ni, Father Ch'en-sen's greatest pleasure is giving."

"Earthly possessions are of no use to a priest and recluse, Ni-ni, since pen and ink suffice for him. The mountains and the streams belong to everybody. Do you comprehend?" I wanted to be honest, and consequently shook my head, whereupon they both laughed.

A long procession of urchins and townsmen, in colorful costumes, and holding banners were leaving the courtyard. Sixteen men carried the hearse which, decorated with white silk and flowers, looked scarcely different from a bridal sedan. I sat in a plain sedan chair with my mother. I could see the musicians and procession ahead, and the endless row of sedans following ours. Poor father was wearily trudging on foot with my uncles. I realized that I was expected to be solemn and weighed down. Nevertheless, the curious stare of the spectators on the streets, and something in the important white figures insinuated a sense of ludicrousness. It was an uncomfortable sensation.

The gigantic barge strewn with white silk and flowers dazzled the eye under the sun. It was merely a disguised wharf. One after another, we passed under it, and were put in one of the many decorated boats. There were three passengers in mine: mother and I, and a distant aunt, whom I had never met before. Our boats glided smoothly on the canal, slightly swaying to the left and the right. We passed through a number of low stone bridges which were full of onlookers. Bits of conversation between them caught my ear:

"Was she not a fortunate lady? Look at the number of descendents she left!"

"She was a gracious person. No one was ever turned away from her house without

bounty; and she associated much with monks and nuns."

Gradually we rode beyond the spectators and the town. Farm huts on the banks became fewer and fewer, the intervals of land increasingly longer, until a narrow canal and boundless fields were all within sight. When the mist lifted, mountains appeared, blue and lavender. Among the hills, a nearer one was of the shape of a horse saddle. It was our destination.

"Mother Yen-so is considerably older than when I last saw her. I hear that her convent has been expanded again. Assuredly there could not be a more capable woman," Mother observed to the aunt. Then she leaned over and lowered her voice:

"I don't suppose, now that both the Mother and Father Ch'en-sen are growing old, people talk anymore?"

"It is a very small place; and people must have some form of diversion, sister. Furthermore, both of them are exposed to the public a great deal, you know." My aunt's voice was also lowered; she stole a glance at the boatmen now and then.

"When I came as a bride the Mother was still beautiful. Ni-ni is seven; so it was about nine years ago. Do you think she is fifty yet?"

"More than that, I should say. She is very well preserved, not having a finicky husband and demanding children, with which I am blessed by heaven." My aunt must have forgotten my presence.

"I would not say that she has no problems, a large nunnery is difficult to manage. And little things to attend to, like funerals and weddings. She never seems to overlook anything."

"Considering that she has never been really well, it is a remarkable feat."

"Hasn't she been well?" Mother sounded surprised.

"No! You know that she was sent to be a nun as fulfillment of her parents' vow. They would rather have her living as a nun than die of some disease—I believe it was tuberculosis."

"Funny I have never heard about that. Is that why she is named Yen-zo, Long-living clouds? It must be."

"Perhaps you don't even know that Father Ch'en-sen was found by the well in the nunnery as a baby?"

"Oh, I know that, that is why he was named Golden-life, for not having frozen in the bitter cold. He was kept for little errands in the nunnery until he was too old to stay, and sent to be a monk. Personally, I find something cruel in committing children to a life of devotion."

"It is not worse than having to wait on one's in-laws, husband, and children. Not to say whining servants. See if I don't discharge my cook after this funeral is over. He had the nerve to tell me that—well, I am going to discharge him. And he had better not expect to divide the tips with the others, because he will not get any." She looked at my mother as if expecting to be complimented. I did not like the woman.

The canal was opening wider, also growing so much shallower that the boatmen had to stop rowing. They rolled up their trousers and stepped into the water, which was unbelievably clear. The pebbles in the bottom were of various colors and shapes; hardly a weed could be found. The men put their strong bare backs under the rim of the boat, helping it pass the shallowest part of the canal. In February weather, perspiration accumulated on their bodies and soaked through the thin tattered blue cloth. We, who were in the boat, contributed futile mental efforts with each shovel they made. After the ingenuous operation, Saddle Hill was suddenly near. My aunt pointed out a group of sombre buildings half hidden behind the bamboos on the hill top:

"Look, little Ni-ni, this is the Convent of Serene Hearts, where we are going to have a nice peaceful supper; and over there, on the other side of the Saddle Hill, the Temple of Natural Well, where Father Ch'en-Sen is the superior, and where your father used to stay for tutoring. My dear husband went at the same time; but he has somehow failed to learn as much."

"Are there other houses?"

"Only some huts of the mountaineers."

Our family graveyard took up a good deal of the strip of land between the canal and the foot of the hill. Many granite tombs scattered here and there, some with tall knotty pines planted on both sides. I asked mother whether the twig I had stuck in our garden might have grown.

"Not noticeably, precious, not in one day. These are well over two hundred years old."

Grandfather caused a great commotion by insisting that the coffin be placed on the right side of grandmother and his joint tomb. Everybody argued that as perfect as she was, being a woman, grandmother must not usurp a better position in the tomb. I could not see the difference between the right and the left sides; they could both stay on the right side if they wanted to. Finally, everybody gave in to the angry old man. As the last piece of stone was fitted in, my numerous aunts and cousins simultaneously started to wail. They stopped momentarily when they curtsied and knelt in their turns. Mother's eyes moistened as she was watching grandfather bowing slowly to the closed tomb. She gave me a string of gold tissue money to offer to the spirits.

The monks and nuns took over the ceremony. As we went uphill, we heard them chanting and clinking.

Saddle Hill was far higher than even it looked. The bamboo trees were dense and shady. Mother Yen-so, as superior of the convent, greeted us at the gate, and showed us the way in. Never had I seen so many scrolls and paintings (in one place). I thought mother was teasing when she said they were all done by my much admired lady. She said:

"Mother Yen-zo was not only the greatest beauty in the province, but the most gifted woman. You are not going to meet many more like her, Ni-ni, young as you are."

"Perhaps she herself is a potential talent, Madam. Little girl, you will find peace of mind in painting and writing, not glory or reward, unless you prefer them."

(Continued on page 25)

THE WAVES

BRANTLEY LAMBERD '48

The sand beneath her was hard-packed and clammy with the dampness of night as she lay upon it heavily, like one sleeping. Her eyes were fixed unseeingly on the starless sky and the dull thick glow of the moon through a sheath of clouds. Her body lay limp and torpid as though all its vigor had been drawn to her ears to make her a mass of awareness of every fractional pause and shift in the rhythm of the waves.

There was a lap, a pause, and a drawing that pulled irresistibly out, crushingly—and then released to make another gentle lapping. She felt completely freed from her body as though it lay like another sea shell, infinitesimal on the millions of miles of sand at the ocean's shore.

The current pulled out again and she seemed to be a droplet in the enormous mass. The swells rose and fell, mounted and sub-

sided, on and on. She felt like an unborn infant, being rocked back and forth in a womb of total peace, a complete purity of before-life and after-life. As the incessant rhythm imperceptibly shifted, she seemed to have been born long ago and was being washed into turbulent, altering currents of all human experience, all familiar and yet all unrealized before. She was shifting, swaying, back and forth in a slow expressive dance of self-realization, an emotional modern dance of self-release. The rhythm pulsed like the echo of incessant groans at the throbbing hurts of life. As its monotonous throb grew to a crescendo, she gradually became aware of another dancing with her, a lover to her. At the crescendo's height they became one and burst from the swell as sea spray, wafting like a nymph from wave to wave.

Vacuum

There seems to be an empty place
I cannot reason why.
I count my blessings and conclude
They par infinity.

Infinity, when added up,
Attains the sum of nil.
And so there is this empty place
I don't know how to fill.

Circe

LUCY WOOD '49

(Being like the Circe only in her fascination)

She came to the front door one morning in early May. Henry Miller was having his cup of coffee on the porch before starting off to classes. He was glancing over some papers, but he heard her at once and got up to see what had made the sound. There on the bottom step was a little black kitten who jumped up the steps immediately when she saw Henry and looked at him questioningly. He picked her up gently and rubbed behind her ears, thinking that she must belong to one of his neighbors. Then he realized that none of them had black cats and her fur was too silk-like for a stray's. He poured her some cream in his coffee saucer and noticed how daintily she lapped it, truly a remarkable kitten. He would have to do something with her while he went to class, possibly let her stay in his study, or the little kitchen would be better, then he could make inquiries about her at lunch. When she finished her milk he picked her up and rubbing her head against his ear, put her in the kitchen with a dish of cream for company. She walked around the little room with an air of ownership and properly showed him to the door when he left.

"Truly a remarkable kitten," Henry Miller thought again as he walked up the hill to his first class. It was a fresh newly-unfolded May morning that inevitably made him think of Corrina's going a-Maying. His class that morning was on Chaucer and there was nothing further from his mind than talking about cats, indeed he had intended sticking rather strictly to the text of the Wife of Bath's Tale, when all of a sudden he found himself telling the class about some of the

practices connected with cat worship among the Egyptians and the bell had rung before he was able to get back on the subject. Indeed, all that morning the black kitten wandered across the pages of his notes and text.

At lunch he mentioned the kitten to Irene Delisle and she was interested at once. "Why, Mr. Miller, you must bring her down to see my Suzi. Of course, she's white, but perhaps they would be friends."

Henry smiled, "Why thank you, Madame Delisle. I don't suppose I can keep her long, though. The owner will undoubtedly make himself known." Several of the other faculty members asked him about it and said they had never seen such a kitten around, and before the lunch was over word had gone around the tables that Henry Miller, who had withstood the charms of Scotties and Persian cats, had succumbed to an unknown black kitten.

Henry was really delighted with her when he got home that afternoon and found her sitting patiently at the door as though she had been waiting all day for him to come. He stroked her and she arched her back happily. After he had eaten his supper he set a bowl of cream down in front of his little fireplace for her while he corrected some test papers. He couldn't help looking up often as they sat there by the fire. She had subdued her child-like ways, and sat regally with her paws tucked under her and her eyes pulled into slits as fascinating as they could be in her gently-molded kitten face. "Ah, you are an enchanting little lady," Henry Miller murmured, tickling her under her chin. "I

think I shall have to call you Circe for your black fascination." He had no sooner named her than she settled herself even more regally.

No one claimed Circe during the next few weeks and Henry Miller was quite secure in her possession, and she was quite secure in the possession of his house. She had her special places to play, and there were times that he must feed her and her cream must be warmed. Irene Delisle came calling on Circe very soon and Circe conducted herself with greatest propriety, purring agreeably at Irene, though she showed no recognition of the fact that she was in anyway like Suzi whom Irene brought with her. Mr. Neill, the history teacher, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard came calling and were delighted with Circe, too. They remarked among themselves that it was a good thing for Henry to have some company, even if it was just a kitten, because he shouldn't live alone down there in his tiny apartment without wife and children.

Strangely, though, having Circe did not make Henry Miller any more a part of the community. Indeed he began to seem more withdrawn. His friends made little jokes about Henry being a man with a family now, and Irene was forced to rely on Suzi more than ever for company. Henry Miller was finding Circe increasingly fascinating as he watched her develop from a jolly kitten into a charming and demurely enchanting young cat. The summer days agreed with her and the sun made her fur shine more than ever. Her body lengthened into beautiful slender curves and her eyes deepened into a clear green whose depths were always partly hidden by their own brightness. By September, the cats in the neighborhood were very much aware of her, and as the days became cooler they were continually calling under Henry's window to her, but she firmly and politely refused to have anything to do with them. Henry remarked at lunch that Circe really seemed to believe herself to be of an entirely different race than the cats. When his friends heard this they observed that Henry was really just a little mad on the cat subject.

Circe had put aside all her bits of string and rubber mice now. She even stopped wrinkling the rug running about. She ate more daintily than ever and even showed some disposition to eat at the table with Henry. During the cool October evenings they would sit opposite each other in front of the fire while Henry read poetry. Sometimes Circe would leave her chair and go sit on the arm of Henry's and he would stroke her as he read. More often, though, she only chose to sit on her dignity and let him come to her when she wanted to be petted. Henry often remarked that he could not have lived without her.

As time went on Circe and Henry drew even closer to each other. They talked sometimes as they sat opposite each other and Henry began to give up all outside pursuits to devote himself to Circe; he was even late to class very often. Circe was growing all the time, her paws were getting very long and strong and her body lengthening. Her eyes were very long and green. Sometimes looking across at her in the flickering half-light of the fire-lit room Henry had a feeling that she was as big as he was. She never came over for him to pet her now, and he began to have a feeling of some awe when he looked at her sitting there sphinx-like.

One snowy, sleety day in January Henry could not get out at all for his classes. He remarked to Circe that it would be nice to spend the day together, and he built up a big fire on his little hearth. She said nothing and only looked at him with a green light gleaming from her half-closed eyes. All morning she looked at him strangely. She was really much bigger than Henry now for when she stood up her head nearly touched the ceiling. He looked at her uneasily. She took a step closer to him and Henry Miller felt himself drawn up in soft fur, then lost forever, blending completely and soundlessly in the shadowy mysterious depths of Circe's being. As night drew on the rooms were very still and the dying fire flickered across Circe as she sat alone, brooding huge and sphinx-like in the empty room.

Art and World Understanding

JOVAN DE ROCCO

I have been asked for my views and my "ideas on the part art plays—or could play—in the world understanding." If I am to attempt an answer I must first state what my own understanding of the "world understanding" is. I take it to be an understanding between two nations, any two nations; and here by understanding I presume we mean the greatest possible number of individuals in one nation understanding the greatest possible number of individuals in another nation, this resulting in smooth relations between the governments of the two nations. This clarification I am attempting lest we get bogged down in what is apt to become a futile discussion resulting from ill-defined terms. And in passing I must say I am particularly careful how I use the word *world*—world this and world that, "world faith," "world understanding," "world relatedness," and every other world-concept so profusely used nowadays—for we are apt to spread ourselves thin, until ultimately all meaning is lost.

So if that is what we mean by world understanding, or international understanding—to narrow down the meaning a little without changing it—then, to me, such international understanding is a very nice thing, but it is apt to be overstressed these days. This is especially apt to be true when international understanding is viewed as a possible means to peace.

It seems that it is always much easier and more tempting to talk about international understanding—a vague, vast, and intangible concept at best—than it is to do something about one individual's understanding of his own neighbor. And yet it is this understanding of one's neighbor and fellow-man that all international understanding boils down to, proceeds from, and in principle actually is. And the only answer to the

problem of understanding one's neighbor is not to understand him—but to love him.

Since I mentioned international understanding in relation to peace—for in the end that is why we talk about it—I must say that I admire all efforts in this direction, but, frankly, I see no connection between the two. Wars are hardly ever fought to "settle disputes"—all journalistic clinches notwithstanding. They come from an urge to fight, to expand, to conquer, to uphold ideologies, or to be left alone; they come from a pleasure in anger and from a love of hate, and then misunderstanding comes in as an effect, not as a cause. One of the bloodiest wars of the nineteenth century was fought between the two parts of one and the same nation, these parts understanding each other perfectly well and speaking the same language. That was the war between the states in this country. The wars between political parties, between management and labor, are fought not so much because of a lack of understanding as because of a lack of love, which in turn causes a passionate unwillingness to understand.

On the other hand great affinity and harmony can reign without any understanding, and Henry Drummond speaks of Dr. Livingston's presence in Africa, when the natives understood not a word of his language, nor he of theirs, to say nothing of the ways of life. Yet they worshiped him and remembered his visits for many years and awaited his return, all this because he loved them, and they felt it, and they loved him. Do not even the animals feel our love and respond to it, and how much more our fellowmen? When we come down to it, no understanding is necessary. Understanding is only a poor and desperate substitute for love; and most of our modern intellectual and social efforts in this direction seem to be only a

(Continued on page 30)

PALIMPSEST

By CONSTANCE SOMERVELL '48

I

The chapter closed and O! I did not know
The beauty of its content while I read.
Now only in my memory I am led
To contemplate that time when I was so
Content. And strange it seems that when a woe
Should even enter in my childish head.
But now those lines I read no more. Instead
I must to halting memory's picture go.
The chapter closed and yet I have it still.
The author wrote her words deep in my soul
And even though she write no more it will
In part be her creation though the whole
Be not her own for other chapters fill
The Book. To write it all was not her goal.

II

Another took the pen and wrote a new
And glowing chapter that I read with fast
Awakening heart. It seemed the tale was cast
Into its final mold and this the true
Author inscribing scenes of happy hue.
As I with youthful haste let leaves fly past
I did not know this to be the last
The author wrote with pages left so few.
The chapter closed unfinished; and alone
My soul was left with memory to abide.
Her kind voice lulled and stifled all my moan
And soothingly she murmured by my side.
But that soft sound, a weak autumnal tone
Of dim regret, my soul refused as guide.

III

A while I turned the pages blankly white
In vain until at last new words appeared.
But memory's voice so lulled me that they cheered
At first but little. Yet as to my sight
The script in bolder black shook memory's might
I left her dark realm and no longer feared
To read the new unfolding tale that neared
Its close too soon with time's quick running flight.
My soul rebelled. Memory's sweet anodyne
Avalied no more. What could she do for me?
No power has her feeble hand a line
To add to that book which in time will be
Read by others than myself. Is it mine
Alone to write the chapter ending three?

THE MAN OF GOODFELLOWSHIP

DOROTHY BOTTOM '48

Eddie pushed in the door impatiently. The suffocating control which constricted his throat and which had led to the concerted effort of getting from the fire station to Snap's suddenly relaxed. Eddie breathed a little deeper in anticipation of his entrance. The door swung open fanning the smoke and dust vapors that hung heavily over and all but swallowed the rapid noise and motion of the room. Eddie lurched through the doorway and paused a moment. He was slightly drunk and he leered appreciatively at himself in recognition of this fact. He experienced a warm flush of self-satisfaction. It was agreeable to be slightly drunken at Snap's where he could ignore customary restraints imposed on inebriation and exhibit his present state for the respect and envy of the boys. Eddie stood by the door and rocked up and back on his heels. His fingers explored the outline of the half empty bottle sagging from beneath his shirt tail. His little weasel eyes darted through the smoke fumes. It was agreeable to anticipate how the boys would laugh at his new stories and how off-hand and superior he would be while telling them. Eddie prided himself on his ability to relate a successful story. What a good fellow he was when jokes were bartered and exchanged! He knew just how high to sell, just how much cajoling built up anticipation and just when the turning point arrived between anticipation and peevish disinterest. He could sense his timing almost perfectly, when to string out his tale with spontaneous elaborations and helpless laughter and when to snip it off before his audience could follow him. He knew, when a fellow failed to understand, how to laugh heartily, challengingly, until the listener slapped on his shoulder and said it was the best he'd ever heard. His smile broadened as he remembered the new stories. He rocked on his heels

and scanned the crowd. Then his smile stretched to a grin. He ran a pocket comb through his lank thin hair, stuck it in the pocket of his pleated slacks and headed unsteadily for the far end of the room.

A clamor of greeting arose as he approached the table. He stood for a moment grinning acknowledgement, hands deep in his wide pockets, swaying tall above the table. Eddie was tall with the height of a weed struggling thinly toward the sun. He was scawny like a ricketed kitten — too undernourished to be strong, too tough to submit to extinction. Eddie swayed above his friends and beneath his figured shirt his shoulder blades stuck through the tender white skin. His white arms were pinched above the elbow and disappeared in a converging line up the wide flared sleeves of his shirt. The bottle hung heavily from his back pocket, poking out his shirt tail.

A chair suddenly struck the back of his knees. He collapsed astonished. "Ho, ho, ho!" hooted his friends.

"Ugh oh, ugh oh!" He wobbled to his feet smiling accusation at the upturned faces. "Don't hurt baby here!" He pulled the bottle from his hip and placed it cunningly on the table. The howls changed to admiring shouts. He gazed about the group in triumph then reseated himself with dignity. His mouth again pulled back in a vacant grin. A hand reached up and encircled the bottle. Eddie slapped out and retrieved his possession, lifting it high to peer in exaggerated curiosity at its brown glass bottom.

"No ya don't! Hands off!" he snickered. His friends snickered too. "That's for Eddy! Get away!" He put the bottle down gently and sat back grinning. His friends watched him, waiting. Eddie turned to the girl next

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Faiths, Platforms and Revolution in the Near East

By VIRGINIA HOLMES '48

Religion is here taken to mean organized religion with emphasis on those beliefs and practices affecting social life.

The definition of social progress is much more difficult. Even omitting any discussion of the word "social," the term "progress" as generally used implies value judgment. If we wish to speak impartially, we speak of social change or use some other such neutral term. Social progress denotes social change which is going forward; it connotes change which is improvement. The type of social change which we regard as progressive depends largely on our own basic philosophy. A further complication is the fact that the term social progress may with some individuals imply negative value judgment. Logically, this should be so with anyone whose ultimate social ideal is the maintenance of the "status quo" or the return to some earlier social structure. This is not always true as "progress" is traditionally a word with extremely favorable connotations, particularly in Western civilization; and, as such, it may be used by those whose social ideal is not actually social progress but also by wide differences about the specific content of the term.

This paper is based on the assumption that social progress is a highly desirable value. If the term is used without reference to some particular concept of social progress, it will designate the movement towards such things as the abolition of discrimination on the basis of race, sex, or creed; the establishment of a more equitable economic order; advancement in education, health, etc.

The geographical area considered includes Turkey, Iran, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Trans-Jordan, Palestine, the Arabian peninsula, Afghanistan, and northern Africa.

The dominant religion of this area is, of course, Islam. Historically, Islam has at

times produced an atmosphere favorable to social progress; at other times, it has done much to stifle social progress. One of the great boasts of Islam is that, among believers, there has never been racial discrimination. It seems undeniable that the injunctions of the Prophet concerning women represented a distinct advance on then existing conditions, however backward the treatment of women in some Islamic countries may seem today. "Do you beat your own wife as you would a slave? That must you not do." "Whoever hath a daughter, and doth not bury her alive, or scold her, or prefer his male children to her, may God bring him into Paradise."

Certainly while Europe was living through the Dark Ages, learning flourished in the Moslem world. Mohammed himself spoke kindly of learning. "To listen to the words of the learned, and to instill into others the lessons of science is better than religious exercises." "The ink of the scholar is more holy than the blood of the martyr." We think first of the Moslem achievements in the fields of science, literature, and philosophy. The preservation of much of the work of the ancient world must also be credited to the Moslem scholars.

After this great period of Islamic civilization, the Moslem world lost its eminence in learning and science. It is undeniable that in certain respects, the Near Eastern countries are considerably less progressive than some parts of the Western world. In every Arab country except Lebanon the literate are in a minority. Despite great advances in recent years, the status of women is still very low in many regions. There is a great deal of extreme poverty and wide variations in wealth. In the past and, to some extent, in the present, religious leaders have opposed needed reforms. Certain aspects of Islam tend to produce a fatalistic attitude not favorable to

social progress. The doctrine of Kismet has at times been made an excuse for inaction. As in our Western culture, much preventable unhappiness and even tragedy has been condoned as the "will of God."

Today there are many movements at work in this region. Arab nationalism, Pan-Islamism, separate nationalisms, Zionism, Westernization, movements for radical economic changes—all play a part. One writer states briefly many of the problems arising in any attempt to base the future of (in this case) the Arab world upon a consistent philosophic basis:

"Philosophic thought will have two effects upon Arabic culture. On the one hand it will deepen the awareness and understanding of the immediate problems and suggest the central themes of the Arabic culture of the future. There are problems connected with Islam; its doctrines, its moral and social teaching, its relation to modern civilization and to Christianity. There are also problems of the revival of the Arab nation: its relationship to the West, to its own past, and to the universal Islamic community. Again, it is likely that great attention will be paid to the question of the social order: to the family, the economic and political systems."

The movements for Arab nationalism and for Islamic unity affect a large part of this region. Egypt, Sa'udi Arabia, Yemen, Trans-Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq have banded together in the Arab League. The Arabic and Islamic movements are to some considerable extent overlapping. However, non-Arabic Moslem countries such as Turkey and Iran have many ties with Arab Moslems; there are also non-Moslem Arabs active in the cause of Arab nationalism. The Arab nationalists are united by a common language, heritage, and, in most cases, common faith as well as by common enemies in European imperialisms. A wide range of political and economic views are represented among the nationalists. There are certainly some who merely want to let the local talent in on the exploitation. There are others who recommend the adoption of new economic and political forms. A Sudanese Moslem

friend once explained that he was a socialist because "capitalism always leads to imperialism."

The movement for Islamic unity is, of course, knit to the Pan-Arab cause. It represents an attempt to bring together on the basis of their common tradition all the great diversity of the followers of the Prophet from the fundamentalist Wahabi to the mystical Sufi.

There has also arisen a modernist movement within Islam. Begun in the late nineteenth century by such men as Sheik Mohammed Abdu, it "combined faith in the destiny of the Islamic countries and in the creative possibilities of Islam with a respect for western science and social organization. The movement founded by him, carried on by Rashid Rida, Mustafa Abudr-Resiq, and others, with the periodical *Al-Manan* as its mouthpiece, was at one and the same time an attempt to defend Islam against Western criticism and attacks, to revive interest in, and knowledge of, its true doctrines and clear them of accretions, to reform Islamic education and redetermine Islamic teachings in regard to social and moral questions of the day.

At the other extreme there has been a movement away from Islam and all religious belief and towards the "scientific," "progressive" positivism of the West. Prevalent as an intellectual attitude, it has not yet found full and formal literary expression; even the attack upon abuses has been cautious and moderate. On the whole the anti-religious tendency is perhaps weaker now than it was twenty years ago.

"Springing in part from both these tendencies, the religious and its opposite, there has arisen a new interest in social problems, and attempt to reform abuses and arouse a consciousness of social responsibility. Perhaps the most important product of this interest has been the movement for woman's right."

These tendencies, both that towards a liberalized religion and that away from religion, are reactions to the conflict between traditional religion and modern knowledge, to the inadequacy and even danger of un-

changing religion in a changing world. There has also been a counter-action of fundamentalists who will have no traffic with modernization of the religion of their fathers, who observe the rules of their faith with austere strictness, and who regard all unbelievers with suspicion. This movement, which parallels movements found in so many of the world's religions today, is strongest in the Arabian peninsula and in Africa.

Although the Moslem faith predominates throughout this region, there are also Jews, Christians, some few Parsis, and members of small groups, such as the Yazidis, who cannot be included under any of the world religions.

There are Jews in many of the countries of this region; they are, in general, long established and Arabic-speaking. Except for religious practices and some discrimination, they are little different from the rest of the population. It is, of course, Palestine which holds the center of attention as far as the question of Judaism in the Near East is concerned.

The Christians belong generally in two main groups. There are those who are members of long established groups—the various Uniate churches, the Greek Orthodox, the Nestorians, the Gregorians, the Copts, etc. The other group is composed of those who have been converted by European and American missionaries in recent times. These missionaries have also been active in establishing schools and health services. In many ways, they have done much to spur social progress although their efforts at conversion have hardly met with spectacular success. Islam, after all, demands as Judaism and Christianity do a monopoly of the religious allegiances of its adherents. Furthermore, it is also a missionary religion. Islam, in its missionary work, stresses its doctrines of brotherhood, of non-discrimination of grounds of color, of temperance.

The non-Moslem groups offer certain difficulties for the champions of Arabo-Islamic nationalism; but, with the conspicuous exception of Palestine, the religious minori-

ties have much common heritage with the Moslems.

Cairo seems to be the intellectual center of the Arabo-Islamic world. There is to be found the Moslem university Al-Azhar as well as the state university Faud I. Many students still go to universities in Europe, particularly in Britain and in France. There has been a definite revival of intellectual activities in the Arab world in fairly recent times. Public education is increasing. There is state Education in Egypt, Palestine, Lebanon, Syria, and Iraq; and the foundations are laid for it in the Sudan.

The new realization of ethnic and religious ties lies behind many of the demands for independence from European control. Whatever we think of certain of the motivations and actions of some of the Arab League politicians, we must admit that the desire for freedom from imperialistic rule is an indication of progress. Many in the West consider, with much justification, nationalism to be a dangerous and outmoded sentiment. However, just as much of the European nationalism of the nineteenth century has many progressive aspects, so many that of the Arabo-Islamic world. We have seen, within the last few years, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, and Trans-Jordan reach full national status. Palestine still presents a unique problem, and the Nile valley is not happy with its lot. Things appear to be quieter in the rest of North Africa.

It is rather difficult sometimes to draw any line between religion and nationalism. Islam has no organized church, and there is thus no question of the relation between church and state. There is, however, a traditional unity of religious and secular authority as is illustrated in the institution of the Caliphate. Traditionally, education was in the hands of the mullahs, and the operative law was the Koranic law.

There is a good deal of variation in the situation in different countries. It will be worthwhile to look at some of these more closely.

Most prominent in the eyes of the world at the moment is Palestine where things

have reached the shooting stage. Here we find an immensely complicated situation in which economic and political factors seem to play a much more important part than does religious theory.

The Jewish population in Palestine has done a great deal for the country, in matters of health, education, and sanitation. Much desert land has been reclaimed. Many of the Jewish farming communities have been based on the collective principle. They offer an interesting experiment which has been successful on the whole. One of America's leading Zionists has set forth in no uncertain terms the achievements of the Palestinian Jews:

"The Jewish resettlement of Palestine up to this day has by and large wrought much for the Arabs, unbelievably much and ever more for the British. With Britain virtually out of Egypt, Haifa created anew by the labor and investment of Jewish pilgrims, becomes the major East Mediterranean port of the Empire. But this is only one of a multitude of benefits conferred upon the Mandatory power by a people who transformed an arid waste into a populous, profitable dominion, almost alone among governments in having for years an annual surplus in its treasury. The Arabs of the long time Turkish colonies of Palestine have been politically liberated, educationally benefited, economically advantaged, by the settlement in the midst of Palestine of hundreds of thousands of Jews bringing with them for the most part the standards and the ways of Central and Western Europe."

The Jews who have come to Palestine are mostly the ardent Zionists, the believers in a Jewish nation. There are many other Jews all over the world who are content with their present national citizenship and fear the identification of their religion with Palestinian citizenship. Other Jews have come to Palestine, less probably through Zionist beliefs, than through the desire for a refuge from persecutions and progroms, from concentration camps and the status of displaced persons.

The Arab world with its newly awakened

national and religious consciousness hates and fears political Zionism. They point out with some justice that they are in no way responsible for the present plight of Europe's Jews. It was not the Arabs who preached the doctrine of a master Aryan race, nor was it the Arabs who walked the careful, deadly path from Spain to Munich.

The United Nations have decided that Palestine will be partitioned. The two states face the future with many difficulties. They have all the problems facing any new political entity plus the active hostility of the surrounding Arab states to the whole idea. The future of the two states depends on the skill and wisdom of the representatives of the U. N. and of the leaders of both the states.

In neighboring Syria and Lebanon, the situation is quite different. These two countries, until recently French mandates, are members of the Arab League. Lebanon is unique in having a small majority of Christians in its population. This gives it a singular and somewhat ambiguous relationship both to the West and to the other Arab states. "The Syrian Christians are, as Christians, particularly fitted to understand the culture of Europe; while as Arabs, speaking the Arabic tongue and conversant with its literature, they can interpret Europe to the Arab Moslems." These Syrian Christians are faced with the problem of political loyalties. "It is natural that the Christian Arab nationalists should define the Arab nation mainly in terms of language, history, and race, and should draw a distinction, perhaps too sharply, between it and the Islamic community."

The situation in Syria and Lebanon is further complicated by the wide diversity of sects found within the countries. The Christians include Maronites, Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholics, Armenian Orthodox, Armenian Catholics, Roman Catholics, Syrian Orthodox, Syrian Catholics, Assyrian and Chaldean Catholics, and Protestants. The Moslems are divided among Sunnis, Shi'is, Druzes, Alawis and Isma'ilis. There are also some Jews and a small group of Yazidis. Of the total population of Syria

(Continued on page 27)

New Orleans Romance

MARY SEMPLE '51

The twilight of a summer's eve
 Dropped swiftly down on Rue Pierre.
 The clack-click of the hansoms and the buzz-saw of mosquitoes
 'Was all that broke the closeness of the air.
 Behind each floor-length window
 With its lacy iron grill,
 White-starched pickaninnies padded
 Back and forth on pink soled feet
 To light the gases. The Maitre
 Still sipped julep in the patio.
 Upstairs, just off the little balcony
 That wound above the fountain and the flower-laden vines.
 Miss Melissa flitted, all a'twitter
 Round and round her bedroom.
 Now a fluff to her rag-curved hair,
 Then a pinch to her cheek,
 And many a fond look at her new ball dress.
 She swallowed not a morsel of her supper,
 And though Mama fussed and Papa tweaked her ear,
 She knew they understood—
 Cotillons were not new to them.

The hour is nine. How dreamy Rue Pierre has changed!
 Constant hoof-beats, hearty greetings!
 At the carriages doors of every house
 Brass knockers swing in welcome to the regal gentlemen and ladies
 Who enter and depart from laughing, tinkling houses . . .
 Pass from and to their carriages
 And lose themselves in dark.
 Melissa now descends the stairs.
 Her escort's eyes, appraising,
 Lead her to him. He takes her arm,
 And they too disappear
 Into the magic night of New Orleans.

MOMENT

By ALBERTA FEW

One star, gold-ringed,
 Felt the chill of dew
 Solitaire in the faded blue
 Counseled the cricket
 To hush his song:
 Listen to the loon—
 Hollow cry; distant.
 Night.

VARIATION II from theme and VARIATIONS

Andante con moto

Handwritten musical score for Variation II, consisting of four systems of two staves each. The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system includes dynamic markings *mf* and *p* and a *ped* (pedal) instruction. The second system includes a *rit* (ritardando) marking. The third system includes a *rit* marking and a *p* (piano) marking. The fourth system includes a *rit* marking and a *p* marking. The notation includes various note values, rests, and slurs.

Blair Graves

THE INITIATION

JENNE BELLE BECHTEL '48

It was Tuesday of her second week at the Country Day and the new girl still had to sit next to Mrs. Woodrow at lunch. She still hadn't made a friend among the eleven other members of the ninth grade so she still had to sit between Mrs. Woodrow and Uggy Van Horn at lunch. The new girl lived next door to Uggy Van Horn but they were not friends. Uggy had gone to Country Day since first grade but she was not friends with anybody, in fact she was a drip. The new girl definitely wasn't a drip—she had been president of her class and cheerleader at her old school and sometimes she had dates. Therefore she and Uggy had nothing in common to talk about.

After lunch the new girl went back to the home room and took a book out of her desk. It was called "Nancy Jordan: Girl Detective." She opened it at the place marked by a red ribbon and began to look at the printing. The room was filled with disorderly voices, for Mrs. Woodrow was gone for the rest of the hour. It was raining so everybody was staying in and that was why the new girl couldn't get any further than pretending to read. She couldn't ignore the conversation going on around her. It was pierced with rowdy laughter and screams of "O Jody, that's hilarious," and "O, Clarke, how hysterical."

In a little while the noise subsided. The shouting became something more terrible—whispering, and the laughter turned to muffled snickers. The new girl put her face so close to the pages of "Nancy Jordan" that the letters got all blurred and she could only see jumbled shades of gray. She felt very big and obvious at her desk in the left hand corner of the room. Everybody was looking in her direction while they whispered. Presently Mimi Killigrew came out of the group and stood in front of her.

"Susan Bickel," she said loudly.

The new girl kept on peering at the muddle which was what had become of the words in the book.

"Susan Bickel, I said," repeated Mimi. "That is your name, isn't it? Or is it Pickle?" Giggles from the audience.

"Yes, Pickle. Pickle, put down your book, we want to talk to you."

The new girl tried to hide between pages fifty-two and fifty-three.

"Stand up," ordered Mimi, grabbing "Nancy Jordan," and throwing it on the floor. The new girl stood.

"I don't like her hair-ribbon, Mimi, make her take off her hair-ribbon," shouted Fatsy Webb, who was awfully fat. Mimi grabbed the new girl's hair-ribbon.

"Here," she said to Fatsy, "stuff it in the inkwell." Fatsy gleefully obeyed. Everybody began yelling out things they didn't like about her and the new girl was unable to decide what was the thing to do. They couldn't take off all her clothes and stuff them in the inkwell because, after all, there was only one inkwell.

"We don't like her," screamed a couple of people, "put her in the closet." When everybody started to comply the new girl began screaming too.

"Go to hell, go to hell." She got enough into the spirit of her aggressors to begin to kick and scratch. As she was being pushed toward the closet door she managed to rip someone's shirt, giving them all something new to shout about.

"O, she tore Clarke's shirt, let's rip her dress off," they shrieked.

"Go to hell," responded the new girl, now headed for the closet of her own volition, anxious to be locked in out of reach. Clarke seemed delighted to have had her shirt torn, feeling she was making an important contribution to the din. She was jumping up and down and at the same time hanging on

(Continued on page 30)

Home Is Where The Heat Is

JUDI CAMPBELL '50

Pecos shivered in his faded orange shirt. He pulled at his bandana so it went a little tighter around his neck, and hunched his shoulders. Already, the Northeastern Arizona hills had a chilly look to them. The scrub pine was shedding fast, the desert grass had turned from brown to gray, and high up in the foothills there was hardly a blade left. Pecos was returning from the Snow Flake Saloon, where the conversation had centered on dismal forecasts of the approaching winter. His gloom darkened as his horse carried him off the dirt road to his home, Pecos viewed it distastefully:

"Wish I hadn't sold all the windows out'f it," he thought. He swung off his horse and tied him directly outside the door. Then, removing the saddle, he went inside. His house had two rooms: a general room and a bedroom. The ceiling was apparently made entirely from the sides of packing boxes; on the walls yellowed newspapers substituted for wall paper. The rooms were strictly bare of ornament: indeed, the only furniture was his and his wife Fern's cots. Two crates served as chairs and the remaining furnishings consisted of another box which held food, and a small stove. Picking up the frying pan, Pecos was arrested in the act of cracking an egg, by a note upon the stove lid. The paper stated quite simply: "I am leaving you, I can't stand a winter without no windows, I will be back maybe this spring. Fern."

"Well, I'll be damned," he said reflectively. "It ain't the first time. But the winter sure gets lonesome."

Pecos had been married five times: three times to a Mexican named Fanite, and twice to Fern. From deep wells of experience he had become adjusted to women's departures and returns. Come Fall, when one by one the chairs and silver and finally the windows would disappear in exchange for whiskey, the wives had similarly disappeared. Yet he

was certain that when Spring blossomed upon the desert, Fern would return. Her returns were affected less, however, by the season than by the knowledge that Pecos would have begun to sober up and to earn money. The restoration would set in, and by early summer the house could once again boast windows and furnishings.

Pecos sat down on a box and studied a slip advertisement in the wall paper. He was getting old, and at this moment he could only envision the winter stretching before him—lonesome and freezing. After several moments of contemplation he went outside and a short time later returned with a half gallon of whiskey. Then he lay with it on the bed, until the evening shadows fell across the bed and he could no longer distinguish the whiskey. Then the jug slipped out of Pecos' hands and he fell asleep.

Several hours later the wind had arisen and was ripping through the paneless windows. Pecos awoke, his body chilled and stiff. He reached for some bed covers and discovered that there were none.

"Gol darn Fern," he thought.

Then, perhaps due to his already forgotten dream, he was hit by an idea which stunned him. He turned it over several times. It lost none of its luster.

"It's warm," he mused. "And I've been missing the boys there," his eyes grew misty. "Finest bunch 'o boys I know."

Pecos was a man of action and he also was cold. He got up. His foot kicked the half gallon, and he picked it up to fortify himself. Then he grabbed for his jacket, strode purposefully from the house, and, saddling a surprised horse rode off in the dark.

Not long afterwards Pecos returned, traveling slowly. Attached to the pommel of his saddle was a rope, and at the end of this rope was something heavy, belligerent, and cow-like in form. Dismounting, Pecos

(Continued on page 30)

THE MAN OF GOODFELLOWSHIP

(Continued from page 15)

to him, eying her slyly. He dropped his eyelids and slid his gaze all over her.

"Oh, Eddie," she giggled nervously.

It was a look he practised at the mirror, charged with vulgar implication. The boys watched him admiringly.

"Where you been all my life, baby?" he demanded.

"Oh, Eddie," she murmured flushing.

Eddie felt a deep glow wash over him. It was hot in Snap's. The starched short sleeves of his shirt were suddenly limp and damp at his armpits. A heavy oil broke out on his face, highlighting the pits and rises in his skin.

Eddie flicked his eyes away and banged the table.

"You fellows missed a fine party tonight!" he pronounced. He pulled a glass toward him, poured a little from his bottle and demanded a beer.

"Oh Eddie," said the girl respectfully. "How can you!"

Eddie filled the glass with beer and raised it saluting.

"First one tonight," he snickered and drank off the top suds.

"Good boy, Eddie!" An arm fell heavily across his shoulders. "Give us some."

Eddie sat back satisfied. "Sure thing," he said and shoved the glass away.

"Whatcha' been doin' with ya'self, boy?"

Eddie looked around roughly. "Workin' hard."

"Hahaha!"

"What a lie!"

"Big party tonight though," he added baiting.

"Whered ja go, Eddie?" Eddie chuckled.

"The boys all up at the station at Wythe—you know those fire house parties—" he broke off laughing gently. "Those darn jokerheads—" He caught himself, then laughed uproariously. He doubled over the table laughing.

"What is it Eddie? What happened? Huh?"

Eddie shook his head giggling. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down, shivering comically. The others began to laugh.

"Com'on, boy! Tell us about it, it's O.K."

Eddie shook his head gasping. "Ung unh!" he choked. "No can do!" He bent over convulsed. The arm came down across his shoulders. A thick voice sounded in his ear. "Com'on tell me, Eddie. 'I'm your pal. I tell you, remember?'"

Eddie looked at him, laughing helplessly. "O.K., O.K.," he gasped, "but don't pass it on!" The others looked on hopefully as the two boys arose and walked arm in arm from the table. In a moment they returned staggering with laughter.

"That's the best yet!" shouted the boy.

"Now don't you tell that," Eddie admonished giggling.

"Count on me, Eddie."

"Y'know what it reminds me of," Eddie confided as they sat down. "Them girls out in Honolulu!"

"What girls, Eddie?" The boy bent eagerly forward. "I never got out there. Remember me? the old infantryman?"

"Well didn't you ever see any of my pictures?" Eddie looked up astonished.

"Naw, I haven't seen any. What kind?" The boy giggled.

Eddie pounded his fist on the table. "Well, boy, lemme show you some of my snapshots right now!" Eddie was grinning broadly. The others laughed and pressed forward. "You ain't seen anything yet!" Eddie put his hand in his pocket and drew out a thick wallet.

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WHITE RIDDLE

(Continued from page 9)

Her subjects were the seasons, flowers, birds, landscapes, figures and others, for the most part represented in manners beyond my youthful apprehension. Her scrolls were written in a freer hand and about more complex matters than my two hundred characters compassed. I was especially puzzled by a large painting: a few slashes of dark lines, masses and masses of white on yellowing silk.

We were admitted at the evening mass. In the great hall the Goddess of Mercy stood on a gilded lotus blossom, with her usual sacred water and willow branch. Unlike other Buddhas, she has a delicate face and slender body in graceful robe: she was, therefore, my favorite deity. Candles and incense were the only illumination in the dim hall. I saw that the nuns had changed into red robes. They counted beads and wound around the Goddess of Mercy and between rows of lesser gods. Mother gave me a few coins to make a wish. The first stick that dropped off from the cylinder I was shaking was read to me as:

"Top luck. Promotion in office. Gains in business. Peace in traveling. Harmony in matrimony." Mother smiled at me:

"I hope the last prophesy will prove true after some ten years. What did you wish for?"

"I asked for the series of drawings on the Red Lotus Temple Musketeers."

"You have only to ask me for it, precious. Buddha has other matters to take care of."

"It is merely to gratify the ignorant. The heavens do not reveal predestination, little one."

"It is better not to, Mother Yen-zo," my mother replied.

"You are right. Hope and air are sustenance to earthly life."

We passed the night in one of the guests' rooms in the nunnery. The rustle of the bamboo leaves unmixed with human noises reminded me, in my wake moments, how

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high up from the plains I was. The day's activity wore me out; yet I slept restlessly. The next morning the Convent was isolated from the world by fog, which came no further up than the bamboos around us, thick, opaque, heaving and eddying like the ocean. The utter stillness washed my heart clean of memories; the circumscription and the vastness of the scene forbade conscious speculation. I had the dual feeling of not being, and of being transformed into a leaf, a rock, or mere air. The same experience has not recurred—that of being enveloped in a white riddle.

The sedans were tilted, ready to receive us. We waited for our hostess to finish her communion. Her legs crossed, hands folded, eyes closed, a look of peaceful reconciliation and imperturbability written over her entire being; she was the manifestation of the Goddess of Mercy. She had been sitting immobile since the evening before. A novice whispered that the Mother Superior had been increasing the length of each communion percep-

tibly; and that soon, finding The Way, her soul will ascend to heaven.

Mother Yen-zo's blessing was short:

"May Buddha protect you; and may you have fair weather."

The fog cleared up while we were going downhill. We found that father had arrived at the boat from the Temple sometime earlier.

"We have to stop at some village at noon," he said, "the boatmen will need a decent meal. We planned to start early, now the sun is nearly overhead."

By sunset even excitement could no longer hold me up. It felt tortuous to struggle to be awake, to try to hide the fact of my weariness. My attempts were soon found out. I was told to lie down. Finally I resigned to my fate, finding compensation in watching the stars and moon appear.

"Did you rest well at the temple?" mother asked.

"Well, I talked with Father Ch'en-sen late into the night. Sleep seems a frivolous choice to a mind like his."

"Does he write much any longer?"

"Yes, on theological and philosophic subjects—excellent works; yet I almost think that poetry was more his element. His lyrics have a subtle musical quality and audacious intensity, rarely harmonized when combined."

They both paused for a moment.

"I think we had better light the lanterns. I cannot see my own fingers."

"Good. I will be able to read some old manuscripts I got from the Father."

The moon had such brilliancy that I thought we could dispense with light. I lay contentedly beating time with the oars. Slowly, my senses slackened. In semi-consciousness I heard the rise and fall of my father's soothing voice:

"... cut the blue threads of sorrows . . . only to find . . . would that I were . . . nothingness . . . clear as thin air . . . still as the rocks . . . detached as the moon . . . not to be . . . height of heaven."

THE END

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Faith, Platform and Revolution

(Continued from page 19)

and Lebanon together, 58% are Sunnis, 18% belong to other Moslem sects, 23% are Christians. Certain groups within the countries are non-Arabic speaking; the Armenians, the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, some of the Syrian Orthodox and Catholics, the Kurds, the Turcomans, the Circassians, and the Yazidis. This leads to many problems. The minorities tend to feel isolated from each other and from the majority. The existence of these minorities presents many difficulties to social progress. Each group has many special problems.

"It is possible to see the beginning of the idea of secular nationalism, which rests upon elements of unity other than participation in a common religion; which aims at building a Westernized laic state; and in which therefore Moslems, Christians and atheists alike can join on a footing of equality. This lay nationalism is not consciously hostile to religion, although it is opposed to theocracy; but it is possible that at some time in the future it will come into conflict with Islamic orthodoxy.

Islam arose in the Arabian desert. Today the region is inhabited by Arabs of the Wahabi sect—who suspect anything that is not in the Koran. At the present time, the Western powers are deeply interested in Arabian oil. The greater part of the peninsula is the kingdom of Sa'udi Arabia. There is also Oman, the British protectorate Aden, and the small kingdom of Yemen.

Yemen is under the rule of Imam Yahya who has chosen that his people shall have poverty and the early Islamic faith in its strictest purity rather than the Western control and corruption that comes of granting oil concessions. He is, we learn, "so safely housed in his religion that in its scale he can weigh the benefits of Europe and find them light in the balances; so sure of his values that he can descry the difference between happiness and riches." In Yemen there is abject poverty, a high rate of illiteracy, strict seclusion of women, and severe persecution of the Jewish minority.

Sa'udi Arabia is ruled by King Abdul-Aziz Ibn Sa'ud, one of the most influential figures in the Arab League. Ibn Sa'ud is somewhat more progressive than the most fanatical of his Wahabi followers. He has made some attempts to broaden education and raise sanitation standards and has also forced some of the Bedouin tribesmen to settle in agricultural villages.

The Wehabis are in opposition to the Islamic modernist movement and to the tendency towards secularization. Part of the influence of this group lies in its control of the Holy Places of Islam. Ibn Sa'ud, like the Imam of Yeman, is an absolute monarch. Illiteracy, poverty, low status of women, and a feudal organization are characteristics of the country.

Egypt was the point of origin of the modernist movement in Islam; there are once again evidences of a smaller movement away from religion. The Arab nationalist feeling is strong and is directed mostly against the British. Egypt's wealth and property is largely controlled by a few families; the great mass of the Egyptians live in extreme poverty. As in many other countries in this area, there are groups advocating radical economic reorganization. Some of these Socialists and Communists attempt to find a synthesis of their politico-economic views and the Islamic faith. Indeed for some it is Islam itself that provides the inspiration for their desire for societal reorganization. There are others who reject Islam and usually religion in general as a liability in the modern world. This same split is found among those who want modernization in the Arab world but are not committed to any sort of economic revolution.

In the countries outside the Arab League there has been a somewhat different development. Iran, for example, differs from other Moslem countries in having a majority of Shi'is. Shi'a varies in many respects from orthodox Sunni Islam. There is not only the central doctrine of the Imamate; the group has also developed a cult of martyrs and boasts many miracles, relics, and "minor saints" (Imamzadehs). The Shi'is have

stresses, perhaps even more than the Sunnis, the virtual identification of spiritual and temporal power. This has proved an obstacle to the building up of a national secular state. Within the last thirty years, Iran has done much in the way of Westernization and encouragement of a strictly Iranian nationalism. Reza Shah, the ruler during much of this period, thought that Shi'a was too backward for a modern Western-type country; he also saw that the power of the mullahs was an obstacle to many of his programs.

Accordingly, the Shah began to abolish many of the externals of Shi'a: the dervishes, the pilgrimages to Iraq, the traditional dress of the mullahs, the *tazieh*s ("passion plays"). Reza Shah made a strong effort to break down the bars between Shi'a and the rest of Islam, seeing clearly the political advantages of such a move. He even married the sister of the King of Egypt, a Sunni.

The power of the mullahs was systematically broken down. They first lost financial independence by the secularization of religious foundations. State schools replaced the Koranic ones, and the state took control of the mullahs themselves. Secular law took the place of Shari'a in the courts (this was only the culmination of a process that had been going on for a long time).

There was some genuine social progress under Reza Shah. The status of women was raised and the veil discarded. Child marriage was prohibited and polygamy discouraged. Education was certainly improved. Today there is a University of Teheran and a Medical School where dissection is practiced despite the traditional Islamic prohibition. Many Iranians still take part of their study in Europe, particularly England and France. (One of the Iranians I have met had studied in the Soviet Union; I do not know how common this is.)

On the other hand, much that Reza Shah initiated seemed to be a superficial westernization rather than genuine social progress. The standard of living for the majority of the people was not raised. Today Iran is a republic built on a narrow electorate because

of the widespread illiteracy. Political parties and professional groups are developing.

The Shah made a determined effort to substitute nationalism for religion. In this cause, he gave legal equality to the Parsis as the remaining representatives of the ancient national religion. There is less discrimination against the other religious minorities also, but there seems to be an increase in the discrimination against the Jews and the Armenians on grounds of nationality.

According to one observer, "the Shia creed will continue to be dear to the masses of the people, who will find in it shelter from the hardships of life, as they have done for centuries. Most of the educated classes have outgrown the traditional faith, and as modern education widens its sphere of influence, the result cannot be doubted."

"When all is said, we reach the conclusion that the religious problem in Iran viewed as a whole boils down to the same essentials as everywhere in the modern world—the impact of the change in material life, social disintegration and indifference of skepticism putting up a stubborn opposition or an active fight against the traditional faiths. In Iran, no less than anywhere else, the outcome of the struggle cannot be predicted."

To the east of Iran lies Afghanistan, isolated in its mountain fastnesses. No Christian missionaries have ever been allowed in the country. Until very recently, there was no Islam to the modern world; the mullahs still have great power. It has even been alleged that the bad road into the country is for this reason.

"But that road is above all a symbol of that determination, which is only now relaxing, to keep the world away—the New World with its comforts, its education, its social progress, and religious skepticism."

The picture in Turkey has certain resemblances to that in Iran. It is also a non-Arabic Moslem country which has undergone a rather drastic process of social change within the last thirty years. This has been characterized as "a crucial experiment for all Islam. If the religion of Mohammed is

able to function effectively in a state which does not regard the Koran as the ultimate source of all legislation then certainly we shall have visible evidence of its adaptability and enduring vitality."

"Here before our very eyes is occurring a transition of civilizations, the abandonment of practices which originated in Arabia, based upon union of religion and politics, the adoption of patterns which developed in Europe, based upon separation of religion and politics. Far-reaching consequences may be observed in government, law, education, and social structure."

The government of Turkey adopts a none too friendly attitude towards Islam but is not actively anti-religious. Many conservative religious leaders have opposed policies of the government, but there are also those attempting to re-interpret Islam to meet the new situation.

"Though fanaticism is rejected completely in Islam, nevertheless we see unfortunately that fanaticism has entered into our religion. It is fanaticism to call others mis-believers, to become enemies of reform and progress, to hate without cause, and to attach oneself blindly to old habits. The religion of Islam is free from these bad morals—Moslems do not hesitate to accept new movements."

Despite the rather wide variations that are found throughout that are under consideration, there are certain trends that may be observed. The countries involved are, for the most part, in great need of social change. Religious conservatism certainly presents many obstacles to social progress. It is true in all religious groups and is certainly not a characteristic peculiar to Islam.

It is important that social progress shall not become identified with westernization. The Arabo-Islamic world doubtless can gain much from the example of the western world, but the superficial aping of western ways apparent at times in Iran and Turkey does not constitute social progress.

The Pan-Arabic and Pan-Islamic movements give rise to many difficult problems such as their relations to the developing

nationalisms of individual states, to non-Arabic Moslems, and to non-Moslem Arabs. It is certain that Islam is one of the main inspirations of a force which, despite its many non-progressive aspects, is at least strongly anti-imperialistic.

Besides the strongly fundamentalist religious reactionaries, there are in all countries deeply religious men who are trying to work out a new interpretation of Islam in the light of the modern world. Like many liberal Christians, they often express this in terms of a return to the high and pure faith of the founder.

Other men have seen religion primarily in the light of its opposition to social progress and to modern learning and have given it up. There is no reason why all of those who support social progress cannot work together in practical cases despite their varying theoretical bases—be they Moslem, Jewish, Christian, humanistic, or Marxist.

However greatly we respect the beliefs of the individual, it must not be forgotten that organized religious reaction is in many ways more dangerous to social progress than political or economic reaction. It can invoke the authority of the supernatural and can offer promises of reward and threats of punishment in some sort of existence after death. The influence of such anti-progressive religion would in all likelihood show a high positive correlation with illiteracy and poverty.

The Arabo-Islamic world is passing through a period of philosophic stress. Until fairly recent times Islam, despite a large number of local variations, provided a common and accepted philosophic basis which was no doubt more or less taken for granted. Today there is no sure ground and few certain values from a theoretical point of view.

We might say the traditional Islam represents the thesis and the influence of the modern western world the antithesis. Many have been able to work out individually satisfactory solutions. The synthesis in terms of social movements is not yet apparent among the many influences stirring the Arabo-Islamic world at the present time.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEAT IS

(Continued from page 23)

untied the pommel and, taking the slack, wound it once around the tree. Then he loosely drew the end about the horse's neck.

"That'll hold ya both," he said, and retired to the house.

"Goldarn house is colder than outside," he muttered. But his countenance was happy. He removed his jacket and placed it between the mattress and the bed-springs. Then he crawled under the mattress, and lying his head on his jacket, fell asleep.

Pecos rose around noon, and was frying eggs when he heard voices outside the house. With something like triumph in his step, he walked to the door. The sheriff met him.

"Good morning, Pecos. What'd ya do this fur?"

Pecos started to roll a cigarette:

"How long do ya think I'll git, Sheriff," he asked with an attempt at nonchalance.

"Fur cattle stealin'? Couldn't rightly say, seein's how ya stole the judge's cow." The Sheriff shook his head. "Now," he said, "pack up and come along. We'll take care of your horse." He shook his head again. "I can't see why ya left the cow outside your door. Ya ain't real smart, Pecos."

Pecos turned inside. In a minute he was back, a small bundle in his arms. As he closed the door behind him he said cryptically:

"Sure was lonesome."

THE INITIATION

(Continued from page 22)

to the new girl's hand to keep her from slipping into the closet.

All at once the peculiar ability which certain people possess to manipulate a moment asserted itself in the new girl, who had been popular at the other school.

"I didn't tear your shirt, Clarke," she yelled loud enough to penetrate the roar. "Uggy Van Horn did it." Then she called in a tune:

"Uggy is a dri-ip,

Uggy is a dri-ip,

Uggy is a pain-in-the-neck and Uggy is a dri-ip."

She began to jump up and down in the same rhythm as Clarke who in turn sang with her about Uggy being a drip. Grabbing Mimi with her other hand the new girl became the leader of a chant. The class, of which Susan Bickel was now an established member, surged toward the small figure engrossed in Ancient History in the opposite corner of the room.

ART AND WORLD UNDERSTANDING

(Continued from page 13)

way of getting around love. But love suffers no substitutes, no matter what committees, organizations or courses of instruction we may institute. Love is irreplaceable.

Thus—and to return to our art—frankly, I do not think art has anything to do with international understanding one way or the other. And if it is modern art we have in mind, then this art may have to do something first about its own understanding before it becomes a medium of understanding. It has been said that through their art of painting we can understand the Chinese people better than through any other medium. This is good as far as it goes. But the point is that if any two nations fall out and their interests clash to a critical degree—and no art of painting can keep them from doing so—then conflict results no matter how great the mutual understanding, whether it comes from art or any other source.

And still another question I have been asked. Do I think the study of art important? Indeed I do, or I would not be teaching it. But not art for its own sake—not in a liberal arts college at least—but art for its ethical value and as a pedagogic vehicle only. By this I mean that the teaching of art—of its nature, practice and history—provides admirable indirection and inconspicuous ways of developing sensitiveness, grace, gentleness, taste, and an appreciation of real and lasting values as against the cheap, popular and passing ones. In brief, by means of art *in* education—not "art education"—we can praise the name of God to those who would otherwise shy away from it.

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The Boxwood Inn was recently blessed with two daughter-of-alumnae visitors, Anne and Kathy, aged 7 and 5, who found it easy to take Sweet Briar's curriculum in hand and even to add a few new thoughts to this world of wisdom. When asked what she and Kathy had done at Sweet Briar, Anne answered to the press with firmness and assurance, "Kathy got in Mrs. Cutler's hair and came out with her heart."

"Ye Old Traveler's" restaurant in Amherst has taken it to mind as a matter of friendship rather than policy to look after the health of Sweet Briar girls who diet too frequently. After making arrangements with a University of Virginia patron, Mrs. Boleas recently rushed up to a slender Briarette with an unordered, large-size milkshake. She shook her finger at the bewildered girl, and with dramatic conviction said, "And it has TWO scoops of ice cream in it."

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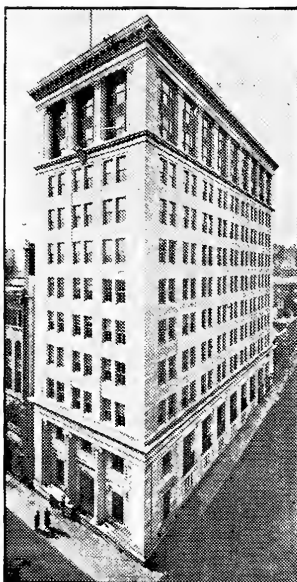
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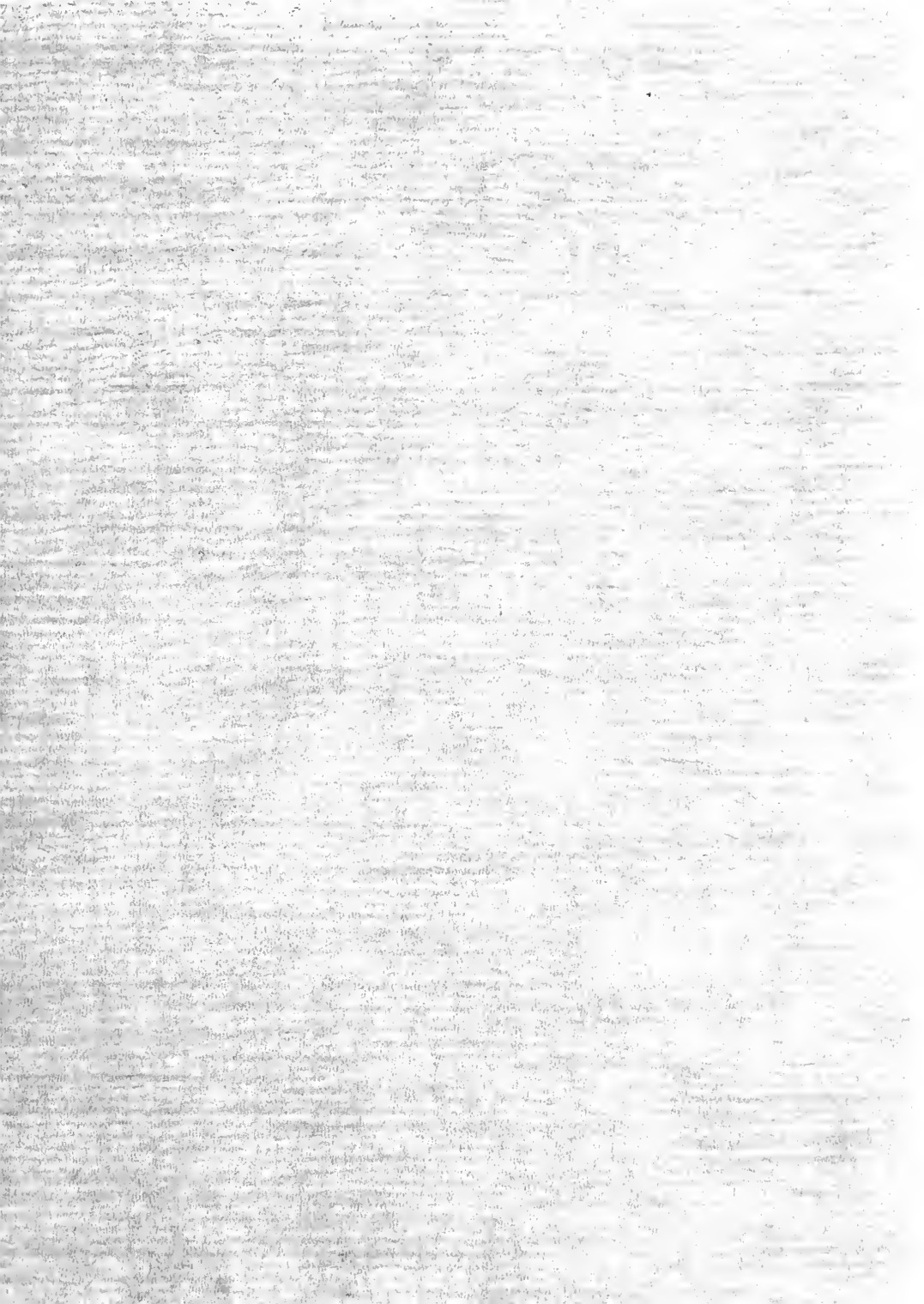
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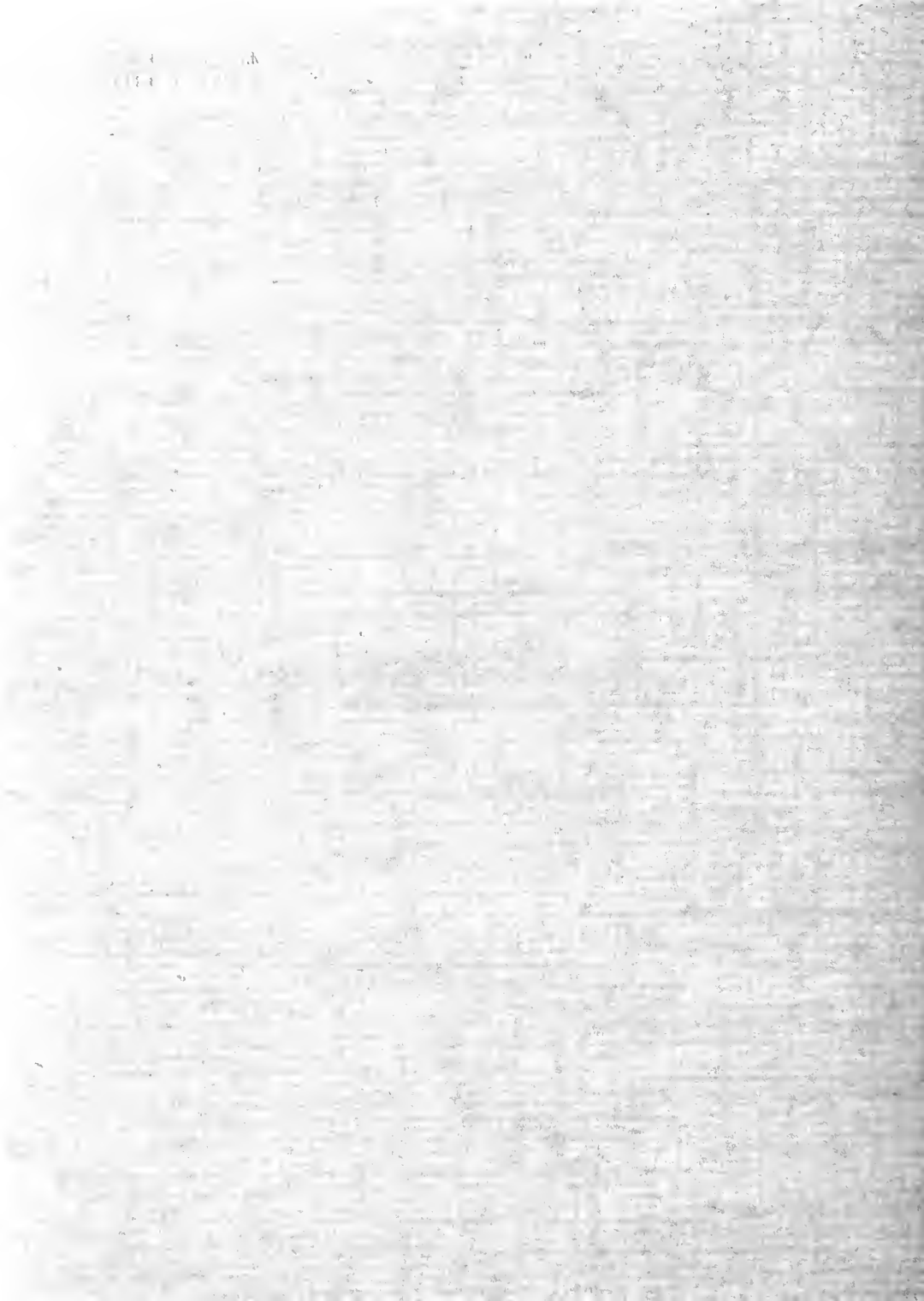
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SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

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PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

When Paul at last reached Lynchburg town,
In his breath-taking ride from Concord
down,

It was twelve on the nose by the village clock
And Paul tho't surely the White House was
locked.

He said to himself: "If I have to trot
By horse or by mule from this town tonight
I must have some lamb chops steaming hot,
From the old White House to keep me up-
right.

One, if they're broiled, and two, if they're
fried,

To give me strength for the homeward ride."
A hurry of hoofs across the bridge
The horse nearly dropped while climbing the
ridge

To that stop-light that's perched on the side
of the hill

A turn to the left, why, a light's burning
still.

That's enough! And so thru the gloom to
that light

A hungry man was riding that night.

Then back through the night rode Paul
Revere

But a new message he had for all to hear.
He cried the praises of White House chow
And urged eating there when time would
allow.

Borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of thirst and hunger and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
Of the hospitality guaranteed,
As with the midnight meal of Paul Revere.

(Apologies to Longfellow.)

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From the May 2, 1948, Church Sermon

A visitor to Harvard remarked to the President of the University, "This is a very learned place."

"It ought to be," answered Harvard's President. "The Freshmen come knowing so much, and the Seniors leave knowing so little that it just accumulates."

Notes on the New Look (From May 1 edition of *Vogue* magazine).

"If you have taken to yourself the curves of basque, bustle, and perching bonnet—in brief, any of the faint or strong Neo-Impressionistic tendencies of present fashion—you will see that a brief bang is MORE of just the air you had in mind."

(Ed.'s Note: The gun's ready. Shall we load?)

Rondel for a Later June

*Now is the hour for lilacs and roses,
Alas for the laurel and wither the yew.
Strip the full foliage and blossoms bestrew—
The season of mourning immediately closes.*

*A live love the lost love, the ghost love deposes;
The laurel lies trammeled, grow lilacs in lieu.
Now is the hour for lilacs and roses,
Alas for the laurel and wither the yew.*

*Over the grave where a memory reposes
A sigh is the zephyr, a tear is the dew.
In soil of old sorrow and compost of rue
The seed of new passion more lushly uncloses.
Now is the hour for lilacs and roses,
Alas for the laurel and wither the yew.*

JENNE BELLE BECHTEL.

Mariot's Cove

BERTIE PEW, '49

Fog blanketed the horizon and slowly edged its way along the gray-blue swells of the sea. The sculptured rock of the cove supported the small, gray-shingled houses with an air of indifference, and the lighthouse on the highest pinnacle at the mouth of the narrow harbor blinked vainly in the mist. At sea an occasional fog-horn gave the only indication of conscious action, and when the water had broken over the rocks in a fine white spray, it rolled back into the greater whole, or subsided into stagnant pools in the crevices. All was momentary quiet and solitude. The low thunder of the ocean arguing with the rocks became soundless in its monotony, and the penetrating odor of tarred nets, stretched out on the irregular wharves, melted into the mist. No boat left the harbor, and the dories, their bottoms green with scum, lay dormant, half-questioning their abandonment on the pebbled sand. Even the dead fish smell of the wharve-shacks was diluted with the fine droplets of fog, and the eternal, yet silent, pound, pound, pounding fell into the rhythm of a heart-beat. The telephone wires, cutting the houses in half when viewed from a distance, were strangely incongruous, but they alone were able to prompt memory of an outer world.

The stolid door of Mariot Corkum's house swung open and a barefoot lad, slicker buttoned close around him, climbed down the stone steps. He was slight of

body, but his movements suggested repressed strength and his square little shoulders were squared even more defiantly with each flurry of mist that pricked and stung his cheeks. His towy head was bare and formed a blurred ring around his browned face. Now and again his foot would give way on the slick rock surface, but he was agile, and strode down the hill with renewed vigor after recovering from each falter, as if to deny his involuntary submission to the pranks of nature. On reaching the beach the lad stopped and, facing the sea, straddled two large boulders covered with seaweed and periwinkles on the northern side. His arms flung out, he resembled a lonely scare-crow guarding what long ago may have been a fertile field, now lying fallow and bare, impregnated with stones turned over by a careless plow and allowed to lie. A gull screamed through the sea-roar, and his hands dropped limply to his sides. His head remained motionless, his body taut. The fog-horn cried again close to shore, a hollow plea. The light in the lighthouse blinked on monotonously, with futility, unable to halt the invasion of the fog pressing heavily down upon the shore. The figure became a shadow, but the shadow did not dance as sunlit shadows do. The wind broke into madness, the shadow submerged into the white crest of a sudden steel-gray wave. Again the foghorn called from an invisible distance.



Fidelity

Ruth Clarkson, '51

Tread lightly on my heart, my love,
Tread lightly as a fawn;
For I'll have need of it again
Soon after you are gone.

AMY

CINDY WYMAN, '51

It was on Monday morning, late in September, that I first saw her. We were both ten years old, and were both thrilled and excited on that first day of school. I remember very distinctly that it was a gray day, and her pale blond hair caught my eye in an instant as she skipped past me on the gravel playground. Right near us, a jump rope whipped the air, and eleven eager, happy faces formed an excited line, ready to leap forth. In the shuffle and rush, I found myself behind her. She was quite a bit taller than I, and I looked up to see seven neatly brushed curls resting securely on the frail ruffle of a pale blue pinafore. Her sash came together in a miniature butterfly bow. On her feet were bright, new, red, barefoot sandals. My eyes filled with admiration, and I very shyly asked her name. She turned, her perfect curls moved only slightly, and smiled, "Amy."

Amy and I became fast friends: I followed her everywhere. My whole view of the world was seen from just behind her starched aprons and party frocks. In every class my eyes fell first upon the bright cheeks just in front of me, and then upon the arithmetic problems on the blackboard.

Then, another September, Amy's curls were gone, and her hair was carefully caught in two braids with ribbons at each end. My eyes fell on fluffy sweaters, a new lovely color almost every day. That Spring we played baseball nearly every afternoon. Amy was very expert at it, and at the same time, so poised and delicate. I remember very well, standing diligently behind her, and playing my position of second baseman, while she pitched the balls to the batters.

The two of us had wonderful times together, shopping with our mothers, eating chicken sandwiches in the world of the city

on Saturday noons, and trying on our mothers' evening dresses. I was particularly fascinated by the shoes that lay in neat, dark rows, one atop the other, in the special shoe cabinet that belonged to Amy's mother. There were thousands of them, or so it seemed, each pair with her name inside in shiny gold letters.

Amy and I remember to this day, the Friday night when we first went to dancing school, and associated with that unknown quantity called "Boys." There were two lines, one of the girls and one of the boys. I stood just in back of Amy's pink, rustling taffeta. She wasn't the least bit shy. Many times I saw her carefully concentrating on each dance step, unknowingly enchanting each timid little boy.

The years passed, all too quickly, and both of us grew up a great deal. Amy still sat just in front of me in classes. Instead of two braids, every morning, I usually saw a neat and precise row of little buttons, that ended hidden under a smooth blond page-boy.

And then, one June night, Amy just a few steps ahead, never shaking once, and all in white ruffles moved almost statue-like up the three tiny steps and took her place, the loveliest in all the row of white dresses and sprays of scarlet roses. Each one of us had a precious diploma—each one of us thrilled. But Amy was the most radiant of all, for there, on her slender finger, we saw an almost star-like diamond.

It was not so long ago that I, holding a quivering nosegay of blush roses, again followed Amy's steps so very carefully. She almost skipped, as I had seen her skip eight short years before. But now she was an illusion of white,—a filmy breath of happiness as she and her husband stepped from the chapel.

Jake's Wife

JUDI CAMPBELL, '50

It was at Snowflake's annual July 4th rodeo that I first met Jake's wife. The day was hot even for Arizona, and I was escaping from our station wagon, whose sides had nearly reached the boiling point, when someone took hold of my arm saying, "Well! Howdy, Mrs. Spohr. Would you like to come over and meet my wife?"

I recognized Jake Harvey, an old rodeo hand and part time cowboy. I had not seen Jake since the fall when he had done some fence mending jobs for us at the ranch. I was quite taken aback at his announcement. Jake was nearly fifty, and, so far as the gossip had reached my ears, he had paid scant attention to any of the local women. My curiosity as to whom Jake had finally chosen was not satisfied when I went over to his truck. In the cab, dressed in a garish cowboy suit, sat a small woman of perhaps forty, whom I had never seen before. My son was riding in the calf roping, which had just started, so we had time only to be introduced. As I left them I imagined that Jake had probably met a cowboy's widow on one of his rodeo trips, and I gave it no more thought until my daughter, Jo, brought it back to my mind a week later. She appeared for lunch rather late and, highly excited, told us that Jake had taken the shack down by the Mill's ranch.

"Mother, you have to meet his wife."

"I have met her," I replied.

Jo was reproachful: "You didn't tell me! Mother, isn't she odd?"

After I admitted that I had only been introduced, Jo said, "Then you have to ride down and visit her. I rode past that odd shack this morning and Mrs. Harvey was out in front. She insisted that I stop and the first thing she asked me was where I had gone to college. I told her that I was going to Smith, and Mother she told me

that she had gone to Wellesley! If that wasn't enough she sat on top of their rain barrel and told me that she had also gone to Lake George in the summer. I didn't tell her that you had gone there for years. Please go down this afternoon. I'd love her expression when you tell her that you spent half your summers there!"

I liked Jake, and if his wife appeared a little queer, I saw no reason to embarrass either of them. But Jo's persuasive power was far too constant for my peace of mind, so at three o'clock, I was riding off toward the Mills. However, to myself I made a vow to leave quickly, and not to question Jake's wife.

As the road twisted through the desert foliage, my curiosity emerged full blown. Why had Jake married a woman who was eccentric? How had an Arizona girl, probably brought up in a small ranch town, learned about Wellesley and Lake George? And what had made her try to impress my daughter with them?

The afternoon was hot, and as I had forgotten my hat, I was almost relieved when the ride was over. The Harvey house was actually a gray shack, which leaned on the desert wearily. Its narrow porch had fallen, and lay, cracked and split, at a slight angle. In front of it knelt Jake's wife on her hands and knees. She had shaggy, dark blonde hair and was dressed in an outlandish orange silk shirt and dirty jeans. Several packages of Petunia seeds lay scattered about. I didn't have the heart to tell her that nothing could be planted in that soil unless it was cactus. She got up and came over. As she obviously didn't remember me I introduced myself.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Spohr," she replied. "I've seen your ranch several times and admired it greatly. You manage it beautifully."

Her accent contained all the broad "a's" of the east. As this was not a characteristic which Jo had mentioned, I wondered if she were employing it for my benefit. Glad to hide my puzzlement, I was tying my horse when Mrs. Harvey asked me inside. After warily crossing the porch, I entered. The only furniture was a bed, an ancient stove, and three packing boxes. There was another room, but its door was shut. Immediately, Mrs. Harvey informed me that she and Jake had found everything except their mattress in the Holbrook Junk Yard. From the room's appearance and knowing Jake's financial situation, I was certain of her sincerity. But unfortunately, she had made no effort either to clean or to decorate the room. The windows were curtainless, the bare walls streaked, and the sagging floor was spasmodically hidden by dirty newspapers.

We sat for a bit, perching on packing boxes. Her voice, which was that of a lady of the east, piqued my curiosity to such an extent that, to what should have been my shame, I did finally question her about Lake George . . . "my daughter tells me that you have spent several summers there."

"Yes, all my early summers. Are you familiar with it?"

I admitted that I was.

"Have you gone there?" she asked.

She jumped to the floor when I nodded, and, half skipping, proceeded into the closed room.

"Do come in," she called.

Startled, I followed her. The room was tiny and in utter confusion. Typed sheets were piled about a typewriter on a worn desk and records were strewn about the room. Shoved against the wall was a victrola, a gleaming new R.C.A. Victor. On top of it were several albums of symphonies. She was unaware of my astonishment but reached down under the desk, drawing out an old photograph album.

Sitting down on the floor, she motioned me beside her; then she opened the album

explaining, "I brought several of my scrapbooks with me. I never like to be without my friends. Here are several pictures of Lake George back in '21."

In amazement, I looked at the pictures of spots which had been so important to me as a child. But she had only turned a few pages when, with a gasp, she shut the book.

"Jake will be in soon and I had better begin his dinner. He is so funny about my cooking."

She declined any help, and with a vague smile waved me goodbye.

Within a week, my curiosity, aided by Jo's, caused me to ride over to see Mrs. Harvey again.

The house was in the same condition as before, except that Jake had patched the roof a little, for less sunlight now filtered down between the cracks. Although it was an oppressively hot day, I remember that Jake's wife was wearing an ornate cowboy shirt and fringed, expensive-looking long pants. She seemed glad to see me.

Rather like a little girl who wants to show you her dolls, Mrs. Harvey asked me if I would like to look again at her scrapbooks. I was delighted. We brought them into the big room and piled them. There were at least ten, on the bed. As we looked at more pictures of Lake George, we found friends in common. I became certain that she was completely sincere. Mementoes of two years at Wellesley filled the next scrapbook. Many poems were tucked haphazardly throughout its pages.

"I used to be quite a poetic little person," she commented.

Surprised as I was by her constantly, I asked if all the poems were hers. My question brought a partial solution to the many problems she posed. I think because she was lonely, she began to tell me about herself.

"Not all the poems are mine," she answered. "My husband wrote several of them. My first husband," she added. "My name was Marion Howe. Rawley was my first husband's name. For some reason I

married him when I was just twenty—he used to print my poetry. You see, it would appear in a magazine that he printed. So, after a time he wrote me lovely notes, and I finally met him. He was very British—we moved there three days after we were married. When I had Brucie, I had a nervous breakdown for five months. I wrote a book about it called the “Shudder of Snow.” Anyway, my husband didn’t like the book and we quarreled, and I hated England anyway, so I left him and got a divorce. Brucie and I came back here. Brucie’s in college now at Harvard. He loves music. I hope he’ll come here some day. He has never met Jakey. I lived in New York for years. Don’t you love it? Writing books and going to exciting parties, I didn’t want to get married again. But Peggy—Peggy Pomfret—her father’s the man who gave New York that huge library—told me to go out west. She thought that I needed a change of air, and I think she was right.” She paused very briefly. Then: “So I came out alone, and stayed in Phoenix for weeks and had a lovely time with all the western people. I met Jakey at a rodeo. He’d just bull-dozed a calf, and I saw him come out of the pen. I had never talked to a rodeo cowboy before, so I decided to talk to him. Then he came calling on me a few times, and then we got married. My parents are furious and all sorts of people have written me, but Peggy thinks it’s wonderful. Peggy sent me a fur coat; she thought I would be cold here,” she laughed. “I do wear it. Jakey has a fit when I do. Oh! Did you see my horse?”

I followed her outside. They had no corral or barn, but tied to a tree was an aged white horse.

“I’ve always wanted one that’s white,” she said, “so Jakey brought me this.”

Possibly something about the animal reminded me of a cow, for I realized that they had no cows. I asked Marion if she would like to buy milk from the ranch. Immediately, she said that Ophelia, her horse, would bring her every morning to get the milk for Jakey’s breakfast.

I was watering some window plants the next morning when she knocked. I opened the door and was confronted by Marion, attired in Peggy’s natural mink coat, and carrying a milk pail. Smiling her vague smile, she wished me good morning. I invited her in, fervently hoping that no one would venture into the living room before I returned from filling her pail. As soon as I came back Marion got up saying that she must hurry back for Jakey’s breakfast. On the spur of the moment, I asked them to come to dinner that night. She accepted rather absent-mindedly as she mounted her steed. Our ranch house is on a hill top so I kept Marion in view for several minutes as she rode home. Ophelia was traveling at a dead lope, causing the milk pail to swing from side to side, sloshing milk upon Marion’s mink coat which billowed and flapped behind her; it was grotesque. I could only wonder what Jakey would comment when he saw her.

They came to dinner that night and often in the intervening months. Their visits always left my husband with anecdotes for days. He could never understand what contrary Cupid caused their marriage. Jake was pugnacious and uneducated, taciturn and thoroughly masculine. Yet, frequently Marion spoke to him in baby talk, or told us of something cute that Jakey had done. Jakey sat quietly under these eulogies, until the night came when he silently rose and left the ranch. Marion became tearful, and we drove her home. The next morning I rode over, expecting to find them reunited. Marion was weeping in her “study.” When I finally understood, it seemed that when she had arrived home Jake had not yet returned. Marion decided to wait for him and as a special treat to make some coffee for his arrival. She was not neat, and Jake had often chided her for leaving coffee grounds on the floor, or, as happened once, on the bed. So in all conscientiousness, Marion had removed the grounds from the pot, and together with the extra coffee, had flung them out the door. It was not

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Rosalind and the Witch

Constance Somervell, '48

Cold dripping chill the forest whispered
Darkly murmured drearily rustled,
Soft the dark crept through the glades
Shadows creeping slyly clinging,
Cast into gloom the narrow path
Where the maiden hurried by.
Curling tendrils reached to grasp her
Caught her tress her golden hair,
Ancient roots pushed through the earth
Sought to trip to keep her there
While she stumbled all entangled
As she frightened cried aloud.
Back only came the echo somber
Lone and lost the small sad cry;
And the trees but huddled closer
Mocking her shut out the sky.
Tall black walls darkly forming
Pressed on the maiden Rosalind.
So late returning to the castle's
Rocky towers rising high
Was Rosalind from gathering herbs
Of virtuous healing, sweet and fresh,
Caught by darkness all obscuring,
Lost in the angry wood.
Lone in black despair she wandered
Groping blindly fearfully listening,
'Til at last she fell forwearied
Sore distressed with desolation,
And her pain and nameless fears
Brought at last oblivion.
Then the old and hideous crone
Evilly smiling, lowly stooping,
Found the maiden; and took form
Fair to see of stately stature
Like a queen from some far land.
And so she woke poor Rosalind.
The owl cried shrilly in the night
Wide eyes gleaming flew away:
The timid doe was put to flight,
Small hooves drumming, quickly running,
From the awful night she saw
In the evil glade.
The maiden felt the hidden horror,
Coldly chilling secret fright,

But the tall and smiling woman
Richly dressed, looking sweetly,
Comely robed in seemly fashion,
Lulled her growing fear.
"Poor child," this lovely figure said
"Come with me through the wood
You shall have tonight a bed
Soft and warm, right and good,
A fitting place for such a head!"
And so the sorceress lured her on,
Through the dank and teeming forest
Seeing surely, knowing well,
All the paths that led away
From the village and the castle;
Led the maid the wicked woman
To her dark enchanted dell.
When the maiden saw the hovel
Deep in moss, timbers moaning,
Well she knew that she was lost.
Warm tears welled, slowly fell
Showing full her grief and mourning
While she prayed.
Lone on the days of servitude
Galled her sore 'til no more
Would she do the witch's will.
Calmly passive, force denying,
All the crone's black art defying
Rebelled the maiden Rosalind.
Angry imprecations screaming
Waved her stick, cast a spell,
The ugly hag beat her crying
"Be a dove" and then "farewell."
So she worked her cruel enchantment
And her magic worked full well.
Quickly out the door she flew
Toward the sun, day pursuing.
Then she circled and then settled
To the ground seeking food.
And suddenly the snare's net fell
Cruelly trapping wings entwining!
Ruffling up the soft white feathers
Kept the dove imprisoned there!
When the village boy came
She shrugged wildly, feebly fluttered,

So in him some instinct 'roused.
 By pleading eyes, a bird so fair
 Made him gently lift the net
 Taking care, soothing her,
 While he opened wide the door
 And put her in his cage.
 Such a noble bird he thought,
 White as snow, softly cooing,
 Fit was for but noble lady
 In her bower, fresh and clean—
 Not for death or peasant's play,
 So he took her to the keep.
 In the castle dwelt the Queen,
 Famed afar, and her son,
 A knight right comely made and brave,
 Lithe and young, fair and strong.
 Known over all the land he was
 The proud prince Leolong.
 Well pleased the Lady Mary was
 With this gift, so fair a dove.
 And strangely stirred the young Prince felt
 By her cooing, sweetly wooing,
 Moving heart so warm and noble
 Gently into thoughts of love.
 What ails thee blithe Sir Leolong
 So to mope and to moan?
 Sit and watch my captive dove

While she preens like she seems
 Some maiden pure awfully wronged—
 A being, real to you.
 "Mother dear," and soft he sighed,
 "I ask one boon that I see soon
 This fairy dove is free
 To fly away or else to stay
 In bower fair within our keep
 Of her own will with me.
 I know it strange for knight to say
 That yonder bird so soft and sweet
 Has captured my long vagrant heart
 And wrapped a spell around it well,
 Making it beat longingly
 'Til I have lost it quite."
 And when he'd said these words of love
 A sudden flash, a shaft of light
 Blinded him until he saw
 Clad in white, purely gleaming,
 Decked in damask and in pearl
 A dove no more! Instead, a girl!
 Then softly stepped he to her side
 Golden haired, lily fair.
 So he took her for his bride,
 Ever loved, sweetly loving,
 Made her mistress of his heart
 The Princess Rosalind.



Qui Que Vous Soyez

Ruth Clarkson, '51

Je garde une place dans mon coeur pour quelqu'un,
 Un petit coin secret, vivant sans vie,
 Sentant bien seul sans treve, wide et malgre
 Tout plein de vifs desirs; peu lui suffit—
 Seulement vous,
 Qui que vous soyez.

Malgre l'esprit creux, et quoique mon coeur
 Soit en proie au desespoir, c'est l'amour,
 Dont je suis dans un grand denument, qui
 Me sauvera; ce coin y sera toujours—
 Pret pour vous,
 Qui que vous soyez.

The Saint

LUCIE WOOD, '49

The black cat stared at Thomas Healey with half closed eyes as Mr. Healey dozed in the sun coming through the big window. Getting up lazily from his bed on the nail keg, the cat stalked over and began to stretch his legs on his master's trousers. Mr. Healey woke up with a jump. "Blast you, get down," he yelled, giving the animal a violent shove. "Can't a man even sit still a minute without your trying to worry him out of his mind?" The cat leaped nonchalantly over to the window sill, and Mr. Healey rubbed his head thoughtfully.

Mr. Healey felt very strange. It was like a big bull had run headlong into him and jammed his head into his stomach while somebody from behind gave him a good shove in the back of his knees. His mind felt kind of mixed up, too, like there were all sorts of tail ends of ideas going around in it that did not have much connection with one another. He looked around him; everything in the store looked about the same—the nail kegs were lined up alongside the counters like they were supposed to be, the canned food on the shelves was in order, and the balls of rope attached to the ceiling weren't unrolled more than usual. He got up and looked at the meat refrigerator and cold drink box and there was nothing wrong with them either, and the cash register was all right. Thomas Healey rubbed his hand across his forehead and sat down in his chair again. He knew something had happened but it was one of those things you just couldn't put your finger on.

He looked out of the window; there was nothing different outside either. Lovington still straggled out along both sides of the road and all the houses looked the same sitting lonesomely against the mountain. He looked up toward the mountain and along the peaks of the Blue Ridge in the distance, and then he realized what it was. He was a saint! There was no question

of it in his mind. From somewhere up there in the distance the assurance had reached him that he had become a saint. There was no reason for it and every reason against it, he being a straight up and down Presbyterian and a storekeeper in Lovington for the past forty-five years. Still he knew it was the truth; he could feel that he had been made one whether it was a mistake or not, and who could he complain to if it was? There were some things you just couldn't question, but the Lord knew he didn't know much about saints and certainly nothing about being one. Mr. Healey sighed. Just before the cat had scratched him there must have been some sign from over there, but he couldn't remember it very well. Seemed almost like a dream, but he knew as surely as he was sitting there that it had been somebody bigger than he had ever seen before up there above the hills and what was up there had said that he, Thomas Healey, was a saint and must take on the duties of one. He was a saint; he knew it, and there was no way he could ever get out of it. He stroked his cat thoughtfully, and tickled him under the chin. There was a strange wonder in him if the cat knew he was different, but he only stared blankly at him with his pale green eyes.

"I say, Mr. Healey, wake up back there." It was George Loving calling to him from the front of the store.

Mr. Healey got up slowly. "Don't be in such a hurry, young man. All you young people now think you can run us old folks around as fast as you want to. What can I do for you this afternoon?"

"I'd like two pounds of tennepny nails, please, sir. Got to get my back porch nailed up."

Mr. Healey burrowed around in the nail keg and filled a little bag for George. "Anything else now, George?"

"No, thank you," George said. "You aren't looking so hot, Mr. Healey. You'd better look after yourself."

Mr. Healey shook his head "I'm fine. Say, George, do you know much about saints?"

George laughed, "Oh, sure. St. Patrick, ain't you heard of him."

Mr. Healey smiled weakly and went back to his chair. He was a tall thin old man with networks of wrinkles on his face and hands. There wasn't much shadow from him sitting there and for a minute he wondered if he was already dead—he'd never heard of a live saint. He shook his head; there'd been the part about his duties so he must be still alive. That worried him. What were the duties of a saint? He certainly wouldn't go in for any Catholic business like fasting, no matter how sure he was that he was a saint and had to do a saint's work. He shook his head, kind of wished he had a wife and children sometimes he could talk to about things. There was work he had to do, he was certain of that, he just wasn't sure what it was. He'd have to cut down on some of the things he liked to do. Still it must be more than just little things. He shook his head; he'd have to try for absolute goodness until he knew more.

It was getting dark now and time to close the store. Mr. Healey took out his account book to look over his sales for the day; twenty of them, that was pretty good, and all right big except George Loving's two pounds of nails. He turned over the pages of the book to his land accounts: there was a mortgage payment coming due sometime soon he knew on that farm he let those Negroes down at Pine Bluff rent. He ran his finger down the column and found the place; sure was, fifty dollars due him from John and Linda Smith. He got out some paper and began to write painfully in his scribbling hand, "Fifty dollars due Thomas Healey," and then he stopped. He couldn't do this, it wasn't right. He didn't know why, though, the land was his. But still you ought not to make people work themselves to death to pay interest

on a mortgage they'd had to take on when there was sickness. Nobody could expect him to let fifty dollars slip through his fingers, though, that was a lot of money. Mr. Healey shook his head wearily. Maybe he'd just wait and see if they offered it to him. There was still a funny feeling in him, as he went about the store shutting the blinds. Then he shut the door between his rooms and the store and went out to get his supper at Mrs. Thomas'.

Mrs. Thomas had set a good table as usual and all her boarders were on time—there were Mr. Aylett, the school principal, two teachers and Mr. Healey. Nobody said anything while they were eating until Mrs. Thomas brought in the lemon pie for dessert. Mr. Healey looked at it and smiled appreciatively, then said, "Just a small piece," when Mrs. Thomas asked him.

Mr. Aylett laughed, "What's the matter, Mr. Healey. You getting worried about your competition?"

Thomas Healey frowned, "My competitor! What are you talking about, sir?"

Mr. Aylett laughed again, "Your rival business, Mr. Healey. They've finished building the store and are going to move in tomorrow. It's a complete drug store with soda fountain and grocery on the side."

Mr. Healey snorted, "Well, here's one person who'll never put foot in it. The idea of bringing that big city stuff to Lovings-ton. If they keep on they'll ruin the place."

"It's certainly going to be a nice building," one of the teachers remarked.

"I've seen it going up," Mr. Healey asserted, "and it's not built out of good material and it ain't going to last anyway because Lovings-ton is not big enough to support it."

"I don't guess it will if you go around talking about it," the other teacher observed, who was young and wanted to marry the new storekeeper.

Mrs. Thomas came to Mr. Healey's rescue, "Now you all just stop teasing Mr. Healey. He has been in Lovings-ton many

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What Will You Be Doing In Ten Years?

ANN BELSER, '50

One of the chief worries and up-sets of the college age girl in America is the uncertainty and unknowableness of the future. Before college time, what we do is fairly well planned for us by parents and school; long after marriage, what we shall do will probably be well planned for us by children and husband; but the years between these two periods are fairly much our own. We have an "anything can happen" anticipation and curiosity with regard to whom we shall marry, whether we shall be rich or poor, how many children we shall have, and just what college years will mean to us when they are buried ten years in the past.

In order to try to answer some of the questions with regard to our futures, questionnaires were sent to the 126 graduates of the classes of 1937 and 1938 to find out what had happened to the classes that graduated a decade ago. The information received from these questionnaires forms the basis of this article. Tabulation and percentages are based on the number of questionnaires that were returned, and on other information received from the alumnae office. Of the 126 graduates of the two classes, 106 or 83% have been married. It is interesting to note that of the class of 1937 only 76% were married. The following year social restrictions on dates and weekends were greatly eased and the marriage rate for the class of 1938 went up to 85%. Of the questionnaires returned to us, 11% were unmarried, 11% widowed, and 11% divorced. Three per cent of those widowed and also 3% of those divorced were remarried. Only 67% are still married to their original spouses. The girls did extremely well in marrying men, if not of high intelligence, at least of good education. 92% of them married college graduates.

It may be interesting to note here that the University of Virginia graduates held no priority over those of such distant colleges as Dartmouth, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Alabama in marrying Sweet Briar girls. Fifty-six per cent of the husbands not only lasted through college years but continued the intellectual grind through graduate schools—an outstanding number. Taking this 56% as a whole, 54% of them went to Law school, 24% went to business schools, 15% went to medical school, and 7% studied in other fields. For those of you who are wondering whether you should get married now or wait for your love to go to graduate school, it is nastily materialistic but nevertheless interesting to note that the salaries of those who studied longer is over twice that of the other group. The average income of those that went to graduate school is, at the present time, \$16,100.00 per year. However this average is greatly affected by the extremely large incomes of two men. Excluding these two from the average it would be \$10,600.00. The average income of those men who let four years of studying suffice is only \$6,900.00.

Of the girls themselves, 57% have worked for salary for some time at least since graduation. Eighteen per cent of them continued working after graduation but only 9.5% of them are working at the present time, which seems to uphold the theory that a woman's place is still in the home. The average income of the 9.5% still working is \$5,200.00 a year. This average is greatly affected by the income of one woman who worked her way up from an employee, to an executive, to the owner of a lucrative business. Excluding her salary from the average, it would be \$2,860.00. Employment does not yet seem to be the only way

of getting a living. Twenty-six per cent of the girls received private incomes of approximately \$2,440.00 a year from such pastimes as collecting rents, clipping coupons, and cashing allowance checks from "papa."

According to these reports long engagements are not an innovation of World War II. For these two classes the length of engagements averaged 9½ months. Although you may feel a bit wilted if you are not wearing a solitaire on graduation day, don't despair. The majority of '37 and '38ers were not married until two years after graduation. Forty-one per cent of them met their husbands after graduation, 36% met them during college years and 16% met them before college. The graduates average only 1.5 children apiece. However, over 50% expressed a desire to have more. The distressing matter unveiled here is the fact that of the 24% married women who had had no children, only 4% wished to have any. It seems that those that had the most children seemed to be the ones most desirous of having more.

The religious influence of college days proved to be lasting strong. Sixty-four per cent of the graduates attend church regularly, 21% attend infrequently, 7% attend about twice yearly, and 8% do not attend church at all.

In answer to questions pertaining to drinking not a single graduate claimed to be a "teetotaler." All graduates, despite the strict drinking regulation that was then in force, do drink now. However, 53% claimed to drink on social occasions only, the others inferred that they drank more often—perhaps a drink each night before dinner with their husband.

It became apparent in tabulating these questionnaires, that if they had not learned another thing in college, they had learned to swim. Seventy-five per cent of the graduates claimed to be still athletic. Of these 64% still liked to swim. The other sports in which they still participated in order of their popularity were tennis, golf, badminton, riding and sailing.

Recognizing the fact that the last war made travel almost impossible for several years it seems amazing that so many of the girls had traveled extensively during the past ten years. Twenty-nine per cent have traveled in the United States alone, 57% have traveled outside of North America, and 34% have traveled extensively abroad.

On the clubby side, it was both surprising and humorous to note that just as many girls were members of the Junior League as husbands were members of country clubs, the rate for both being 40%.

In regard to just what college will mean to you ten years hence, the chances are that you will be very glad you came. One hundred per cent of the contributors replied they were glad that they had stuck it out all four years. Of these only two girls answered that wished they had gone to another college. One gave Smith as her choice, because it was larger, more cosmopolitan, and had a higher academic standing. The other replied that her choice would have been a co-educational college.

The elements of college life about which they complained the most were the food, the extremely strict social regulations which were eased in 1938, required gymnastics, and the grind in general. Many girls remarked that the required courses which had seemed to be nothing but a pain-in-the-neck when they took them had serviced them a great deal since. The elements of Sweet Briar life for which appreciation was voiced most unanimously were the location, the general atmosphere and beauty of the campus, the Student Government Honor System, the small enrollment, the companionship, and the friendships made. The average number of friendships maintained with other Sweet Briar girls was three per person. However, this number was influenced by the fact that 25% kept no close friendships due to unfavorable distances.

The answers received in regard to academic curriculum, likes and dislikes, were quite decided. By a large majority the sub-

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Equestrian

BILLIE HERRON

The Blind Girl

Rainer Maria Rilke

(Translated—Pat Chandler, '51)

The Stranger:

You are not afraid to speak of it?

The Blind Girl:

No.

It is so far away. That was another one.

The one who saw, lived noisily and seeing.

She died.

The Stranger:

And had a painful death?

The Blind Girl:

Dying is horror for the unsuspecting.

One must be strong, though that which dies be strange.

The Stranger:

She was quite strange to you?

The Blind Girl:

—Or: she became it.

Death alienates the very mother from the child.—

But it was terrible the first few days.

My whole body was sore. The world,

Which blooms and ripens in all things,

Was torn from me with all its roots

Together with my heart (it seemed to me);

I lay like harrowed earth, torn open, drank

The cooling rain of my own tears

Which streamed from my dead eyes

Incessantly and quiet,

Just as the clouds which fall

From empty skies when God has died.

My hearing was expanded and wide open.

I heard those things which are audible:

Time, flowing over my hair—and

Quiet, ringing in fragile glass;

And felt pass by my hands

The breath of a large white rose.

Again and yet again I thought: Night and: Night

And thought to see a pale translucent ray

Which now would grow, like day;

And thought to be ascending toward the morning,

Which long ago lay in my hands.

I wakened mother when heavily sleep

Fell from my dark face.

I called to mother: "You, come here!

Make light!"

And listened. Long, long it was so silent,

I felt my pillows turn to stone,—
 Then it seemed I saw something shining:
 That was my mother's piteous weeping
 Of which I will not think.
 "Turn on the light! Give light!"
 I cried it in my dream:
 The room has fallen in,
 Take the room away from my face
 And from my breast.
 You must lift it, lift it high,
 Must give it back to the stars;
 I cannot live so, with the heavens upon me!
 But am I speaking to you, mother?
 Or else to whom?
 Who is behind there?
 Who is behind the curtain?—
 Winter? Mother: Storm?
 Mother: Night? Tell me!
 Or: Day? . . . Day! Without me!
 How can it be day without me?
 Am I not missed somewhere?
 Does no one ask for me?
 Are we quite forgotten?
 We? . . . But you are over there;
 You still have everything, do you?
 Around your face all things are still eager
 To please it;
 When your eyes rest
 And were they ever so tired,
 They can rise again.
 . . . Mine are silent.
 My flowers shall lose their color.
 My mirrors will freeze.
 In my books the lines will grow together,
 My birds will fly about the streets
 And wound themselves on strange windows.
 Nothing is related to me any more.
 I am deserted from all.—
 I am an island.

The Stranger:

I have come across the water.

The Blind Girl:

How? To the island? . . . Come here?

The Stranger:

I am still in the boat. I am alighting silently—
 To you. My boat is moving;
 Its flag is blowing toward land.

The Blind Girl:

I am an island and alone.

I am rich.—
 First, when the old paths were still there
 In my nerves, worn out
 From too much use:
 I suffered too.
 Everything left my heart.
 At first I knew not whence;
 But then I found them all there,
 All my feelings, that which I am
 Stood crowded together
 And pushed, and screamed
 To my immured eyes
 Which would not move.
 All my misled feelings . . .
 I do not know whether they stood
 For years that way,
 But I know of the weeks
 When they all came back
 Broken—and knew no one.
 Then the road to my eyes closed up.
 I know it no longer.
 Now all things go about in me
 Secure and undismayed;
 Like convalescent people
 My feelings go about
 Enjoying just to walk
 Through my body's dark house.
 Some are reading over remembrances,
 But the young ones all look out.
 For, where they stop near to my edge,
 My dress is made of glass.
 My forehead sees, my hand reads poems
 In other hands. My foot
 Speaks to the stones on which it treads,
 Each bird takes my voice out of
 These daily walls.
 I need not suffer any more;
 All colors are translated
 Into sound and smell.
 And they ring beautifully as sounds.
 What need have I for a book?
 The wind leafs in the trees;
 And I know what words are there
 And repeat them sometimes quietly.
 And death, who breaks eyes like flowers
 Cannot find mine . . .

The Stranger (quietly):

I know.

The Campaign

JENNE BELLE BECHTEL '48

All winter Susan Bickel, who was a Junior, banked tennis balls against the gym wall after school with Dottie Gibbon. Dottie was only in eighth grade at Country Day, but she had a brother on the football team at the Academy. Susan liked to bang balls with Dottie because Dottie liked to talk about her brother. From her Susan learned that Quincy Gibbon was strong, brave, and brilliant, and going to Yale the following fall. Susan was very nice to Dottie and showed her things about her stroke, for Susan didn't need Dottie to tell her how good looking Quincy was. She had seen him from a distance and she had heard the other Juniors plot to "get" him.

Susan had a part in the Junior-Senior play that was presented with a dance the first Friday in April. She had a new blue evening dress that practically fell off, it was so low, for the dance. During the play itself she had four changes of costume, all of which were sensational. Her role was that of a little lost Southern girl and she had worked out a gorgeous accent with the help of the colored cook. Everybody predicted that she would steal the show right out from under Clarke's nose. Clarke had the lead and a date with Quincy Gibbon.

The weeks before the performance Susan couldn't play with Dottie after school because she had to rehearse but they banged balls together regularly at lunch time. Dottie became more and more fond of Susan. The day before the play she said, "I'm going to tell Quin to cut-in on you if he can get rid of that old Clarke. I'm going to tell him you're simply adorable. I'm going to tell him he'll be batty about you."

"Don't be silly, Dottie," sang Susan in her *sweetest* notes.

Friday afternoon all the girls in the play were allowed to go home at lunch-time so they would be rested for the evening

ahead. Everyone was terribly excited. Clarke had developed a big pimple on her chin and looked awful. People offered suggestions but nothing would make it pop. Susan spent two hours at her mother's hairdresser's. She had an appointment for a shampoo and manicure but at the last minute she decided to have a facial instead of the manicure. Actually she had decided that long before, but it was necessary to wait till her mother was gone to give the order.

Susan was disorderly at the dinner table. She couldn't eat a thing except dessert and kept asking the family if they thought she'd forget her lines.

"No, dear," said her mother soothingly each time.

"For God's sake, how many lines does she have?" asked her father without appreciation.

Vincent Carter, the drip her mother had made her invite, was at least gentleman enough to send an orchid. It was an enormous purple one. Her mother wondered how it would look with her dress which was on the turquoise side of blue, and offered to let Susan wear the camellia she had bought for herself. Susan screamed dissent.

"Good heavens, Mother, it'll be the biggest orchid there. Honestly, let me have something to show for asking Vincent to the dance. Honestly, Mother, it'll look gorgeous. Honestly, Mother."

The play had to begin precisely at eight o'clock in order to be over early. The thing to do was sort of gobble your lines so it would end and there would be plenty of time for the dance. Nobody paid much attention to what was going on on the stage except the parents of the girls in the cast. Mr. and Mrs. Bickel were in the second row having to sit very still in order to preserve their balance on the folding chairs

the Dramatic Club imported from an undertaker. Susan saw them in one of the intervals when she had nothing to say. Her father's tie was almost under his ear and it nearly made her forget her lines. However, she felt her mother in black velvet and the camellia made up for her father who looked like a member of the proletariat, practically a member of the Communist party even though he did start yelling every time you mentioned Roosevelt.

Clarke needed prompting twice but Susan never missed a cue. She had a wonderful part. She was on stage in every scene, each time in a different dress, and she only had nine lines. But they were sensational lines, full of "you-alls," and the ninth one closed the curtain.

When it was over, they all congratulated each other on how good they were.

Susan screamed, "O Clarke, you were terrific."

Clarke was restrained in her praise of Susan, which Susan felt was a definite compliment. Everybody was taking off her make-up, using as little cold cream as possible because they all really wanted to keep it on. Susan liked her eyes with globs of mascara and carefully avoided that area when she was dabbing herself with the cleanser. She talked loudly as she fastened her orchid with adhesive tape so that everyone would know her dress was so low there was nothing to pin it to.

She swept out on the dance floor, tagged by Vincent. Clarke was already dancing with Quincy Gibbon. She had on a pink evening dress with puffed sleeves and, of course, the pimple. Quincy looked very tall and very bored. Over in the corner Dottie was doing the box step with a boy in the eighth grade at the Academy. When she saw Susan she waved violently and began making motions and faces at Quincy. Quincy's expression woke up. In two enormous waltz turns he and Clarke were beside Susan.

"Double cut," he announced, dropping Clarke and virtually squashing Susan, so tight did he hold her.

"Really," she said, "how sweepy-off-the-feety."

"Your name's Susan Bickel," he informed her.

"How clever. Your name's Quincy Gibbon," she replied.

They said a few appropriate things to each other and then George Van Horn cut in. He lived next door to Susan. He was Uggy Van Horn's brother and his mother made him bring his sister to the dance because she had no one else to ask. Now Uggy was sitting alone beside the punch bowl and George was dancing with everybody. Pretty soon Quincy returned with a friend who cut in while Quincy stood aside and immediately cut back.

He renewed the conversation with a manly oath against the cut-in system and Susan, whose attractiveness seemed to make interruption inevitable.

"Let's get down to business," he said, leading her into a corner. "You ride?"

"O yes," lied Susan.

"O. K. We've got a horse that's perfect for you. Perfect. A real little lady. Used to be Carol's but she threw her last fall and broke her back so Dad won't let girls on her any more." Carol was Quincy's older sister who had been May Queen at Country Day three years before. She was an excellent horsewoman and everyone was as surprised as they were distressed at the accident. "But I take her out all the time and I've got her so she'll do anything." Quincy went on. "Safe as a cradle. I'll put you on the bay and when we get away from the house we can switch. You'll be crazy about her. I'll fix it with the old lady to ask you out next Saturday. You can stay for dinner and then we can go up to Clarke's party."

Susan accepted with enthusiasm. She would learn to ride. At the moment she asked no more of fortune than this, a date with Quincy. Anyway, maybe the horse would break a leg by Saturday.

So Susan Bickel spent the week learning to ride horseback. She had three lessons of an hour each and by the third one, on Fri-

day, the instructor let her off the lead rein. She liked to canter better than trot because she had an awful time with posting. She told Quincy when he called Friday night to check the invitation, that she just loved a healthy canter. She inquired with interest after Carol's mare and did not flinch when he assured her that "the old gal was literally rearin' to go."

She and her mother went to trouble and expense to assemble a suitable outfit. Susan howled at her mother's first suggestion that she ride in blue jeans because she might not like riding and then what? Susan declared after her first lesson (in blue jeans), an agonizing hour during which she retained her seat with considerable local pain, that she adored horses, that she was a born horsewoman, and that she didn't hurt a bit. She pointed out that she would probably be riding for the rest of her life and the best possible boots and breeches would be a substantial investment. Her father said boots were out of the question. Susan didn't speak to him for two whole evenings. Then Mrs. Bickel arranged to borrow a pair of jodhpur boots through Vincent Carter's mother. Vincent, the sissy, took only a half size larger than Susan herself. Thursday afternoon Susan went to the city with her mother to buy brown rip-cord pants, a yellow shirt and an orange neck-tie, all of which looked nicely with the borrowed boots.

Saturday had a beautiful sky. Quincy came before noon so they could get an early start. Mrs. Bickel warned them to be careful. She was about to explain how Susan had only had three lessons when Quincy knocked over a vase as he reached for an ash-tray, thus luckily changing the subject.

Susan told Quincy on the way out how she hadn't ridden for a year and how she'd much rather canter than trot and other things she invented to cloak her inadequacy. She talked less and less, however, with every mile. The nearer they came to the Gibbon's farm, the more timid Susan grew. It was less apprehension of Carol's horse than her own performance. By the time they drove

down the lane to the main house only the face of Dottie, full of open admiration, restored Susan's confidence.

Mrs. Adams was nice although fat. Mr. Gibbon was handsome like Quincy and didn't pay any attention to anybody. Carol was gorgeous even in the box-like cast she still wore on her back. Three years before, Susan suffered from the same sort of crush on Carol that Dottie had on her now. But, unlike Dottie, Susan didn't have an older brother and Carol considered the attachment a bore. Susan felt silly and ungrown-up around her.

Lunch under the circumstances was not much fun. Mrs. Gibbon was preoccupied with the antics of a new waitress, for whom it seemed to be the first time of attending or perhaps recognizing a table. Carol and Quincy were having an argument about who was to use the Ford the next day and Dottie was busy seeing how much she could eat. Susan felt that an attempt at conversation with Mr. Gibbon would be disrespectful as well as impractical, since he was sitting at the opposite end of the table.

The fact that Quincy was inattentive at lunch only made him more "divine" in Country Day vernacular. Susan wished hopelessly to be able to distinguish herself in the saddle. She went with Quincy to the field where Carol's horse romped. The horse was a little chestnut beauty with a white exclamation point on her forehead. She was very dainty and she was equally quick and dancey. She didn't want Quin to ride her, she just wanted to play with him. Three times she let him almost come to her only to scoot away at the last minute and make him threaten and cajole her all over again. At last he managed to saddle and mount her. He looked funny on her. He was too big for her, for she was physically built for a lady, but her spirit was as much as a man could handle. Quincy cantered up to Susan on the fence.

"Look at this gait," he said. "Beautiful. Feels like you're sailing."

Susan agreed without seeming too anxious to try it.

(Continued on page 28)

A Balloon

BRANTLEY LAMBERD, '49

Little Merle was so excited about how beautiful the whole circus had been that she was glad the street car was jerking her back and forth and was making her legs swing all by themselves, because then Joe couldn't tell her to sit still. And she was glad the street car wheels screeched, too, because she could play like her voice was coming out of her feet.

She looked up at Joe to see how he felt but he looked just like he always did. He'd been nice to her, she was thinking, since Mama died. And even Mama had never taken her to a circus. The only thing wrong with Joe was that night before last when she'd knocked her only dolly out of bed when she turned over, Joe had come in late and stepped on its head when he was getting in bed.

But he had taken her to the circus and had bought her such a beautiful Mickey Mouse

there. He wasn't really a Mickey Mouse because she couldn't hug him the way she wanted to right then, she was so happy; but he was almost as big as she was. She rubbed one finger carefully over the round top of his ear and listened to the delightful squeak of the thin-stretched rubber at her touch. She wondered what he was trying to say to her and did it again but she still couldn't understand him. He was such a pretty red and black and green, with little grey cardboard feet that made the balloon-end stay fastened. She already loved him as much as Dolly-belle. She looked at his big, sweet eyes and his happy turned-up mouth and thought that every time she looked at him when Joe was away all day long she wouldn't be a bit lonesome any more. In fact, she would hardly even miss Mama. She felt so good that she slid down on the hard seat and resting her head on the Mickey Mouse's head and unwittingly went to sleep.



My Own Shy Star

Cindy Wyman, '51

Affixed to the inky sky
With an invisible pin of light,
Not the brightest star, but shy,
Blinking contentedly in the velvet night.

So many stars around it,
With sparkle much more bright,
But looking hard, I found it,
Clear and crystal, a child of night.

Purest Truth that dwells
In the midnight sky above,
From my own shy star it swells,
Gentle and kind, a child of love.

Jake's Wife

(Continued from page 11)

until she heard a torrent of profanity that she realized Jake had been standing in the doorway. Spattered with grounds, he had stalked to his horse and fled from his wife and his home. As Marion was very upset I spent the day with her. Toward evening, she asked me if I would like something to eat and insisted on fixing it herself. Having eaten nothing since breakfast I spent several minutes of delicious anticipation while Marion busied herself at the largest crate which served as a table. When I finally looked up from a scrapbook of England, I saw what my dinner was to be. Marion had prepared sliced bananas and Wheaties. I believe that all Marion ate was Wheaties, although she fixed large meals for Jake, because her eating habits were irregular. She ate Wheaties because as she said, "They are easy, nutritious and cheap." It never oc-

curred to her that I might prefer some other fare.

Jake did return, but it was not until the next day. Their misunderstanding seemed to be a turning point in their marriage. After it I saw less of Marion because she kept journeying to the Catholic Church at Holbrook, for whatever it was that Marion had been trying to satisfy by her life, Catholicism had finally reached. She drove Jake's truck the sixty miles to town nearly every day, and religion began to occupy her mind so that she thoroughly neglected her husband and friends. Jake was out of sympathy with this new facet of his wife's character. He had no interest in the church, and his wife's sudden conversion baffled and irritated him.

The climax came late in the next spring. Marion's fervor increased until she became possessed of the wish to be a nun. As a remarried divorcee, she was having difficulty convincing the church. Occasionally, Jake came into Holbrook with her and at the proper hour he would appear on the church steps to take her home. One evening Marion was very late. Jake, who had been visiting friends, was thoroughly inebriated. He was sober enough, however, to be irritated by his wife's behavior. As he leaned against the pillars of the church, Jake's irritation blossomed into self pity. He burst into profane song.

This behavior precipitated their marriage toward the crackup which swept Marion into the church and Jake into bachelorhood. For the church did, at length, approve. Marion left the shack leaving her victrola and records to me, and went into a nunnery. Jake returned to the rodeo circuit shortly thereafter. This fall Jake was back at the ranch helping us with the fences and I believe that in the long run his life will be happy without the complicating and baffling figure of Marion. Of her I have heard nothing, so I can only hope that she found what she had been so frantically searching for in her life. No one else has occupied the shack, and it stands a modest monument to an episode that played itself out on the impersonal desert.

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What Will You Be Doing?

(Continued from page 17)

ject listed which had aided the girls most since graduation was Music Appreciation. It was also the course listed the most often as the subject others were sorry not to have taken. Other subjects which girls said had aided them greatly, in order of their popularity, are History, Philosophy, Psychology, Religion and English. Subjects not taken which they now wish they had taken are Religion, Art Appreciation, Philosophy, History, Government, and Psychology. One divorcee made a plea that a course be introduced in marriage planning and family relations. This of course, has already been done. The subjects listed as having aided them least were a decided three, mentioned over and over again. Botany was the most pointedly disapproved, and Latin and other languages held second and third places.

Although the changing times will undoubtedly alter the futures of the classes at Sweet Briar today, this survey may help to bring you down from the air castles to face the reality of just what your next ten years may be.

Society Note From the Washington Post.

"Queen Alexandra has an even more romantic lineage. She's the only child of King Alexander of Greece, who died of a monkey bite, and his commoner wife, Aspasia Manos."

ROBIN A. SLOUGH

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The Campaign

(Continued from page 24)

"I'll ride the hell out of her around the field. Tire her out a little for you," Quincy offered.

The mare seemed to have more hell in her than Quincy could ride out. They tore over the field four times at a gallop and she still didn't want to be held in. She had a race horse's blood without its build. Quincy was more divine on the mare than he was on two feet, even though he practically made her look like a centipede, so long were his legs.

Susan began to have unamusing thoughts. Suppose the mare killed her, or worse yet, made her look foolish like Alice's White Knight in front of Quincy? Suppose Quincy threw her over even before he asked her to the Academy dance? She was aware that her three lessons with the learner's plug at the riding school were hardly adequate to put up a front on the mare—or even the bay that Dottie, having obligingly saddled, was riding up from the stable.

"O Dottie," shrieked Susan, starting to jump around on the top rail of the fence, "what a nice big horse." The words were not effective but the activity that accompanied them certainly was. With no effort at all, Susan fell off the fence onto the pebbly, dusty road. She landed on her right arm which immediately burst into blood. Quincy was off the mare, picking Susan up in his arms as if she couldn't walk. Bliss. She tried to faint and, not succeeding, took another course.

"O hell," she said, "O hell, fire and damn. Now I won't be able to ride the beautiful little mare." She eked out some tears and sobbed noisily to represent her disappointment.

"Boy, what a woman," approved Quincy. Ignoring the blood she was getting all over his shirt, he began to tote her toward the house, continuing to approve. "Boy, what a sport. Boy, if you could only play football."

The Saint

(Continued from page 15)

a year and he'll be here many a one yet with no young whippersnapper bothering him." He looked at her gratefully, and then got up to leave for it was getting late.

On the way home he couldn't help stopping to look at the new store building. It was going to be right nice, he had to admit. Still he didn't reckon he'd ever have to go in it: kind of an insult to him to build it. Maybe he ought to though; it would be the kind thing to do. At home he began to think about the mortgage interest again. It would be a shame to lose that good money, because wasting money was a sin. In another way it didn't seem quite right for them to have to pay it though. Still, it wouldn't be good for colored people to think they could get by without paying for things. Mr. Healey got up and wrote them a bill with a determined hand.

That night he didn't sleep very well. He seemed sort of restless and feverish all night. The first thing he saw in the morning was his bill about the interest. He picked it up and looked at it intently, then tore it across and threw the pieces in the waste basket. There weren't many people in the store that morning and he spent most of the time straightening up the things on the shelves. Just before lunch his sister, Agatha, breezed in. She was ten years younger than Thomas and short and fat. "George told me you weren't looking very well, so I thought I'd come over and see you myself," she announced.

Mr. Healey greeted her warily for she usually wanted something. "Oh, I've been fine. Nothing wrong with me."

Agatha looked at him suspiciously, "George said you were talking some kind of religious stuff." She noticed Mr. Healey getting a little paler. "Probably you've been having yourself too good a time. Going on parties at your age and telling indecent jokes as likely as not. You ought to be ashamed."

Mr. Healey said stiffly, "I'm old enough to go my own way, Agatha."

Agatha snorted, "And I suppose you'll be going on that fishing trip in May, too. I hear they are already gettin' it up and heaven only knows what you all do on those things."

"I have every intention of going," Mr. Healey assured her. He started to say more and then stopped himself. Agatha looked as though she were expecting an argument, and when she got none she flounced out of the store.

In the afternoon James Lacy came in to tell him about the plans for the fishing trip. They were to go for three days and camp out, fishing for trout. Mr. Healey smiled with pleasure as he heard the details. Then he remembered himself, his face paled, and he drew himself up. He could not have told anyone why, but he knew his fishing trips could be no more. "I'm sorry, James, but I can't go," he said at last.

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James Lacy was upset, "What's the matter now, Thomas? You aren't getting old on us, are you? You'll still catch more trout than any of us here. Come on, aren't you feeling all right?"

Mr. Healey shook his head, "I'm sorry, James. I just can't go."

James went on, "Oh, come on. It won't be half as much fun without you. Come on."

Mr. Healey drew himself up, "James, I have more to do with my time and money now than going on fishing trips."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it," James said, surprised, and went out. Mr. Healey watched him go down the street without feeling sorry about the trip. There was something most important that he had to use his time and money for, he just wasn't sure what it was yet.

All that morning he had watched the preparations for the opening of the new store. From his window he could see the

new man buzzing around inside putting last minute things in order, and people were stopping to look at it. Finally at three o'clock he opened the door and stood just inside waiting for his customers. Mr. Healey looked at him thoughtfully, and then he got up and walked out of the store and up the street to the new store. It was as if he were going under some power other than his own. He reached the door, walked in, and smiled at Mr. Everett.

"You and I had might as well be friends, since we're both keeping store here."

Mr. Everett gasped, offered him his hand and then they walked around looking at the store. Some people who had wandered in stared in amazement as Mr. Healey told Mr. Everett good-bye and wished him luck.

Mr. Healey walked on up the street to his store. After all it was probably a good thing to have a new store in town because he might not have time to devote to his from now on. This afternoon, now his head was so mixed up he just didn't feel like keeping the store open, so he went in and locked the door behind him. Then he and the cat sat down in the back by the window and he looked peacefully out at the mountains. He felt as though he were about to see his work. Suddenly, as he sat there he knew it for a certainty—Lovingston must know he was a saint. That was his work. They must know that he was holy and when they did everything would be all right, here and in the rest of the world. He was a saint and there was a great urge in him to let them all know this wonderful thing. His mind was no longer confused. There was this one clear idea in it, and he got up and walked to the door. Outside, he could see a crowd collecting at the new store. He opened his door and walked firmly down the steps, with the golden cloud of his holiness around him. The people saw him coming; his face was terrible and they were afraid.

When he reached the road the people could see that Mr. Healey would have to leave them now.

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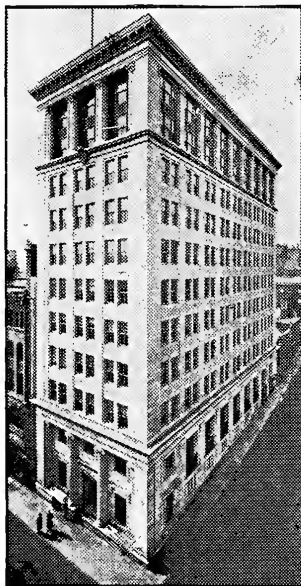
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